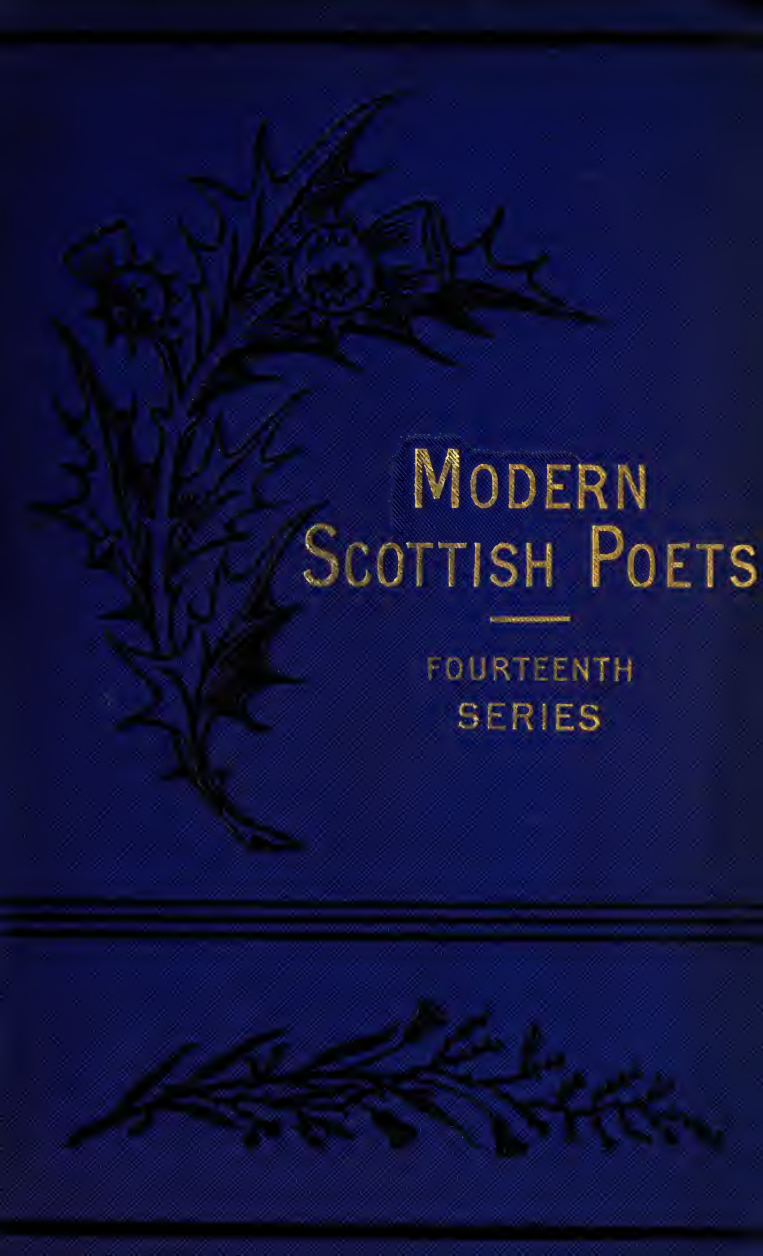
MODERN
SCOTTISH POETS
FOURTEENTH
SERIES

[Edwards, David Herschell]

Fourteenth Series.

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

WE have already made too many apologies—or rather, perhaps, rash promises, not to exhaust the patience of our friends, even although a critic of standing has been good enough to say that, "as the volumes increase, the literary merit of the work seems to grow, and adds to the editor's position in authorship." Be this as it may, we do not require to inform the reader that the present volume is just like its predecessors in arrangement, though it does not contain the general index and other closing features of interest and importance, spoken of in 13th Series. During the past year so many worthy claimants for a place came under our notice that we could not, in justice to the work, overlook them, and the result is now before you.

We have only to add that the preparation of the exhaustive index, by Mr F. T. Barrett, Glasgow, which has required arduous and studious application, is well forward. As we have before said, it will be very full and comprehensive, and will include names of poets, titles of poems quoted and mentioned, and titles of volumes by the respective writers. There will also be classified entries of birthplaces and occupations, showing at a glance the distribution of popular poetic fancy throughout the land and through professions and trades. The index will thus show—(1), what poems or books were published by a certain man; (2), who wrote a certain poem or volume;

(3), what poets belong to certain districts ; and (4), what trades or professions have had their poets, and who these poets were.

To this will be added specimens of Gaelic poetry and an interesting sketch of Mrs Macpherson, the Skye poetess, a number of biographies and selections of poetry left over from the present volume, with, if space will permit, several fugitive or unclaimed "gems," and a general preface and jottings on our varied experiences during the eleven years we have devoted to the subject of Scottish Poets and Poetry. We have not exhausted the rich mine of poetic wealth, but for the present we require rest, or at least change of labour and thought.

While trusting that this volume will be found equal to any of its predecessors in point of merit, and that we do not weary our friends who have stood by us so long, we may be pardoned for expressing the hope that the prediction of a Glasgow critic will be verified—that the final volume "will be a worthy crown to an enterprise which entitles the Editor to an honourable place amongst our authors and the benefactors of his country."

D. H. EDWARDS.

Advertiser Office,
Brechin, December, 1891.

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.

G. W. ANDERSON.

QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT ANDERSON has not only distinguished himself in active fighting in Egypt, Africa, and Afghanistan, but he is also the author of several poetical works, as well as spirited sketches of life and character, and is likewise a painstaking and thoughtful writer on antiquarian and other kindred subjects. He has been called the poet, soldier, historian, and biographer of his regiment—the Seaforth Highlanders; the "kilted lads" are proud of their gifted and gallant comrade, and they are fortunate in having one amongst them able to embalm the brave achievements of the regiment in forcible prose and thrilling patriotic verse.

Our poet is a descendant of the Andersons, or Mac Andrews of Strathbogie, and the neighbouring districts. This family is considered by Celtic historians to be a remnant of the old *Siol Anreas*—the aboriginal race. They have been there "from the beginning," and existing records show them to have played a prominent part in Clan feuds and local affairs for several centuries. The father of our poet is a descendant of the Strathbogie section, noted for their loyalty to the

Scottish line of Kings. He was remarkable in youth for his splendid physique and extraordinary strength. His mind was a perfect treasure-house of old ballads and legendary lore, and his knowledge of local history and genealogy was most extensive. A few years before the birth of George, he had retired from the farm of Easter Bogieside, to live on some house property he owned at Muir of Rhynie, where the subject of our sketch was born in 1856. His mother was of a family of MacIntyres, implicated, like his father's people, in the '45 affair, who had fled from the West Highlands to escape the Government troops, and who were at different times credited with the possession of the faculty of *second* sight. She was a noble Christian woman, with a heart always alive to a sense of the beautiful in Nature. George was animated from his earliest years by a longing for travel, and an intense admiration for warlike achievements. His father's old ballads affected him much, and he frequently, when a child, cried himself to sleep over the terrible tales of Culloden and the dreadful barbarities perpetrated on our unhappy people by the Hanoverian troops. The boy was encouraged in his warlike propensities, his father giving him a pistol, and teaching him to use the shot gun. Firearms on the other hand, were his mother's dread. She endeavoured to cultivate his fondness for drawing, gave him birds and flowers to attend to, and interested him in the labours of Dr Moffat, Dr Livingstone, and others. He received a sound education at the good old parochial school, and attained to considerable proficiency in the "dead languages" and the study of the Latin poets, as well as drawing, mensuration, surveying, &c. He was also at this time an occasional essayist at the Rhynie Mutual Instruction Class. His teacher specially encouraged him in the study of English composition and drawing, although he nearly strangled

his infant muse by his jocular criticism, and found it necessary to inflict sundry penalties to prevent his drawing-books being disfigured with fierce-looking soldiers and deadly-looking cannons. When our poet was fourteen years of age his father died, his gentle mother following in a couple of years, leaving him to the care of J. Sherrifs Gordon, of Craig Castle and several other gentlemen, who were anxious that he should study for medicine or the law, or else become a minister, which had been his mother's great desire. He felt, however, that he had no call to "wag his pow in a poopit." He was tired of books, and longed to exchange study for action. His desires varied between the dazzling prospects of harpooning whales, shooting buffaloes, or "seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth"—prospects to the splendour of which his guardians appeared quite unappreciative. He had a half-brother in Canada, whose descriptions of backwood life took his fancy, and, having some property left him, he resolved to seek his fortune in the great West. Preparatory to this, he was sent to an old friend of his father—who combined the trade of mill-wright and agricultural implement maker with the cares of land cultivation—from whom he received much instruction. Although quite expert with his tools, he did not care much for farm-work—the profession of arms having always possessed the strongest attraction for him. After studying the drill and musketry books his mind was made up. In 1874 he ran away, and, at the age of eighteen, enlisted in the Stirling Depot.

His regiment—the Seaforth (then 72nd) Highlanders—was in India at the time, and, being under age for foreign service, he was sent to Ireland to the linked Battalion—the 91st Highlanders—in which he was the possessor of the sergeant's sash in little more than a year after his enlistment. Eager for

travel and adventure, he declined the offer of colour-sergeant, and insisted on going to India with a draft, although to do so he had to resign his rank and pay.

Landing in India in 1876, he joined the Seaforth Highlanders at Sialkot, and was in a few days promoted to corporal and shortly after lance-sergeant. In October 1879, on the battlefield of Charasiab, he fell heir to the sash and sword of a dead comrade, and thus regained the rank he had resigned. An ardent sportsman and no mean sketcher; fond of mingling with people of all classes and conditions; and an accomplished player on the fiddle, the flute, and the bagpipes—though always a total-abstainer and non-smoker—he has ever been a popular companion. He studied Hindustani with fair success, and qualified as assistant instructor in army signalling.

What with hunting, fishing, cricket, scene-painting, theatricals, and sketching, life went pleasantly till the end of 1878, when war was declared with Afghanistan, and his regiment was one of the first ordered to the front. Space will not permit us to describe his enthusiasm. He, however, narrowly escaped being left behind, as he was then recovering from fever. The same spirit animated other fever-stricken Highlanders, whom the medical officers weeded out and put in hospitals in the stations through which they marched, but who invariably made their escape by night, and followed the column in spite of threatened punishment. Our poet was attached as mounted signaller to General Roberts' Staff during the more serious operations of the second campaign—indeed, during his service he has been under fire in actions and affairs of various sorts over a score of times. He had the fortune to be specially mentioned for his bravery at Lataband by Colonel Hudson, and at Childukteran by Major Stewart White, and had some startling escapes at these places. "The Signallers, of whom I was in charge," he tells us,

"were a score of as 'pretty men' as ever wore tartan —fine powerful fellows, splendid shots, good horsemen, capital and untiring climbers, and cool, reliable signallers. I was but a boy among them, but they gave me their fullest confidence, and were true as steel. Our duties in scouting, reconnoitring, and keeping up communication were most arduous and exacting. We were constantly in contact with the enemy, always on the alert for ambush or attack, and extricated ourselves frequently from the enemy's hands by dint of sheer good shooting or reckless riding—a few native Indian cavalry being generally our escort. Amongst the densely-wooded valleys and snow-capped hills of the great mountain ranges, our labour was excessively fatiguing, yet the awful grandeur or exceeding beauty of the ever-varying scenery gave it a singular fascination. The fresh air and healthy exercise kept us in the best of spirits, and with continued exercise we became famous for feats of energy and endurance." In his duties he was generally fortunate in selecting points from whence the movements of the enemy could be observed and reported, or communication maintained between different columns. It was from his heliograph that the troops in Kelat-i-Ghilzi learned of General Roberts' approach, and it was his hand that sent the first flash into Kandahar, informing the beleagured garrison that help was at hand. Afterwards, in Egypt, he had much ticklish signalling—on one occasion from the fore-top of a gun-boat on the Suez Canal, with a column a few miles inland.

The terrible fatigue of the march to Kandahar, bad water, and coarse and often unclean food, proved too much for him. After the battle, when he had almost reached the Indian frontier, he utterly broke down, and lay for three months in hospital, grave doubts being entertained of his recovery, but he was saved, he firmly believes, by means of some native remedy which the

wife of a comrade administered, supplemented with porridge and milk. He now commenced studying for the entrance examination to the Roorkee College of Civil Engineers, intending to pass into the Public Works Department. In the end of 1882 came the Egyptian War, in which he had some thrilling experiences. Returning home after he had seen six years of foreign service, the regiment was quartered in the Isle of Wight, but with the beginning of the Soudan campaign all his old desire for action woke to life. He however, joined Sir Charles Warren's Bechuana Expedition, and during his voyage to the Cape he studied the Dutch language, which was of great use to him. At the close of the expedition, his services were brought specially under the notice of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, his commanding officer writing as follows:—"Colour-Sergeant Anderson is the very best and most trustworthy, reliable, and efficient non-commissioned officer I have ever seen. He was Acting Quartermaster Sergeant and Paymaster Sergeant, and no praise can sufficiently indicate the cheerful, willing alacrity, the untiring zeal, and the incessant labour with which he worked. His services were simply invaluable, and his manner of performing every duty was strict, exact, and always satisfactory." Rejoining the old battalion in England, he had the offer of a commission, which he, with regret, declined.

In 1886 the 1st Seaforth Highlanders arrived in Edinburgh, and soon after our hero was selected to take charge of a party of Gaelic-speaking lads which was to traverse the Northern and Western Highlands, the Orkneys, and the Western Isles, and endeavour to arouse the military spirit of the people. In 1888 he crossed with his regiment to Dublin, where he is stationed at the time we write. It only remains to be added, regarding his military career, that his aim has ever been to be proficient in all manly and soldier-like

qualifications. He is reckoned one of the best shots, and generally represents his regiment in competitions. He holds numerous certificates of distinction in such matters as drill, intrenchments, field sketches, &c.; holds a first-class Army Certificate of Education; and has four war decorations and five clasps.

We have little space left in which to refer to Quartermaster-Sergeant Anderson's more strictly literary nature, and to his work as a poet. At the age of eleven, the ripple of the Bogie first inspired his muse. As his years increased so did his love for poetry, and at sixteen he could repeat from memory the most of "Lalla Rookh," "The Lady of the Lake," &c. His literary efforts were much aided by the encouragement of the Rev. R. Harvey Smith, author of "Propaganda of an Aberdeenshire Village," and many delightful poems; Dr Alexander, of the *Free Press*; and others. He contributed prose and verse to a newspaper issued from the printing press of the Regiment when in India, and during his travels he corresponded with home papers. Articles and sketches from his pen have frequently appeared in the *Aberdeen Free Press*, the *Rossshire Journal*, the *Irish Times*, and other newspapers and magazines. He tells us, however, that his worship of the muses was somewhat irregular—generally the outcome of some sudden and spontaneous suggestion rather than a careful construction upon preconceived ideas. He always found a favourite field of study in the poetry and music of the native races with whom he came in contact. In addition to several pamphlets on antiquarian subjects, folk lore, local history, &c., he has published "Seaforth Songs, Ballads, and Sketches" (Dublin: R. Chapman, 1890), which is embellished by several spirited illustrations by the author. Also, in 1891, a most entertaining and important volume—"Lays of Strathbogie and the Story of the Strath." "Seaforth Songs" contains

prose sketches of much thought and vigour, as well as tabulated information of permanent value, and a concise history of the regiment and its various campaigns in all parts of the world. It is needless to say that his poems and ballads are of a stirring and patriotic nature, full of vigour and fire. Some of his shortest pieces, and especially his songs, possess graceful fancy, apt similes, and a flowing style. His songs of the affections—he has not yet met his "affinity"—are above the vapid stanzas too often so classified, and it is clear that he can not only write a good song, but also sing it too, with that infectious merriment which takes a company by storm. Our gallant soldier-poet has the native gift of poetic insight, and in his miscellaneous verse he is generally felicitous in treatment and theme.

THE HAME-COMIN'.

Oh! my een war sair wi' greetin'
  Fan my lad left hame,
There was naething life to sweetin'
  Efter he had gane.
And he look'd sae fair and braw,
That my he'rt near brak in twa,
And I grat afore them a'
  Fan my lad left hame.

Oh! I grew sae wae and sad
  Fan my lad left hame;
For I lo'ed nae ither lad
  But my ain dear ane.
Fan he sailed across the sea,
Oh! I thocht that I wid dee
Sud he nae come back to me,
  And his ain auld hame.

And sae dreary passed the years
  Sin my lad left hame,
For my he'rt's been fu' o' fears
  Sin' my lad left hame.
Oh! my heid ran roon wi' glee
Fan his letter I did see,
Sayin', "Lassie, in a wee
  Will yer lad be hame."

So I'm waitin' anxiously
Till my lad comes hame ;
For at rest I'll never be
Till my lad comes hame.
Tho' he's marked wi' mony a scaur,
Fae the bloodly field o' war,
He'll be only dearer far
Fan my lad comes hame.

Tho' his riches be but few,
I wid like him a' the same,
For his he'rt is leal and true—
Oh ! I wish he would come hame.
Fat care I fat others say ?
On his briest my heid I'd lay—
Oh ! I wish it wis the day
That my lad came hame.

Nae mair will war beset him
Fan my lad comes hame,
Could I only, only get him,
Get him back again.
Oh ! if he wid come the nicht,
My puir he'rt wid grow so licht,
That the tears wid blin' my sicht,
Fan my lad came hame.

THE DYING HIGHLANDER TO HIS CLAYMORE.

Farewell ! oh gallant blade,
Soon shall this shattered hand
In death's repose be laid—
Farewell, beloved brand !
Unreserved friend in battles' roar,
Death parts us now, my old claymore !

Far in the misty past
Ye served my fathers well,
When rose upon the blast
Their pibroch's battle-swell.
Sweet lips have kissed thee o'er and o'er,
But all is past, my old claymore.

A hundred legends stream
Around thy war-worn blade ;
It was my childhood's dream,
As with thy hilt I played,
To wield thee, as in days of yore
My forebears did, my old claymore.

All that my father gave,
With his untarnished name,
Was thee, friend of the brave!
To carve my way to fame.
Thou kept'st mine honour evermore
Bright as thy steel, my old claymore.

In many a gallant fray,
Thy hilt around my hand,
We scattered wild dismay
Amongst the foeman's band.
'Twas cowardly lead my vitals tore—
Steel could not pass my old claymore.

A lady's tender care
Decked thee with ribands bright;
Yet proved she false, though fair,
And turned her love to slight.
What anguish in my heart I bore,
Still, thou wert true, my old claymore.

Farewell, my gallant brand—
No! Not in life's last gasp,—
In death shall my cold hand
Of thee retain the clasp;
And side by side for evermore
We'll rot and rust, my old claymore.

THE CLANG OF MY SABRE IS MUSIC TO ME.

My gallop is long, and I hasten to ride,
No comrade have I, save the sword at my side;
But thou, my bright weapon, wilt sing, as we go,
Of true love between us, and death to our foe:
No comrade proved ever so trusty as thee,
And the clang of my sabre is music to me.

We gallop o'er mountain, o'er moorland we stride,
By forest and fountain together we ride;
With spur and with stirrup ye rattle and clang.
And sweeter a sound in my ears never rang,
So lightsome and joyous, and hearty and free,
Oh! the clang of my sabre is music to me!

The harp's stirring measure may valour inspire,
And bosoms will throb at the sound of a lyre;
The greatest, enraptured, will yield to the tongue,
And sigh at the words by a fair lady sung;
But worthless such melodies, useless the glee,
When the clang of my sabre is music to me.

Sweet, sweet is the harp when in tune is its tone,
Yet, slacken its strings and the rapture is gone;
The dew-drops but touch it, and lost is its strain,
Whilst thou, my good sabre, will ever remain
Unchanged in thy tone—merry, joyous, and free,
And thy clang will be sweeter than music to me.

Enthralling's the lyre by the summer-lit lake,
But the music will vary, the cords they will break;
Yet thou, my good weapon, wilt never me fail,
Tho' struck by the foeman, or driven through mail;
Thy voice, ever confident 'midst the melee,
Rings out in a tone that is music to me.

The bosom in anguish will often be wrung,
That trusts to the words of a fair lady's tongue;
But true are the tones of my own gallant steel,
They never betray, and they never conceal:
I trust thee, my loved one, wherever we be,
For the clang of my sabre is music to me.

When blade crosses blade in the terrible strife,
And the maddened horse leaps as we grapple for life;
When death may descend on the stroke of a foe,
'Tis thou, my cold sweetheart, will ward off the blow;
Ha then! as thy heavy blade vibrates in glee,
The clang of my sabre is music to me.

To others thou speakest in whispers as keen
As winter's cold blast on an icicle's sheen;
Thou giv'st but a kiss ere the face turns white,
And blushing life's river flows forth to the light;
Oh! sweetheart, no lover as faithful as thee,
And thy clang it is sweeter than music to me.

NO LAND LIKE THE HIGHLANDS.

'Mongst hills of sweet heather, all misty and wild,
A young mother sings as she nurses her child—
"No land like the Highlands, tho' far ye may stray,
No music so sweet as the merry pipes' play!"

The boy grew to manhood, and southward he came—
He pined in the lowlands, dull, level, and tame;
That song in his bosom with rapture would thrill—
He longed for the music, the mountain, the rill.

Hark! what is that strain so triumphant and loud,
That tread on the pavement right fearless and proud,

The ostrich-plumed bonnets and banners that wave,
Like emblems of victory over the brave?

Each note seems a summons he cannot withstand—
"I, too, must be with them to fight for our land!"
He dons the grey tartan, and over the seas
He sails, while the war-notes resound on the breeze.

A battle is fought. 'Twas the foe fled the field—
Would Highlanders fly while their swords they could wield
Did sound of retreat ever poison the air,
When tartan-clad sons of the heather were there?

The scream of the bagpipes, triumphant and proud,
The cheers of the Highlanders, frantic and loud,
Brings voice to the lips and light to the eye;
Ev'n th' wounded will shout ere they shudder and die.

With life swiftly ebbing our hero was laid,
But bright grew his face with a smile as he said—
"No land like the Highlands though far ye may stray,
No music so sweet as the merry pipes' play."

JOHNNIE CRAN.

Johnnie ken't a winsome lassie,
Kin' and blythe a'wyte wis she.
But the limmer wadna heed 'im,
Only hysed and leuch wi' glee.
Johnnie hadna muckle siller,
He wis bit a servan' chiel,
Janet wis a crafter's lassie,
Singin' as she spun the wheel,
Gang awa and ca' the harrow,
Ca' the harrow, Johnnie Cran,
Tho' yer gowd micht fill a barrow,
'Twidna mak ye my gweedman.

Johnnie thocht that he could keep her,
Snodly wi' his scanty fee;
Janet only leuch and tauld him,
Dinna fash yer thoom for me.
Johnnie grew baith glum and dowie,
Ilka anterin job gied vrang,
And he spak' himsel o' droonin'
Janet lauch't the mair and sang,
Gang awa' and ca' the harrow,—&c.

Janet's uncle dee't and left her,
Something ower a thoosan pown ;
Johnnie voo't that no *Miss* Janet,
Wid nae mair acquantance own,
But she keppit him ae gloamin',
And she sneckit fest the style,
Heild him back wi' joy dumfoonert,
Singin saftly a the fiyle,
Come awa' and ley the harrow,
Ley the harrow, Johnnie Cran ;
I hae gowd to fill a barrow,
Ye shall be my ain gweedman.

A PENINSULAR DITTY.

I'm a jolly soldier s wife
Ivery inch,
And at the fiercest stroife
Niver flinch ;
Troth, I loike no better fun
Than the rattle of a gun—
Sure the huzzy that would run's
A silly wench.

I can buckle up and run
Loike a man,
I can shtep to bate of drum
If any can ;
Wid the rig'mint sure I shtamp,
And when inds the weary thramp,
It's mesilf that's into camp
The foremosth wan.

Och, me man's a dacint boy,
So he is ;
In his Majesty's employ
None there is
That can bate him ov his size ;
Faith, there's moighty few that tries,
For he'd take their very lives
When he's riz.

Yet, I kape his purse and plume
In me trunk,
And I bate him wid a broom
When he's drunk ;
If he axes for the kays,
Troth, I hammer him loike paise,
Till he falls upon his knays
Loike a monk.

I can clothing make or mind
Like a witch,
I can fix up ivery rind,
Wid a stitch;
I can wash and shtarch a shirt,
I can darn or piece a skirt—
Troth, I'm not a useless flirt,
Or silly witch.

In the wars I get me will
Very civil,
For our wounded foes I kill,
Ivery divil;
Och, an' if't were only known,
Wid me sthockin' and a sthone
I'm a plunderin' for me own,
While others snivel.

Should my husband ne'er come home
From the fight,
Och! I'd clane be overthrown
At the sight;
But I'd not be widdow long
I'm so fair, and shtout, and shtrong,
I'd be axed for by a throng
That very night.

The foregoing was written to illustrate a fictitious character in the Peninsular War, and represents a type which, if it ever existed, has long been extinct. There are no more kindly or tender-hearted women than soldiers' wives.

HAPPY LITTLE ELSIE.

Happy little Elsie, like a sunbeam bright,
Eyes so blue and sparkling, beaming with delight.
Down upon her shoulders, flood of wealth untold,
Fall the sunny tresses, like a shower of gold.

Cheeks so fair and tender, lips so rich and red,
Never had a cherub such a pretty head;
Feet like fairy's, tripping, hands so soft and small,
Happy little Elsie has no care at all.

. . . . . .

Other lips, my Elsie, in impassioned tone,
Will a story tell you, seek to touch your own,
While your softest whisper, or a pressure light,
Sets another's pulses beating with delight.

In those days I wonder will you be as true
As the little Elsie with the eyes of blue!
Will your heart be faithful as in days of old,
When on girlish shoulders waved the flood of gold?

MARK NEWTON ROBSON.

MARK N. ROBSON was born in 1861, in the village of Denholm, which lies amid some of the most romantic Border scenery. He is the youngest of eight sons, seven of whom survive—all men over the medium height, the subject of our sketch standing six feet three inches. His father is the village blacksmith, and for sixteen years Mr Robson lived in the village, receiving his education at the parish school. The long evenings in summer were spent in rambles among the woods and glens, which produced a great love of nature in the lad's heart, the old Border peels and towers having for him a great fascination. The winter evenings were largely devoted to reading—"The Tales of the Borders," the "Pilgrims' Progress," and history being to a large extent the mental pabulum. His mother encouraged him in his early attempts at versification, and in later days, when his pieces found a welcome in the local papers, he made a point of first reading them to his invalid mother. Many of his earlier verses and sketches had for their theme the Borderland. Having a considerable strain of Northumbrian blood in him, his love for the Borders and Border story is largely a passion with him. Recently he published a series of "Homely Sketches" descriptive of life and events in his early boyhood. These sketches, though in prose, contain many a poetic touch, and from various quarters Mr Robson received thanks for reviving old memories.

When sixteen he went to Hawick, where for over eight years he was a teacher. His finest verses were often produced in school amid the hum of work. In 1881 he read a paper before the Hawick Archæological Society on "Lower Rulewater," which was afterwards printed in pamphlet form, and from old Denholmites

as far off as the antipodes he received requests for copies. In Hawick he came a good deal in contact with local leaders of political thought and action, and it is not to be wondered at if he is somewhat of an advanced Radical.

In 1886 he resolved to enter upon work as a missionary "at home," and received an appointment in Musselburgh, where he is at present stationed in connection with the Scottish Coast Mission. Though located there, Mr Robson's services are in frequent request—over the South Country especially—though in no place is he so welcome as in one of the pulpits of his native village, or in Hawick. Since entering upon mission work he has not written so much as formerly. Doubtless he has less time, living as he does a busy life, but his poetry, in many a vivid word-picture, is apparent. His tall, spare form, with a somewhat unmissionary-looking dress, is well known on the golfing links, as well as on the street where, surrounded by a few hundred working people, he is perhaps seen to best advantage; and where, as he says himself, he is most at home.

Mr Robson, though naturally bright and buoyant has had his crosses and losses, his first wife and child dying about two years after his marriage. These, and other experiences, he has embodied in touching and deeply tender verse. Pleasing thought, liquid melody, genuine pathos, and a cheerful, hopeful spirit, instinct with a poetical and devout heart, are the outstanding characteristics of Mr Robson's muse.

CONFIDE IN YOUR MOTHER.

Oh, laddie! when sunlicht
Is ower your young way,
Fu' bricht wi' sweet promise
O' manhood's fair day;

When your young heart is lichtsome
As saft winds that blaw,
Share your joys wi' your mother,
An' tell her them a'!

When black clouds o' sorrow
Hang dark roond your path;
When affliction's cauld winds blaw
In fierceness an' wrath;
When you lang for some comfort,
When your 'back's at the wa',
Then gang to your mother
An' tell her o' a'!

When Satan wins roond ye
Wi' wile an' wi' charm,
An' maks sin look gilded,
An' says, 'there's nae harm;'
When in paths o' temptation
Ye stumble, ye fa',
Then gang to your mother
An' tell her o' a'!

Confide in your mother
When her soft locks are grey,
When you're bearin' the burden
An' heat o' life's day;
In the midst o' the battle,
Whatever befa',
'Twill relieve an' 'twill comfort
To tell her o' a'!

The love o' a' faither
Is fervent an' strang;
The love o' a' brother
Is fit theme for sang;
The love o' a sister
Is pure as the snaw;
But the love o' a mother
Is better than a'!

THE CAGED LARK.

Is it the want of some grand height
Greensided, and vast, and towering high,
Catching the blush of the morn's first light,
And the sun's last kiss ere the sombre night
Creeps ghost-like from the eastern sky?

Is it the want of pastures wide,
Bathed in the sunlight, or fresh with rain?
Or of daisied fields by the river's side?
Or the rippling song of the river's tide?
Or the sea of green and waving grain?

Is it the want of the mountain rills
All fern-festooned? Or the heather-bell,
That breathes a fragrance that sweetly fills
The fresh pure air that enfolds the hills,
And blows, health-laden, o'er field and fell!

The song of the lark might be full and sweet.
Its thrilling notes might so thrilling be
That they who hurried along the street
Were fain to walk with slower feet;
But they lacked—*the chord of liberty.*

EVENTIME.

Oh, solemn eventime,
When the great sun
Sinks as the vesper's chime,
Tells day is done!

Deep thoughts my heart come o'er,
And sadness give:
I have lived one day more—
One less to live.

Once more the light has flown,
Night veils the skies;
Oh, will another dawn
Lighten mine eyes?

Darkness comes brooding down—
Emblem of death;
Hamlet and mighty town
Feel its cold breath.

Grief holds me in its power,
And I repine;
Oh, solemn even hour,
Sad thoughts are mine.

II.

Oh, glorious eventime,
Wondrously fair!
Hark, how the vesper's chime
Fills all the air!

Telling of time to raise
  Thanksgiving hymn,
Sung to the Father's praise
  Ere light grows dim.

See how the sunset's hand
  Frames clouds with gold,
Like radiance from that land
  Of joys untold!

Though dark the clouds may be,
  Yet gilt how fair!
I, in this emblem, see
  Hope gild despair.

I know I shall abide
  'Neath care divine:
Oh, peaceful eventide,
  Glad thoughts are mine!

CHILDHOOD'S LOVE.

Oh, give me a kiss from childhood's lips
  When my heart is sore, and pain
Steals all the sunshine of life away;
When the clear, blue sky is turned to grey
  With mists and "weeping rain."

Let me feel the touch of childhood's lips
  On my cheek, when gnawing care
Is writing the lines that will not efface,
And stealing the bloom, and the youthful grace,
  And dimming the eye with despair.

Let me feel the clasp of childhood's arms
  When some have proved untrue;
When Trust's betrayed, and Hope has fled,
When some I loved are with the dead
  And passed from earthly view.

Let me hear the voice of childhood's song
  When my own harp-strings are dumb;
When my Psalm of Life is a deep, deep sigh—
A longing for rest, nay, an earnest cry
  That rest would quickly come.

Oh, childhood's kiss! Oh, childhood's smile!
  Oh, childhood's tender love!
Ye are to my heart as a healing balm,
As the peaceful dew of a God-sent calm—
  A taste of joys above.

And as the years of life roll on
With their strange uncertainty,
Let me still have the love of some little heart,
Of the love of life 'tis the purest part—
It is enough for me.

CLOUDS.

Clouds! fleecy clouds of the morning sky!
Reposing so soft in the azure height,
Catching the sunbeams that earthward fly—
Ye fill my soul with a rare delight!

Clouds! gloomy clouds! bred by noontide glare,
And black as the clouds that Elijah saw,
Seething in wrath in the murky air—
Ye fill my soul with a heavy awe!

Clouds! radient clouds of the closing night,
Like celestial islands with shores of gold;
Bathed in the glory of sunset light—
Ye fill my soul with a joy untold!

GEORGE WATSON,

BETTER known by his *nom-de-plume*, "The Roper Bard," is the author of numerous very tender and musical domestic poems and songs. From the preface to his volume of verse, "Love's Task," we learn that he is a rope and twine spinner to trade in the city of his birth. He was born of hard-working parents in Dundee in 1846, and is the only survivor of ten children, though his mother is alive at the time we write. His father was a moulder, but died when our poet was eight years of age. His mother, who was then living in Edinburgh, was obliged to return to Dundee, in the hope of finding employment for her-

self and family. George was then sent to school for the first time, but he had scarcely got through the "Primer" when he was taken to a rope work to "turn the wheel." He went to a night school during his apprenticeship, and continued attending this school two nights a week for a period of seven years. A lady of influence, who took a warm and practical interest in the moral and spiritual training of young men, proved a good friend to the subject of our sketch. One day he revealed to her his love for verse-writing, and on reading a specimen she expressed her admiration and delight by saying—"Well, done, George; I little thought that we had a poet amongst us." "I cannot tell you," says our author, "how I felt at that moment when I was for the first time called a poet." The lady encouraged him in every good work, and gave him such books as she thought would help him in his love task.

For a number of years Mr Watson has been a frequent contributor of verse to the columns of the *Evening Telegraph* and *People's Journal*. He has a most modest estimate of himself and his gifts—for he truly possesses the heart and the eye of a poet. There is a charming simplicity and naturalness, and a tender beauty, that reaches the heart, in his numerous "sangs aboot the bairns," on maternal cares, and the joys and sorrows of every-day life. Indeed, we have seldom met with a collection of poems and songs exhibiting so much *heart* as those in his "Love's Task." They all possess a high moral purpose, are faithful reflections of the most elevating and soothing experiences, and very beautiful word-pictures. Nevertheless, the couthie glow of a happy ingleside is not the limitation of Mr Watson's muse. He occasionally soars higher; and, when he does so, he exhibits considerable vigour and power of imagination, as well as variety of diction.

WHEN MITHER'S TA'EN AWA'.

Oh, precious is a mither's love,
An' sweet a mither's name ;
A faithfu' godly mither mak's
A peacefu' happy hame.
There is a charm in mither's name
That drives oor care awa',
The dearest name to mortal gi'en
On this terrestrial ba'.

In infancy, when tender were
Oor little hands an' feet,
Her bosom was oor pillow,
An' her arms oor strong retreat.
She never let us tumble,
Nor the win' upon us blaw ;
We loss oor dearest earthly frien',
When mither's ta'en awa'.

When fever laid oor headies low,
Wi' sad tears in her e'e,
She cuddled, kissed, an' coaxed us,
To drink oor senna tea.
And when her skill had failed her,
The doctor she wad ca' ;
Oor dearest earthly frien' is gane,
When mither's ta'en awa'.

She cleaned oor wee bit bodies
When we could nae help our sel' ;
An' washed our little duddies.
When amang the glare we fell ;
An' cured oor wounds an' bruises,
Wi' her magic healin' sa' ;
We loss oor dearest earthly frien'
When mither's tane awa'.

"This nicht when I lie doon to sleep,"
She learned us to pray,
An' bade us in rememberance keep
God's holy Sabbath Day ;
To shun the ways o' evil men,
An' honour His guid law ;
Oor dearest earthly frien' is gane,
When mither's ta'en awa'.

She made oor first wee breekies
Wi' a pouchie in the side,

To haud the rule and pencil o'
Her little artist pride,
An' bocht us a transparent slate
Oor first landscape to draw ;
We loss oor dearest earthly frien',
When mither's ta'en awa'.

What bonnie names she ca'd us, too,
My lammie, pettie, jewel,
An' oh hoo clean and tidy aye
She sent us to the school.
In winter roun' us row'd her shawl,
To screen us frae the snaw :
We loss oor dearest earthly frien',
When mither's ta'en awa'.

Oh, precious is a mither's love,
An' dear a mither's name,
A lovin' godly mither mak's
A heaven o' oor hame.
Hers is the sweetest voice we hear
Frae e'enin until daw ;
Oor dearest earthly frien' is gane,
When mither's ta'en awa.'

CUDDLE IN TO MAMMIE.

What's come o'er my little dear ?
Dinna greet, my lammie ;
Awa', black man ! What seek you here ?
Cuddle in to mammie, pettie ;
Cuddle in to mammie.

Oh ! haud still yer little feet—
Wha e'er heard sic roarin' ;
Whisht, my dautie, dinna greet—
Ye'll be weel th' morn, pettie ;
Ye'll be weel th' morn.

Oh ! but ye are ill the nicht—
Mammie's bonnie dooie—
Father, rise an' licht th' licht,
There, noo, tak yer cooie, pettie ;
There, noo, tak' yer cooie.

Tell the cooie a' yer wae—
Ye are warm an' cosie :
Sleep noo till anither day
In yer mammie's bosie, pettie,
In yer mammie's bosie.

WEE JEAN'S PROMISE.

There cam a' wee lamb to our fauld, I ween,
An' put a' the hoose in a steer,
As it tried to look up wi' its bonny blue een,
An' smiled to see a'thing sae tidy and clean.
We a' made it welcome but wee fashious Jean
Wha vowed the lamb wadna be here.

Sair she grat till we thocht her wee heartie wad brak
To see the lamb in its mither's bose ;
No a sup o' her parritch that nicht she wad tak'
Till father cam' hame an' began wi' his crack ;
Ere mornin' he managed frien's wi' them to mak,'
An' noo they are reconciled foes.

After a' Jean promised the lammie to rock
If mither wad let her gang doon
Some day to the yaird, an' pu' up the red stock
That Geordie was foun' in, the flower o' oor flock ;
An' says she will gie him her bonnie white frock
When bapteesin' Sabbath comes roun'.

BE KIND TO THE BIRDIES.

(TUNE—"The bonnie wee window.")

Be kind tae the birdies, God cares for them a' ;
Be kind tae the birdies in winter's deep snaw ;
A handfu' o' crumbs at your kindness they crave :
It's guid e'en the bonnie wee birdies tae save
Frae pinin' an' deein',
Oor Maker, a' seein',
Is kind tae the birdies, He marketh their fa.'

Be kind tae the birdies, be kind ane an' a',
Ye hoosewives ne'er throw your bread crumbies awa,
Just lift up the window and lay them ootside,
The birdies will sune dine upon them wi' pride ;
An' be richt gled o' them,
This kindness then show them ;
Be kind tae the birdies, God cares for them a'.

Be kind tae the birdies ; oh, dinna molest
The birdies in summer, nor harry their nest.
Hoo wae they maun be when the young anes are tae'n;
The loon that wad do sae his heart's like a stane ;
Void o' a' feelin'—
Forbye, it is stealin' ;
Be kind tae the birdies, God cares for them a'.

POOIN' THEGETHER.

My wifie an' me,
Noo ne'er disagree,
Oor hearts a' year roon' are as licht as a feather;
When I say it's law,
She never says na,
An' so we live happy and peacefu' thegether;
Happy thegether,
Peacefu' thegether,
Contented are we be it fair or foul weather.

Some folk disagree,
So did Lizzie an' me;
But that was when I lo'ed to sit in the tappie;
There aft I got fu',
But I dinna pree noo;
Frien's, that's partly hoo we live peacefu' an' happy.
Awa' wi' the drappie,
If you wad be happy;
Just do as we do, an' you're sure to be happy.

O' the din makin' stuff
I could ne'er get enough.
Soon it made a bad chiel' o' a kind hearted chappie;
But the puir sinner's frien'
Ta'en the scales frae my een.
Let Him in, Let Him in, an you're sure to be happy.
Peacefu' an' happy,
Usefu' an' happy,
Without Him in life you can never be happy.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

IT will have been apparent to our readers, and we acknowledge the fact without reserve, that rich as our native Doric is in every other species of poetry, it is deficient in what might be termed sacred themes. We have not a few examples of verse having a religious bias, and treating of the highest

truths, but only at rare intervals do we find the melodious "Scotch Hymn," which shows that poetry of high merit may be composed on religious subjects. We have an example of this in the Rev. William Mitchell, author of the beautiful and popular hymn in Sankey's collection (London : Morgan & Scott)—"The Palace o' the King"—and other Scotch hymns. He was born in 1848 at Edzell, where is father was then the much-esteemed village schoolmaster—a man who inspired many with whom he came in contact with a taste for literature and a love for scientific study. The Rev. J. H. Wilson, of Barclay Church, Edinburgh, who wrote an introductory note to the "Memoir" written by the subject of our sketch, said, in connection with his work in after years as a missionary in Edinburgh, and his great success as president of the "Working Men's Mutual Improvement Association," "they regarded him as their teacher and friend, they visited him at his house, and made him welcome at their homes The number of working men who gathered around him was unprecedented." In his early years, in Glenesk and Edzell, he was a frequent contributor of prose and verse to the *Brechin Advertiser*, under the initials "X. L." The scenery around him was inspiring. "On either side the brown Grampians rose aloft till their heathery tops, and precipitous cliffs, kissed the curtains of the rising sun, and pierced the clouds which wreathed their brows, summer and winter, day and night. Adown the glen with wild fury rushed the North Esk, now clear, crystallising and sparkling; now tinged with the brown moss when the dark clouds poured down their torrents of rain, and the river became a mighty stream rushing with impetuous fury over rocks and stones, whirling, eddying, leaping in wild cascades, hurrying everything before it in its mad career. Along the river edge, a green band of flowery meadow stretched

far as the eye could reach, and just on the edge of this, the little school was built. Gnarled birches formed a grove, which alike sheltered from the summer sun and gathered the winter's snow. Nought disturbed the universal stillness, but the whirring of the partridge, the soaring of the pheasant, the cry of the moorfowl, or the rustling of the bushes as the red deer, the fox, or the hare bounded lightly along, and rejoiced in their haunts among the Grampian Glens. Around Edzell he would roam by the North Esk, and its tributary, the West Water; here he could botanize by hill and dale, by wood and stream. Here, he could gaze on Mount Battock, or the lofty Caterthun, or revel among the antiquities of the old castle of Edzell, the round tower of Brechin."

Our space will not permit us to give samples of his verse. We must haste to speak more particularly of our present poet, a few years after whose birth the father with his family removed to Edinburgh, where Mr Mitchell devoted his life to unwearied and faithful missionary work. William was educated there, and became a pupil teacher in a Free Church school, after which he went through the ordinary training in the Normal College. In due course he was appointed an assistant teacher in Aberdeen, and in about a year afterwards he took charge of a school in Kinross-shire, where he began publishing his poems in a local newspaper.

A few years after this Mr Mitchell removed to a school in the North of England. While there he wrote several tales for the Kinross newspapers, and contributed racy and thoughtful articles to the *People's Friend*. One of these "The Schule Board," was frequently read by "Leo Ross" at his public entertainments. His Scotch Hymns gained wide popularity—"Gang in Gladness" being one of his earliest. "The Palace o' the King" appeared first in *The Christian*,

and was copied into many periodicals and papers at home and abroad, as well as printed and widely published in leaflet form. In this way it came under the notice of Mr Sankey, who immediately wrote to Messrs Morgan and Scott, asking them to secure, if possible, the copyright, which was done.

For several years Mr Mitchell was employed at literary work by two educational firms, after which he entered the Congregational ministry, and received a call to a church in Codford, Wilts. He laboured there for over two years, when he was translated to Odiham, Hants, where, in 1879, he died after a brief ministry of two months. We learn that he had prepared his poetical MSS. for publication in book form, but his somewhat sudden death prevented that idea being carried out. A number of his sermons were printed at intervals, as well as his poems, in *The Christian Week*, which was then published in Edinburgh.

His early and unexpected death was lamented by many who knew him as a faithful pastor, a devoted son, a true friend, and an unflinching defender of the truth, ever ready to cheer the downcast and administer comfort to the dying by fervent prayer and songs of praise. His only brother, the Rev. John Mitchell, Edinburgh, in one of a series of articles in *The Freeman* says :—"The first poem he ever published was in a local newspaper, and was severely criticised, and a verse or two held up to ridicule. But this did not discourage, for he sent another piece shortly after, which was highly commended. The criticism taught him some good lessons. So through time he became recognized– to use the words of one who was editor of a leading Edinburgh daily—"a true poet." He was never blest with good health, but this did not prevent him doing the work his Master had given him. Oft-times amid much weakness and suffering he laboured on, and in a cheerful spirit. He preached twice on

the last Sunday he spent on earth, and there was something that caused his congregation to fear that their beloved pastor would soon be taken from them. His present and future experience was prophetically expressed in one of his hymns quoted below:—"In the warl' there's tribulation," &c.

FORGIVNESS.

Father! a thoughtless hand has touched my heart,
And caused the tender strings to snap and smart;
The riven strings lie silent, bleeding, sore;
Teach me to pardon, and rejoice once more.

As thou forgivest, so I wish to do,
Freely forgive, and then forget it too;
And yet thou knowest how the tears will fall,
And like a river flood, rush over all.

The giddy world reads smiles in these our eyes,
They cannot pierce the depths where sorrow lies;
They see life's rosy flowers, and call them fair;
The paler lilies bloom unheeded there.

What then? our Father sees the truest flowers,
And trains them for the fadeless Eden bowers;
And if we meekly try to do His will,
His Sun will shine upon our flowers still.

"THE PALACE O' THE KING."

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the noo,
An' sunny is the land we aften traivel throo;
But in vain we look for something to which oor hearts can cling,
For its beauty is as naething to the palace o' the King.

We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry, merry tread,
An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its beauties wi' the dead;
For tho' bonnie are the snawflakes an' the down on winter's wing,
It's fine to ken it daurna touch the palace o' the King.

Then, again I've juist been thinkin' that when a' thing here's sae bricht,
The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,

The ocean i' the simmer, or the woodland i' the spring,
What maun it be up yonner, i' the palace o' the King.

It's here we hae oor trials, an' it's here that He prepares
A' His chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sinner wears :
An' it's here that He wad hear us, 'mid oor tribulations sing,
"We'll trust oor God wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King."

Tho his palace is up yonder, he has kingdoms here below,
An' *we* are his ambassadors, wherever we may go ;
We've a message to deliver, an' we've lost anes hame to bring,
To be leal and loyal he'rted i' the palace o' the King.

Oh ! it's honour heaped on honour that His courtiers should be ta'en
Frae the wanderin' anes He died for i' this warl' o' sin an' pain,
An' it's fu'est love an' service that the Christian aye should bring
To the feet o' Him wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King.

An' lat us trust Him better than we've ever dune afore,
For the King will feed his servants frae his ever-bounteous store,
Lat us keep a closer grip o' Him, for time is on the wing,
An sune He'll come and tak' us to the palace o' the King.

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie, upon which the rainbows shine,
An' its Eden bow'rs are trellis'd wi' a never-fadin' vine ;
An' the pearly gates o' heaven do a glorious radiance fling
On the starry floor that shimmers i' the palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven, an' nae desolatin' sea,
An' nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the free ;
There's an everlastin' daylicht, an' a never-fadin' spring,
Where the lamb is a' the glory, i' the palace o' the King.

We see our frien's await ower yonner at His gate ;
Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's getting late ;
Lat oor lamps be brichtly burnin' ; lat's raise oor voice an' sing,
"Sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the King."

GANG IN GLADNESS.

Gang in gladness, Christian freens, tae yon sunny, sunny hame,
Whaur earth's mony, mony waes ye sall never taste again ;
There are thoosan's aboot us that wad like tae see us fa',
But through oor Elder Brither we will overcome them a'.

There are blossoms that hae budded, been blichted i' the cauld,
An' lammies that hae perished, because they left the fauld ;

But cower in aneath his wings wha died upon the tree,
An' gaithers in His bosom helpless weans like you an' me.

In the warl' there's tribulation, in the warl' there is wae,
But the warl' it is bonnie, for oor Faither made it sae;
Then brichten up yer armour, an' be happy as ye gang,
Tho' yer sky be aften clouded, it winna be for lang.

D'ye see Him gaun foremost, d'ye see His thorny croon?
Are ye watchin' hoo He's conqu'rin', and tramplin' foemen doon?
Juist press ye on ahint Him, dinna wanner far awa,
But bide ye near oor Captain, an' through him we'll conquer a'.

Oh, the years they pass awa,' like the snaw-flake on the river,
If we dinna tak' Him noo, He may gang frae us for ever;
But then if we tak Him noo, oh how happy we will be?
Ye ken, we're wearin' aye the nearer to oor ain countree.

Oh, the bicker an' the din, an' the sabs o' weary men?
They are aften sair to bear, but they're comin tae an en,'
Oh, the birdie's sang is sweet in the sunny month of June;
But the music o' His foot has a sweeter, sweeter soun'.

Sae, then, dinna look forfouchten, but min' there's help abune,
An' the sabbin' an' the sighin' will a' be ended sune;
The clouds that wreathe the hill-tap gang awa' at break o' day;
Sae will it be wi' us, freens, for oor Faither wills it sae.

Then buckle on oor panoply, an' sing we as we gang,
The sough o' Jordan's river-wave will gladden us ere lang;
For through Him we've conquered a', an' to him let praise ascen',
Hosanna and hosanna? Hallelujah to the en'?

THE MAISTER.

When I was wee, and at the schule,
Wha was't that ca'd me dunce an' fule,
And gaur'd me stand on cutty stool?—
The maister.

Wha made me say the A B C
Eleven or twelve times ilka day,
Till I wad wish I was away?—
The maister.

And when I had grown up a wee,
Wha brocht the saut tear to my e'e
For hitting Sandy wi' a pea ?—
The maister.

Wha gied us muckle words to spell,
And big, lang counts their sums to tell,
He maybe wadna like himsel' ?—
The maister.

Wha laid his muckle, lang black tawse
(That nippit sair like partan's claws)
Sae hard upon oor dirty paws ?
The maister.

Wha gaur'd us learn lang Latin pages,
An' spak' aboot the bygone ages ;
Syne tauld's to mind an' bring oor wages ?—
The maister.

Wha gied us a' oor infant knowledge,
As weel as if we'd been at college,
And made oor counts as plain as porridge ?—
The maister.

But now the guid auld man is deid,
Nae mair the spec's adorn his heid ;
Anither ane now tak's the lead—
The maister.

But weel we min' he taught the plan
O' God's redeeming love to man,
And hope to meet in Canaan's lan'
The maister.

MARGARET HALL,

BETTER known by the *nom-de-plume* "Rénée," was born at Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire, in 1868. She is the daughter of the Rev. Robert Hall, Dalmarnock Road U.P. Church, Glasgow. Her mother was the daughter of M. R. Watt, who has a place in the first volume of this work, and whose poetic mantle seems to have fallen upon her. The first nine years of Miss Hall's life was spent in the U.P. Manse, Old Meldrum, and on her father accepting a call to Glasgow, she then removed to that city, where, after five years' academic schooling, she tried the entrance examinations preparatory to entering on the teaching profession, and passed with honours. Under the Glasgow School Board she served the usual apprenticeship, with marked success in all her studies, as well as in practical work. Thus fully equipped, she went forth as an assistant mistress, and fulfilled appointments with much acceptance in Kilmarnock, Frome, and Alloa.

Having from an early age an ardent desire to teach her heathen sisters the way to Life, Miss Hall devoted all her spare time to qualify herself for what she hoped would be her future work. Being exceedingly fond of languages, Latin, French, and German were soon acquired, and Hindi latterly to a large extent. Her musical attainments are of a high order, and in drawing she also excels. Her last year was spent iu preparatory work in connection with her appointment by the Foreign Mission Board of the U.P. Church to the Zenana Mission in Rajputana, India, for which she left in September, 1890.

Miss Hall has for several years frequently contributed to various magazines and newspapers. These

contributions have been chiefly of the poetical order, and show that her sway over melody is natural and easy. Her musings on Nature, Providence, and Comforting, and an air of warm piety breathes throughout all her productions, showing a heart responsive to every beauty of holiness.

GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

Time once more is turning
Her revolving wheel ;
Look ! it speaks of sunshine
Flashing rays reveal.
Sunshine once more crosseth
Over Nature's face ;
Watch that golden halo,
With its circling grace !

Beauty sports with sunshine,
Joy bedecks the land,
Radiance overshadows
Rock and stone and sand.
Mountain tops are tinted
With an azure light,
With a golden splendour
Clad 's each lofty height.

What would earth, bereft of
Sunshine, ever be
But a bleak and barren
Land, without a tree ?
Sunshine's wand but outstretched
Then in summer hour ;
Mountains robed in purple
Fertile vales o'ertower.

Rise 'bove Nature's kingdom,
View the mental world ;
See ! the broad, bright streamers
Of the mind unfurled ;
Higher still, clear shining,
Lo ! the Sun divine ;
Those in His light walking
Ne'er know life's decline.

Onward, then, still onward,
Never mind the rain ;

Not one tiny raindrop
Forms to fall in vain.
After rain, the sunshine,
Gleaming pure and bright;
Gone life's rainy season,
Then comes God's sunlight.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

An August sun was glowing bright,
Earth's waters mirrored azure light,
When Cupid spied in flowery vale
A handsome youth and maiden pale.

With golden wings he soared aloft
And filled their ears with whispers soft,
Till both their hearts were tuned to sing
That anthem with love's happy ring.

Time seemed to each a thing of nought—
Their feelings were so highly wrought;
But evening drew her shadows out,
And put the sunbeams all to rout.

Each moment now like snowflake came
And quickly vanished like the same;
Stern Parting faced the loath-to-part,
While Duty called—Up! labour start!

Distance came running forward fast—
He likes to make his touches last—
No future meeting could be fixed,
With all Uncertainty was mixed.

The human lily was bedewed
With tears: she scarcely could be viewed
Through sorrow's blinding mist, which now
Had darkly wreathed her pearly brow.

No choice was left—so part they must,
To live in hope and patient trust;
Yet grief unmans the strongest mind,
And leaves an aching void behind.

The tears like heavy rain fell down,
Wetting, in truth, earth's summer gown—
Down, down, into the very ground
Without a sob or any sound.

No sooner sown the tearful seed
Than fair sprung up, in very deed,
A flower as blue 's the maiden's eyes—
Of loveliness the sweetest prize.

To him who must be distance riven,
The flow'ret pulled is quickly given—
"Forget-me-not," he parting cries;
Ne'er since the flower the name denies.

PATIENCE.

Patience is a bird that builds
Its nest upon the ground;
With trouble great it rears its brood,
Disturbed by every sound.

Patience is a bird that soars,
With short, uneven flight,
Within a humid atmosphere
Or warm, 'tis shorn of might.

Patience is a bird that wings
Its way o'er many hearts;
But no temptation can it lure
To stay, or off it darts.

Patience is a bird that sings
Upon the bough of Fate—
In accents soft, but yet, too loud,
The little breve note—wait.

Patience is a bird that tries
The skilful fowler—Time;
One moment here, the next, oh, where?
'Tis feared, beyond earth's clime.

Patience is a bird that bears
The olive branch of Peace;
At hour unknown it comes and says—
Let earthly troubles cease.

THE MAY DEW.

Haste thee, sleeper, shake off slumber,
Leave thy couch and come with me;
Day is dawning, lo! night's awning
Is withdrawn by Time's decree.

Feel'st thou not a presence near us
Floating in the morning air?
'Tis a being, unseen fleeing—
To the earth with blessings rare.

Strange, surpassing, strange, look! brother;
Touching earth its form assumes;
Shining brightly, dancing lightly,
Every move the sun illumes.

See! those liquid pearls of beauty
Sweetly deck the morning hour;
Glistening dewdrops on the flowertops
All sweet nature over-tower.

Every stem, blade, leaf, and blossom,
Now on Summer's bounties feed,
May is reigning, earth is gaining,
Purest May, dew is her meed.

Dazzling drops that love to linger
On the hawthorn's snowy head;
Fain we'd keep those things of beauty,
But they scorn all human tread.

Quite impartial in their giving,
Cause of fragrance high and low;
Wide diffusing, ne'er refusing
Priceless good where'er they go.

I will be as dew to Israel
Saith the voice so sweet, divine;
Contemplation, adoration,
Seize our souls—What is not Thine.

FRANCIS SINCLAIR,

THE accomplished author of a volume entitled "Ballads and Poems from the Pacific" (London: Sampson Low & Co., 1889) is another worthy Scot who spent his early years in Glasgow and Stirling, and who, though for many years resident and distinguishing himself in a foreign clime, shows no desire to "quat his grup" of couthie Scotland, its people, and its historic scenes. National attachment, so strong in the character of the Scottish heart, is shown in Mr Sinclair's beautiful verses on "Yarrow Braes," "The Heather," "Ellen o' Angus," and others. Along with his amiable and gifted partner in life—authoress of a work entitled "The Indigenous Flora of the Hawaiian Islands" (a finely illustrated quarto, published by Messrs Sampson Low & Co.,) has spent most of his years in New Zealand and the Island of Kauai and its neighbour Nihau. These are two of the group of islands whose charms and salubrity have been so beautifully and poetically extolled by Mrs Bishop, *nee* Isabella L. Bird, and Miss Gordon Cumming, as well as by another Scotch lady, Mrs Forsyth Grant. From the delightfully-written work, "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," by the first-mentioned lady, we extract a few passages which are interesting in themselves, and also throw a light on the scenes, experiences, and family influences amid which has been nursed and developed a "poetic child of Caledonia stern and wild." They refer primarily to our poet's mother:—

"We came upon Makaueli, ideally situated upon an unequalled natural plateau, a house of patriarchal size for the islands, with a verandah festooned with roses and fuchsias, and with a large guest-house attached. From the back verandah the forest-covered mountains

rise, and in front a deep ravine widens to the grassy slopes below and the lonely Pacific—as I write a golden sea, on which the island of Nihau, eighteen miles distant, floats like an amethyst. The venerable lady at the head of the house emigrated from Scotland to New Zealand many years ago, where her husband was unfortunately drowned. Her great ambition was to keep her family together, something on the old patriarchal system, and when her children grew up, and it seemed as if even their very extensive New Zealand property was not large enough for them, she sold it, and embarking her family and moveable possessions on board a clipper-ship, owned and commanded by one of her sons-in-law, they sailed through the Pacific in search of a home where they could remain together. . . . The island of Nihau was then for sale; they purchased it, and taking their wooden houses with them, established themselves for seven years.

The household here consists, first and foremost, of a lady of the old Scotch type, very talented, bright, humorous, charming, with a definite character which impresses its force upon everybody; beautiful in her old age, disdaining that servile conformity to prevailing fashion which makes many old people at once ugly and contemptible. Speaking English with a slight, old-fashioned, refined Scotch accent, which gives naïveté to everything she says, up to the latest novelty in theology and politics; devoted to her children and grandchildren, the life of the family, and though upwards of seventy, the first to rise, and the last to retire in the house. Then there are her eldest son, a batchelor, two widowed daughters with six children between them, three of whom are grown-up young men, and a tutor, a young Prussian officer, who was on Maximilian's staff up to the time of the Queretaro disaster, and is still suffering from Mexican barbarities. The remaining daughter is married to a Norwegian gentle-

man, who owns and resides on the next property. So the family is together, and the property is large enough to give scope to the grandchildren as they require it."

Mr Sinclair, previous to the publishing of the second edition of his "Ballads and Poems," wrote exclusively under the nom-de-plume "F. C. S.," "Aopouri," and "Philip Garth," by which he was widely and popularly known. In the preface to the work referred to, he informs the reader that his early poems were printed over the letters F. S. C., in the *Littleton Times* published in Canterbury, New Zealand. He was then young, both "in years and authorship," and he felt gratified at the favourable reception accorded to them. For some years after leaving Canterbury an active and adventurous life allowed him but little time or opportunity to write much for the public. In 1879 he happened to be in Auckland, New Zealand. It was a time of fierce political excitement—two bitterly opposed parties endeavouring to capture the reins of power. He went into the battle through the pages of the *Free Lance*, and, under the cognomen of "Aopouri," he contributed to that paper a number of vigorous political pieces, and a few miscellaneous poems. Shortly after this, fate again set him wandering. The year 1885 found him in London, with time and opportunity to publish a selection of his poems, which he did under the the name of "Philip Garth." The work met with great favour, so much so that the result encouraged him to bring out the present enlarged edition, which he considered a fitting occasion to drop disguise and assume the responsibility of his work.

The tenderest of pathos, the richest of melody, and a strong feeling of brotherhood, are characteristic of Mr Sinclair's muse. He also gives us many splendid word-pictures of tropical climes, and happy, rollicking sea-stories and adventures depicted with a rich

rhythmical swell; while several of his very graceful ballads are so beautifully touching, simple and natural, that they are such, as has been remarked by a high authority, Charles Kingsley would not have been ashamed to own. He has clearly the mind and the temperament of a true poetic nature, and his verses will find a ready response in the heart of every thoughtful reader. In this the poet's own aspiration will assuredly be realised:

> "If one sad heart is made the lighter;
> One wounded soul forgets one hour its pain;
> If one dark path by me is made the brighter,
> Ah! then my lowly songs are not in vain!"

DRIFTING APART.

Drifting apart in the cruel years,
Drifting apart on the sea of time;
Eyes that are dim with their frozen tears,
Hearts far away, though the hands reach mine;
Sorrow of sorrows too great for speech!—
That through all the years that are yet to come—
Our souls are hidden away from each,
And our hearts may break, but our lips are dumb!

Drifting apart, in no storm of hate,
Drifting apart 'neath a tranquil sky;
The moan in our hearts, too late! too late!
Our poor lips white with the stifled cry;
Our hands outspread, but we only reach
Hands! not the hearts we would die to keep!
Oh! sorrow of sorrows too great for speech,
Oh! sorrow as deep as the grave is deep!

Drifting apart on a fathomless sea,
A sea where no anchor can hold or save;
Where the face of our dead we are doomed to see,
For ever unhid by the merciful grave;
And their unclosed eyes, so near! so near!
That we read their story of long despair;
Poor eyes that have lost all hope and fear
Of the years to come, or the years that were.

Drifting apart, to meet no more,
No more!—till the sea gives up its dead;
Till our feet shall touch that far sweet shore,
Where the lotos for rue shall bloom instead;

Where the old sweet time of the long, long past !
Shall grow in our hearts, and the cruel sea
Shall hear and obey, at last ! at last !
And the drifting and moaning shall no more be.

ELLEN O' ANGUS.

Earl Angus wha ruled in the isles afar,
(Oh, bonnie braw ships wi' silken sails),
Had ae daughter, as fair as the evening star ;
(An' the ships cam' in wi' the south'ron gales.)

A cruel Sea-king, wha saw her face,
(The hawk aye flies at the whitest dove),
A cruel Sea-king withouten grace ;
(But nane can conquer the king o' love !)

A cruel Sea-king, he vowed to take
(Oh, dule an wae ! oh, dule an' wae !)
An' sweet young Ellen his leman make ;
(Oh, sorrow betide my natal day !)

This cruel Sea-king had routh o' gold,
(Oh, love is warm, but gold is cauld !)
An' Angus was proud, an' poor, an' old ;
(May the curse o'ertake the evil Scald !)

"Oh ! father, I lo'e young Ethert the fair,"
(The sea is deep by the Mull o' Finn),
"I've lo'ed him lang, I've lo'ed him sair !"
(The floods are deepest that smoothest rin).

The Sea-king moored his bonnie ships,
(The throstle is singing wi' meikle glee),
An' he kissed fair Ellen's sweet red lips ;
(But the hawk an' the dove can no agree.)

"Oh, dinna ye flutter, an' flee, an' hide,"
(Play up, my piper, play loud an' lang),
"For ye must, an' ye sall, be the Sea-king's bride !"
(Strike up, my minstrels, a merry sang !"

"To-night, fair king, when the moon is red,"
(Oh, throstle, sing low wi' dule an' fear),
"You'll see me lie in my bridal bed"—
(Sing low an' saft that the dead may hear.)

"But first ye maun gang to the loch o' Finn,"
(Oh, bonnie red moon, shine clear an' fair),

"An' look at a mermaid that lies therein,
A sweet young mermaid wi' yellow hair."

The Sea-king gaed to the loch o' Finn,
(Oh, throstle, ye sing but a dreary sang),
An' he looked at the mermaid that lay therein;
He looked fu' sad, an' he looked fu' lang!

For it wasna a mermaid that lay asleep—
It wasna a mermaid wi' yellow hair!
But white as the snaw—lang fathoms deep—
Sweet Ellen o' Angus was lying there!

There's dule an' wae in Angus Ha'—
(Sail out, black ships, wi' your cruel king!)
Whaur comes nae mair her light fit-fa';
(Oh, throstle, wha cares to hear ye sing!)

An' gin ye look, in the howe o' the night,
It's no a mermaid wi' yellow hair—
Like a sheen o' the purest saft moonlight—
It's Ellen o' Angus that's sleeping there.

THE AUSTRALIAN STOCKRIDER'S SECOND SIGHT.

I.

Miles and miles of yellow grass as far as the eye can see,
Miles and miles of dark Salt Bush with never a break or tree;
Miles and miles of quivering heat that blinds the weary eye,
Miles and miles of dreary plain till it meets the dreary sky!

A mob of sheep away out there, with heads jammed close and low,
A dray from the river-bed, creeping up heavy, and hot, and slow;
Old Billy, the black, rounding up the cows from the swamp by the cabbage-tree,
And his lubra crawling along behind, to beg for damper and tea.

The cook beginning to skin a sheep, and a hawk awaiting his share;
Our dandy rider—Jack Roach—just up for a spin on the bucking mare;
And out by the wool-shed, in the shade where one can lie and breathe—
The station magpie is learning her oaths from Dennis, the ticket-of-leave.

II.

Miles and miles of heather hills in their sheen of purple bloom,
Stretching down to the dark brown tarn that lies in sullen gloom;

Ben Lomond Peak, with its crown of snow against the deep blue sky,
And the blending swish of the leaping burn with a muircock's distant cry.

A wreath of smoke from a sheiling roof on the hills above Ardgroom,
A flash of light like a shower of gold on the bonnie yellow broom;
The silver burn in the glen below, half hid by the rowan tree,
And the snow on the Ben that long ago was the rim of the world to me!

A fair young face by the sheiling door where the hawthorn blossoms fall;
The bark of a collie across the glen, and a distant shepherd's call;
The lintie's sang to his wee shy mate on her nest in the rowan tree,
But 'tis oh! the miles, the long, long miles, of the desolate, weary sea!

THE NIGHTINGALES.

'Twas in our Devon lanes—ah me!
Our Devon lanes that are so fair,
With far-off glimpses of the sea,
And hawthorns scenting all the air,
I learnt to love the nightingales,
The sweet, sad, tender nightingales!

'Twas long ago—aye, long ago!
And I was young and he was young,
And we were whispering soft and low
Where thick the hawthorn blossoms hung;
While round us sang the nightingales—
The silver-throated nightingales

'Twas only foolish vows we made—
Sweet, silly vows that lad and lass
Have made so often—in the shade
Of hawthorn boughs upon the grass—
Whilst listening to the nightingales,
The passion-hearted nightingales!

The sun had set, and all the air
Was trembling with the bliss of life;
A leaf—a wing—moved here and there,
In all the world there was no strife;
And then o'er all—the nightingales—
O'er all sweet sounds—the nightingales!

I never saw the stars so bright—
I never saw the sky so blue ;
It was not day, it was not night,
But something half between the two ;
And then—ah, then, the nightingales!
I never heard such nightingales !

The years they come, the years they go ;
The strong must work, the weak must weep ;
And some find joy, and some find woe ;
And some must wake and some must sleep ;
But still through all, the nightingales
Sing just the same—ah, nightingales !

I wander through the lanes in spring,
When hawthorns shower their blossoms sweet,
And still the same dear voices sing,
Though his true heart has ceased to beat ;
But, ah ! they know—those nightingales !
They know it all—those nightingales !

He sleeps afar in frozen lands,
Beneath the cruel northern skies ;
Ah, God ! I could not fold his hands,
Nor kiss once more his loving eyes,!
And, oh ! there are no nightingales
In those dark lands—no nightingales !

I think (it may be foolish dreams),
But still I think if he did sleep
Where through the lanes the hawthorn gleams,
And I could clasp his grave and weep,
And we could hear the nightingales,
We both could hear the nightingales !—

Ah ! then I think this weary pain—
This weary pain would leave my heart,
And I could smile and weep again,
Because we were not far apart,
And listening to the nightingales—
Both listening to the nightingales !

'Twas in our Devon lanes—ah me !
Our Devon lanes that are so fair,
With far-off glimpses of the sea,
And hawthorns scenting all the air,
I learnt to love the nightingales,
The sweet, sad, tender nightingales !

GIVE BACK.

Give back, give back! the years within thy keeping,
Oh, cruel tyrant, Time!
Give back, give back! lost childhood's laughing, weeping,
That are no longer mine.

Give back, give back! the perfect love I cherished
That earth is dead without!
Give back, give back! the simple faith that perished
In the vain sea of doubt.

Give back, give back! the friends that all have vanished
In the wild maze of life;
Give back, give back! the peace that erst was banished
By the false, cruel strife.

Give back, give back! the perfect joy of being!
The bliss that beauty brings!
The esthetic joy of hearing, breathing, seeing
All nature's perfect things.

Vain cry, poor heart! the mystic charm once broken—
We leave the magic shore;
The rubicon once passed, the fiat spoken—
We can return no more!

JOHN JAMES BLACKBURN,

FATHER of Charles Frederick Osburn Blackburn, noticed in our Thirteenth Series, was born in 1836. Although he first saw the light in London, he spent nearly all his days in Scotland. His father was for some years editor of *Lloyd's Newspaper*. He was brought up by his grandmother, who resided in Glasgow, and who apprenticed him to the hosier, glover, and shirtmaker business. After her death he started on his own account, but he ultimately turned his

attention to sewing machines. He became the Edinburgh agent for a large manufacturer, in which business he continued between three and four years, when he contracted a heavy cold, which, settling upon his lungs, soon carried him off, at the early age of thirty-six. Very few of his prose and poetical productions have been preserved, although his contributions to many magazines and newspapers were numerous. These appeared invariably over the initials "J. B.," and included a series of songs entitled "Lays of the War." His patriotic subjects have a vigorous martial ring, and it is evident that, in whatever vein he wrote, he was ever musical and graceful, and was at his best when treating of human feeling and thought.

FAITH.

Why should'st thou doubt the love of Him
  Whose kindness changeth not?
Why murmur though the path be dim
  Where He has cast thy lot?
His love shall guide thee on to light,
Through darkest shades and deepest night,
  To realms of endless day;
If thou still true and steadfast be,
Nor coward fear prevails on thee
  To seek a smoother way.

I trod a rough and dangerous path,
  Rude, mountainous, and wild;
Beneath, a river foamed in wrath,
  Above, huge crags were piled.
A narrow ledge, but rarely trod,
A hunter's pass, two handbreaths broad,
  Was cut, the rock around,
Along the perpendicular wall;
While 'neath, the torrent's angry brawl
  Rose from the depths profound.

Giddy with fear, ere half across,
  My limbs had lost their power;
When, in a crevice clothed with moss,
  I spied a small blue flower.
Contentedly it raised its head,

Its fragile petals gently spread,
So gay and gracefully,
It seemed to say—"The God who placed
Me in this wild and dreary waste—
Shall He not watch o'er thee?"

Then flashed upon my mind the thought—
The God who made the flower,
And set it in so dear a spot,
Can guard me in this hour.
I passed the dangerous pass; but still,
When sorrow sheds her sickening chill,
The same voice speaks to me—
"Repine not, for thy Maker trod
In grief the same sad, weary road
He now allots to thee."

LA BELLE ALLIANCE.

Proudly the lion of England is waving,
With Gallia's eagles in honour combined;
Ruthless aggression and tyranny braving,
The rose and white lily are lovingly twined.
Frenchman and Englishman
Charge in the battle's van,
Shoulder to shoulder with steel gleaming bright;
Hark! 'tis the rolling drums,
Army on army comes,
On to the battle-field—God for the right.

Oft on the field have our forefathers striven
With fury and hatred in alien climes,
Long was our enmity boundless, but Heaven
Has granted the blessing of happier times.
Never again may we
Meet in hostility,
Ever in honour's cause let us unite;
Red-handed tyranny
Quakes at our battle-cry—
On to the combat, and God for the right.

Up with our banner, since cruel fates will it,
The blood of our fathers is still flowing strong
In the veins of their sons, who will cheerfully spill it
Before right shall kneel at the footstool of wrong.
Dread not their mighty hosts,
Heed not their scornful boasts,
Justice shall nerve every man for the fight;

Ring out the trumpet call,
Warriors one and all,
On to the battle-field—God for the right.

Forward, in just indignation opposing
Relentless oppression and arrogant claims ;
Forward, the helpless her trust is reposing,
Certain of aid, in your time-honoured names.
Boldly contending then,
Freedom defending then,
Crush the oppressor, though strong in his might ;
Let the shout rend the skies,
Sacred our enterprise,
On to the battle-field—God for the right.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROSE.

Uprouse, ye sons of England,
And fight the fearless fight ;
Your fathers in the olden time
Struck ever for the right.
Their lion hearts, their ships of oak,
Did evermore prevail,
And you, who are their children true,
May die, but must not fail.

Uprouse ye, gallant sons of France,
To succour and to save ;
You yet have your Napoleon
To animate the brave.
The chivalry that lived of old
Within you is not dead—
The name of France must ever prove
A sound for foes to dread.

The roses bloom in England yet,
The eagles fly in France ;
Where'er the bird and flower are seen
Their soldiers will advance.
Then on with bayonet and ball
Against the Russian foes,
And be your war-cry in the fight—
The eagle and the rose.

THE SPIRIT OF NATIONALITY.

The ancient spirit still remains
Of Scottish chivalry,

As pure as when on bloody plains
It shone in days gone by.
Search history's page
In every age—
Blazoned in letters fair,
Undimmed by time.
Unstained by crime,
Old Scotland's name is there.

Oh yes! while England has her oak,
And Scotia's thistle waves,
Their sons, when death has dealt the stroke
Shall sleep in honoured graves.
Their bed of death
The laurel wreath
Unfaded shall adorn;
And poet's lays
Shall sing their praise
To heroes yet unborn.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,

A NATIVE of Dumbarton, was born in 1855. Having been educated at the Academy of that town, he was apprenticed to his father, a master painter there, to whose business he has now succeeded. Mr Macleod, in his "Poets and Poetry of the Lennox," informs us that early in life he courted the muses, and his productions display rich humour and very pleasing melody, as well as comprehensive and suggestive thoughtfulness. He is a skilful musician, and, like not a few of our poets, an artist of good promise. He is the poet-laureate of the football players, and the poem we quote, "Guid save us a', John Paterson," refers to one of the victories which the local club gained over that of the Vale of Leven.

GUID SAVE US A', JOHN PATERSON!

Guid save us a', John Paterson!
And whaur may *ye* hae been?
Oh, michty me! look at his claes;
Was e'er the like o't seen.

Speak, ye dirty, drucken sumph—
Wi' shame I'm like to sink—
Whaur was ye till this time o' nicht?
An' wha gied ye the drink?

Look at yer bairn lying there—
Keep aff my clean hearthstane—
Ay! lauch, ye simple, silly cuif;
Ye've less sense than the wean.

Whit's that ye're mumblin' 'neath yer breath,
Eh, what? wha will ye *shoot*?
(Whit's in folk when they're sober
In drink's sure to come oot.)

Ye'll pit a *ba thro' my left wing?*
Ye sweevil-fitted gawk.
Whatever company ye've been in
Ye've learnt some bonnie talk.

Wha was ye wi'? ye gomeril;
Ye guid-for-naething ass,
What dae ye mean by mutterin'—
"*To the left, Joe; pass, man, pass!*"

Od, noo I see't; he's thinking on
The pint-stoup passin' roon'.
An' *Dribble.* Wha's he? He maun be
A stranger to the toon.

Ye're lauchin. Imphm; wait a wee,
By my sang! wait tae morn—
Ye'll wauken up at daylicht
Wi' yer craig as dry's a horn.

I'll mak' ye pay for this, ma man,
Before lang. By ma fegs
Cauld parritch ye'll hae nicht an' morn,
Instead o' ham an' eggs.

To think ye're fed up like my lord,
An' after a' ye'll say—
Preserve us a' ! the man's gane wud,
He's starting to hurra !

Here, wauken, John. John Paterson,
Stop that infernal din.
D'ye hear, man ? Stop it, or ye'll hae
The neebors coming in.

Whist, Maggie ! whist !—(hic)—no shay fou ;
What (hic)—makes ye storm—(hic)—an' rail ?
I was only—(hic)—up assisting at—(hic)—
The funeral o' the Vale !

A TRUE TALE WITH A MORAL ¶

Jock Jinker was a jiner,
Much better I ne'er *saw*,
His manner *plain*—e'en *blunt* some said,
Tho' *sharp* enough tae a'
Wha'd try tae ta(c)k' him *cross the grain* ;
He'd *nail them up* fu' soon,
And gin they werna pleased, he'd jist
As quickly *nail them doon.*

His walk an' conversation
Was strictly on the *square* ;
His speech was of a Northern brogue,
Forbye he stuttered sair.
He *boarded* wi' an auntie,
Wha stuck tae him like *glue* ;
She didna *chisel* his odd *chips*,
As some landladies do.

She didna *gouge* his victuals ;
Nae lodgin's cat was there ;
She *gauged* his every want, an' Jock
O' comforts had full share.

But Cupid crossed Jock's happy lot ;
At him Love's *bolt* he shot,
An' turned his *nut* wi' thinkin' on
The charms o' Peggy Scott.
Straightway he went tae *axe* her,
Braced up a *bit* quite smart ;

He *would* have won her, but she said
A *butcher* had her *heart.*

Jock felt quite *sheepish,* fairly *cowed,*
An' swore he'd ne'er forgive her;
By yonder *lichts* I vow, said he,
I won't be a long *liver.*
He went tae wark, but thochts o' Peg
Broke a' his workin' *rules;*
Lovesick was he, first *drapped his meat,*
An' syne he *drapped his tools.*

Frae that he took tae drinkin',
An' drinkin' took his heid,
He stopped workin' *mouldin's,*
For he much preferred a *bead.*
In fact he was a total wreck,
All through this wilful wench,
An' tho' he'd *left his wark* yet still
He came *before the Bench*

For being on the "*loose*" ae day,
Jock happened tae get "*tight,*"
A boy in blue provided him
Wi' lodgin's for the night.
The Bailie who sat on the case
Said, eyeing Jock the while,
Although the *panel's* looks I like
I don't admire his *style.*

But bein' o' a kindly sort,
He wasna' hard on John;
Said he, "this time ye will *get off*
Tae see hoo ye'll *get on.*"
Jock took the hint, nae *Peg* can noo
Force him a *peg* tae tak',
An' tae some lass wha wants a man
A good ane noo he'll mak.

MORAL.

A ye young men, if crossed in love
Tae drinkin' dinna flee,
But let the *public hoose* tae you
A *private hoose* aye be.

DAVID LISTER

WAS born at Ceres, Fife, in 1865. He received an ordinary education at the Public School there, working at intervals to neighbouring farmers for the sake of the coppers it might bring, or assisting his hard-working father in his life-grinding labour of breaking stones. With a small wage coming into the house, and a big family to sustain, it was no wonder that they should be put to work as soon as they were able to do anything. Before the age of ten his two elder brothers were "fe'ed" to farmers at a distance, while his only sister also entered service at an early age. David never had a taste for manual labour, and fortunately the exertions of his mother as a handloom weaver, added to those of his father, put the family exchequer into such a state as not to render necessary his going out to work.

Shortly after reaching his twelfth year the subject of our sketch was apprenticed to a chemist in Cupar, two-and-a-half miles distant, and for five years he daily trudged backwards and forwards between the two places. During these years he was greatly assisted in his studies by his minister, Rev. David Anderson, U.P. Church, under whose tuition he was initiated into the mysteries of the Latin language, and who has since in various ways evinced his interest in his welfare. The influence of a godly mother in the days of boyhood was the main factor in rooting and grounding those principles of temperance which Mr Lister has ever held dear. He rejoices in being a life abstainer, and had often looked with longing eyes towards the

mountain of Parnassus, but not until he had reached the age of twenty did he ever dream of daring to attempt the ascent of her coveted heights. The two years he spent in Edinburgh after completing his apprenticeship were too busy to permit the entrance of poetical thoughts into his head, and it was not until his fortunes landed him in West Calder—where he met one or two kindred spirits—that his poetical aspirations were stirred up within him. It was there our poet first saw himself in print, and he tells us he will never forget the joyous emotion that thrilled his heart when, opening the local paper, he read his production in the poet's corner. From that time forth his conversion (as he calls it) to poetry was complete. Day after day his brain was on the rack in getting "the ends to meet," and though his love has often waned since then, it ever and anon draws him by its mystic spell to worship at the muses' feet.

Being from boyhood fond of elocution, Mr Lister was not long in tuning his lyre to the production of pieces suitable for recital, and these he has delivered in large public assemblies with marked success, although, as a rule, he prefers to cull them from the works of other authors. As an elocutionist he has made steady progress, and never fails to captivate his audience, and receives invariably the high encomiums of the press. He is at present occupied in managing a chemist's branch shop, in teaching elocution, and in giving elocutionary entertainments during the winter season. Pieces from Mr Lister's pen have at various times appeared in *Scottish Nights*, *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, *Dundee Weekly News*, *Fife News*, &c., and highly humourous and deeply pathetic prose sketches entitled "The Tinker," "Rip Van Winkle Goes a Courting," "Saft Sandy's Courtship," &c., have all appeared in print, and been favourably received. In 1888 a

selection of his pieces was published in book form under the title of "Temperance Poems for Recital: Dramatic and Humourous," the author's aim being to represent the tragic, the tender, and the humorous elements that surround the drink question, in which object he has been very successful. He is happy in his treatment of narrative and domestic themes, and draws the most of his inspiration from the highest and noblest of human sympathies.

THE QUARRY BRIDGE.

So you want to hear the story why I donned this bit of blue?
Well, I'll tell you right away, sir, and remember it is true;
Ah! my home is full of pleasure, and my heart throbs with delight,
Since I turned away from drinking, and embraced the good and right.

The time I well remember when I seemed to live on drink,
I cared not for my family, or what the world might think;
I was drifting swiftly onwards to inherit ruin and woe—
To receive the shame and sorrow which the drink-shop fiends bestow.

But the story? Well, look yonder, do you see yon looming ridge?
There's a quarry in the centre, and across it lies a bridge.
Yes, that quarry's deep and ugly; when you look far down beneath,
You can see the rocks projecting, shooting out like iron teeth.

I was over at the village—you can see the smoke from here—
Sitting with some mates as usual, making merry o'er my beer,
When I started up in wonder, I could scarce believe my sight,
At the door my son was standing, pale and trembling with affright.

It is nearly five miles distant, so, sir, you can understand
Why it was I felt astounded when he burst in on our band,
But I had been drinking deeply, and my mind was void of fear,
So I growled out somewhat roughly, "Now, sir, what's your business here?"

Then the lad sprang forward quickly, and, while tears shone in his eyes,
Whispered, with his small heart bursting, "Father, dear, our wee Nell lies

Dying. I was sent by mother, and she wants you home to Nell ;
So come quickly now, dear father, and perhaps she will get well."

Ah ! the drink had turned my head, sir, making what was wrong
seem right,
I imagined they were shamming, just perhaps to give a fright ;
So I turned upon him fiercely, and I ordered him away,
" I will come when 'tis my pleasure, but till then, you imp, I'll
stay."

Well, I thought the lad would leave me, but he stood and
wouldn't go ;
'Twas because he'd promised Nell, sir, they were loving chums,
you know ;
And he stuck to me so closely that at last I had to rise,
Then he took my arm to lead me, poor wee chap, not half my
size.

It was gloaming when we started, and before we reached yon ridge
'Twas so very dark and stormy that we scarce could see the bridge,
But at last we got upon it, then I asked my little lad
If he was not filled with terror when he knew I was so bad.

But he answered, calm and trustful, " Why, dear father, should
I be ?
Am I not with my own father ? and I know that you'll shield me.
But I wish we could go quicker, for dear Nell's so ill at home,
I believe she'll soon get better when she knows that you have
come."

When we had half crossed the quarry I refused to further go,
Ah ! I cannot tell the reason why I should have acted so,
But I think now, when it's over, that 'twas Satan made me stand,
And 'twas him that made me fiercely grip the boy by the hand.

Then I seized him by the collar, and I raised him up on high,
And I asked him, scowly fiercely, if he was prepared to die ?
But I did not this in earnest, I must make that very plain,
For I meant to scare him only, but the drink had dulled my
brain.

Ah ! the lad was brave and bold, sir, simple were the words he
said,
" God in heaven hears you, father," and he pointed overhead ;
But the words stirred up my passion—drove my guilty spirit mad,
And in frenzy, o'er the quarry, there I swung that helpless lad.

Yet I thought not of the danger—I had lost the power to think,
For my nerves and brain were shattered by the vile, accursed
drink.

Suddenly I gasped and started—O, God help me ! what dire woe !
From my grasp the lad had fallen, dashing on the rocks below !

Then my senses came back to me, when I saw what I had done,
When I saw that in my folly I had sacrificed my son ;
Maddened by the sudden anguish, by the whirl of wild remorse,
How I cursed the evil spirit that had led me such a course.

I entreated in my frenzy that God might with lightning speed
Pour upon me His just vengeance for this foul, this awful deed ;
Then, as I sank back exhausted, weeping in my wild despair,
I heard faintly a low moaning, borne upon the evening air.

Springing to my feet, I listened, "Yes, my boy, that is his voice !"
How that cry, so weak and helpless, made my anguished heart rejoice.
With a stifled sob of gladness, fast along the bridge I sped,
And I sought the quarry's entrance, praying to the God o'erhead

That he might in mercy save him by the power he could command.
What if he should now be lifeless, murdered by his father's hand
Long I sought around that quarry, calling on him by his name,
But the echo of my crying was the sole response that came.

Till at last, when scrambling upwards, over some huge ledge of stone,
Once again my ear was gladdened by that helpless little moan ;
Soon I foud him, bruised and bleeding, but alive—thank God—alive !
Oh, how tenderly I raised him ! oh, how fondly did I strive

To restore my little darling, who so pale and death-like lay !
Oh, that God would stoop from heaven, and His mercy now display !
Then I took him quickly homewards, gave him to my weeping wife ;
She had trials and cares enough, sir, but she nursed him back to life—

Nursed him till—why, look you yonder, do you see yon lads at play ?
Well, he is among the number. Now, sir, what more need I say ?
Nell ? oh, yes, sir, she recovered, she is romping full of fun ;
Never, sir, did better children bless the home of any one.

That's the reason I'm teetotal, and a good one, too, I think,
And I tell you I'm in earnest when I say I *hate* the drink.

WHERE CAN THE WEARY FIND REST?

Can nature a place to the weary disclose
Where they may retire and unburden their woes?
In bright smiling valley, or on mountain's high crest,
Is there a spot where the weary may rest?

The pitless world with its tinsel and glare,
Giving atoms of pleasure for mountains of care,
Drags wearily onward, a stranger to peace,
Ah me, will this cark and this care never cease?

O, where in the depths of the world can we find
A balm to relieve the distress of the mind?
O, where in the calm smiling beauty of heaven
Can a solace be found for the soul that is shriven?

How may the heart receive comfort and light?
How may the face be made happy and bright?
How may the cankering demon of doubt
Be torn from the heart and for ever cast out?

The grandeur of nature may creatures impress
With its richness of glory and fair loveliness,
But can there be found in creation a goal
Where rest is dispensed to the weary in soul?

Ah, no, we will search for this haven in vain,
So blissful a bower earth cannot contain,
But far, far away in the realms of the blest,
There, there alone can the weary find rest.

HECH ME, SIRS, I HAE OFTEN WONDERED.

Hech me, sirs, I hae often wondered,
And ower the matter sair hae pondered,
Hoo poet bodies o' oor times
Can mak' sae gleigly a' their rhymes.

I've heard them say wi' gey lang faces—
If it's a lee they show nae traces—
That they hae made this piece or that
While in the kirk they gauntin' sat.

At ither times when at their supper
They would knock aff a stunnin' whupper;
And then, again, when in their beds
Poetic poo'rs inspire their heads.

Whene'er the Muses scart the noddle,
Aff to their pen and ink they toddle,
And very sune their busy brains
Hae jerkit oot some magic strains.

Gin this be true, and I'll nae doot it,
Although maybe there's doots aboot it,
I maun be a puir bard mysel'—
For, dod, it's aye the truth I'll tell.

For often am I in a swither
Until I get the ends thegither;
It tak's me aye an hoor or twa
To get the "piece" oot o' the thraw.

And sometimes after a' my trouble
It turns oot an airy bubble—
Be only fit to light the fire,
And, I may add, to rouse my ire.

Weel, noo, this is the sad reflection
That sinks my heart in deep dejection—
I doot I'm no' a bard ava,
But jist a rhymer tryin' to craw.

J. T. F. FARQUHAR,

BROTHER of Canon Farquhar (see thirteenth series), was born in 1858 at Pitscandly, Forfar, and was educated at Glenalmond from 1869 to 1876, where the Buccleugh, the Skinner, and other medals were gained by him. A scholar of Pembroke College, Cambridge, he graduated as a wrangler in 1881. He took the testamur of the Theological Hall in 1883, and in the same year was ordained priest. He has written a considerable number of sonnets and "scraplets," and, with a few exceptions, these have been published in the local papers. Mr Farquhar does not entertain a high

opinion of his poetry. In fact it would appear that the streams of Parnassus, in his case, have more than they can do in attending to the water-wheel of daily duties, and it is seldom that a single drop is allowed outside "the mill lade." His Doric, however, is pure and couthie, and his poetry is marked by felicity of metrical expression, high reflective powers, artistic finish, and scholarly culture.

SONG.

I am not rich and I am not great,
But cheerily on I go;
There is one that I love and none that I hate,
And none that a penny I owe.
Dame Fortune may frown in her surliest mood,
It matters not to me,
My ship, when the waves are raging rude,
Will weather the angry sea.

The rich in palaces pass their days
With store of dainty fare,
But enough is as good as a feast always,
And I have enough to spare.
The king has a golden crown of'state,
Give no such crown to me;
For gold on the brow is a weary weight,
And chaseth joy and glee.

And I have a house by yon pinewood blue,
Well sheltered from the wind,
It's not very large, but there's room for two
To share a loving mind.
There is none that I hate, there is one that I love,
And a crown of joy 'twill be
If thou, O! tender, trembling dove—
If thou wilt fly to me.

DIDACTIC POEM.

The horny goloch is an a'some beast,
Soople and scaly,
It has twa nippers, and a hantle feet,
And a forky tailie.

DUNDEE'S PORTRAIT.

O gentle Laird o' Clavers, worthy Græme,
Sic waesome look their sits abune thine e'e,
Thou seems a man that had a weird to dree!
The Covenanten bike, be their's the shame,
Did sair misca thee wi' the bloody name;
But better man shall Scotland never see,
Mair richtsome and mair fu' o clemencie.
Be mine the marra o' thy deathless fame!

The wife thou wad, thou scarce had time to kiss,
When suddenly thy cooard king flang aff
The band that fits na but the broos o' men.
Still thou was leal, and thocht na o' the bliss
But rase to gird the sword, and cuist the staff
Ah! bluidy was thou in yon bonny glen!

VALE, GLENALMOND!

Let Floreat Glenalmond
Be sung ere we say good night,
For the last we shall see of Glenalmond
May be by to-morrow's light.
O the life has been so jolly,
Though the sky's not always blue,
That a fellow might blub without folly
At leaving, as we must do.
Olim meminisse juvabit.

O, jolly with books lying idle,
When Saturday's sun is bright,
To fling away the bridle
And roam the hills till night.
To hear the drear pinewoods sighing
And the curlew's eerie scream,
Or with subtle rod to be trying
Brown Almond's trouty stream.
Olim meminisse juvabit.

Oh jolly a day's good cricket
And the bowler's eager will,
And the life of the field, and the wicket
Upheld by the batsman's skill.
Or football's sterner battle,
Where wind and pluck are tried,
Or to add a shot to the rattle
On the range by the riverside.
Olim meminisse juvabit.

LOVE'S STRENGTH.

"I feared, for that your love was hotly fired,
That that same love would throw a specious veil
Over my fault; and thus that I should fail
To win such fearless bliss as I desired.
But now the prize to which I then aspired
Is mine so wholly that no chilling gale
Against its peace and warmth can aught prevail,
While stronger still your love is and untired."
"Passion is blind, perhaps, but from above
Not wings alone, but vision of the bird,
Sky-conquering, that uprises, are conferred
On worthy love. So then your fault through love
I saw, but also worth. And I—had I ne'er erred?
Oh, I will never from your love remove."

MARRIAGE IN HEAVEN.

To-day my darling's brow was overcast
With sadness, so I asked her whence the cloud
Had come, and she then spoke her thought aloud:—
"We know that when the course of life is past,
True souls eternally, a joyous crowd
With strong spontaneous voice, a tempest blast
Of praise, to the Almighty Throne upcast,
But marriage is not,"—and her head she bowed.
I answered—"We shall live though from this earth
We pass—pass to eternal, glorious day,
And, living, ever love. 'Tis love's new birth
That swallows marriage up, and not decay.
Oh, trust a God of love, whate'er of worth
Our oneness hath shall never pass away."

PETER MEARNS,

THE widely-esteemed United Presbyterian Church minister of Coldstream, was born at Glenconner, in the parish of Ochiltree, Ayrshire, in 1816. His father removed to the parish of Muirkirk some time

after, and there the subject of our sketch received his early education, finishing his school training at the Grammar School of Lanark. He entered the Glasgow University in 1837, and subsequently, in 1841, began the study of divinity under Drs Brown, Harper, Eadie, and others. In the Greek classes of the University Mr Mearns translated all the Anacreontic odes read in the class into English verse, and they were all received by the Professor with warm approbation. He was ordained to his present charge in September, 1846, so that while we write he is now in the forty-fifth year of his ministry. Mr Mearns' life has been a busy one, and he has done much excellent literary work. One or more of his sermons have appeared in the "Christian World Pulpit," and a discourse on the "History and Principles of the U.P. Church" was recently published by request. In 1887 Mr Mearns edited an edition of the poems of James Hyslop, author of "The Cameronian's Dream," a touching poem, full of lofty beauty (Glasgow: C. L. Wright.), for which he wrote an exceedingly interesting sketch of the poet's life, and furnished, with cultured judgment, and after wide research, many valuable notes to the thrilling story of the persecuting times. His "Muirkirk and Vicinity" (Aidrossan: Arthur Guthrie, 1883) is now out of print. A new edition, however, is in preparation. It is a work of deep interest, giving in a very attractive form reminiscences of the village—its schools and schoolmasters, poets and their poetry, the village "innocents" or "half-wits," &c. Several hymns and poems by Mr Mearns have appeared in the "United Presbyterian Church Magazine," Dr Smith's collection of "Morning and Evening Hymns," and other magazines and periodicals. These are sweetly pathetic and musical, and pleasingly combine the imagination of the poet with the reverence of the Christian.

HYMN.

We bow before Thy sacred throne,
Thou God of truth, to whom alone
The homage due we pay;
Thy nature and Thy name of Love
Bespeak the mercy we would prove,
For which we humbly pray.

The token of Thy presence, seen
Of old, the cherubim between,
Within the holy place,
Made Zion dear to every heart;
To Israel there Thou didst impart
The treasures of Thy grace.

Where'er Thy people worship now,
And in the name of Jesus bow,
They see Thy smiling face;
When love supplanteth slavish fear,
Where'er we be we may draw near
Our Father's throne of grace.

SCRIPTURE STUDY.

I saw her bend an eager look,
As if intent to find
Some treasure in the Sacred Book
Hid from the careless mind.

I saw the book of Truth Reveal'd,
In which the treasure lay;
Which never fails its truth to yield
To those who read and pray.

She read of threats and promises,
Inspiring hope and fear;
She read of lovingkindnesses,
And righteousness brought near.

I saw again her placid mein—
An angel's look was there;
A Spartan virgin ne'er was seen
Possess'd of charms so fair.

WATCHING UNTO PRAYER.

Two little boys from infancy
Had dearly lov'd each other—

The children of one family,
Each was an only brother.

One evening they retired to bed
Without their wonted prayer:
But Willie rose to kneel and said,
"I'll ask our Father's care."

When Frank refus'd, he said, "We need
Our Father's care to-night;
And we may both be dead, indeed,
Before the morning light."

He pray'd; and then return'd to bed,
Reliev'd and happy now.
"You have neglected prayer," he said;
"But I have prayed for you.

And now, if I should die to night,
I would not be afraid;
I'd go to see a world more bright
Than all else God has made.

There little angels with their crowns
Of gold, all fair and bright,
And harps and hymns, and glorious thrones
For ever shine in light.

And, oh! how blissful 'tis to dwell
Within a world so fair!
Where all are safe and fear no ill,
For all are holy there."

Then gentle sleep their voices still'd,
And Frank began to dream;
But not as when 'mid fancies wild,
Things are not what they seem.

He saw the window was upraised,
Apart the curtains flew;
And on the midnight sky he gaz'd,
With moon and stars in view.

The scene was lovely, and, in view,
Two small white clouds he spied;
As they approach'd, and larger grew,
Two angels he descried.

Within the room the angels spoke,
As they approach'd the bed:
In every limb with fear he shook,
And cover'd o'er his head.

But Willie smil'd, nor was afraid,
When th' angels came quite near;
He fancied 'twas because he'd prayed
That Willie felt no fear.

"Are we to take them both away?"
The younger angel said.
"O, no!" replied the guide, "we may
But take the one who prayed.

They pass'd to Willie, and there shone
Around a glory bright;
At midnight it appear'd like noon,
The room was filled with light.

They stoop'd and kiss'd him and he smil'd
And stretch'd his arms, till they
Uplifted him: one took the child,
And carried him away.

Beyond the stars he saw them soar—
A small but shining speck;
And, when he could not see them more,
His heart was like to break.

* * * *

Over the mother's heart there crept—
As Frank told what he dream'd—
A sudden chillness, and she wept,
And pale with terror seem'd.

She ran to see her sleeping child;
But silent was his breath:
The lovely boy was pale and smil'd
In the cold arms of death.

ALEXANDER ADAMSON,

WHO has attained to a high position in musical circles, is a native of the village of Ceres, in Fifeshire. He must have displayed a wonderful aptitude at a very early age, for in 1858, when he was a little over twelve, he composed a perfectly new tune, which effort received the hearty commendation of his teacher, the Rev. David Anderson of the United Presbyterian Church. When but fifteen years of age—as we learn from a sketch in "The Piper o' Dundee," as well as in the "Tonic Sol-fa Reporter"—he "took a forenoon" in the absence of the precentor, and a year later he became *interim* precentor at the Parish Church. The village brass band, which had for some time been in a state of decrepitude, was now revived; a bandmaster was engaged, and although he did not countenance Tonic Sol-fa, the boys discovered that it was much easier to play the music on their cards when the Sol-fa letters were written over the notes, or when they had simply a Sol-fa copy. Removing to St Andrews, Mr Adamson became a pupil of Mr Hart, who, in 1864, took him to Edinburgh to be examined for the Intermediate Certificate. Thereafter Mr Adamson took up his residence in Edinburgh, and for two years was a member of Mr Longbottom's Oratorio Choir. He had begun to ascend the hills, and loftier summits had come in view. In the spring of 1866 he moved to Glasgow, and attended Mr Curwen's lectures. He travelled in England during the next three years, his leisure time being wholly given to singing, listening to music, and toiling at the theoretical studies of the courses of the Tonic Sol-fa College. In 1860 Mr Adamson was appointed precentor of the Steeple Church, Dundee, and then his professional life began. His patient and unwearying attention was given to the

improvement of Church psalmody, and since 1881 he has devoted his whole time to private and class teaching as well as writing on the subject of music from time to time in various magazines and periodicals. His classes have always been popular and successful—his certificate book showing the names of hundreds of pupils who have progressed under his careful tuition to the more advanced grades of musical culture. Before the Education Act of 1871 Mr Adamson taught in four of the Dundee public schools. He now teaches in six out of the fifteen Board schools, where visiting masters do the work, and has organised very successful men's voice choirs to illustrate lectures, &c.

As a professor of music he has attained to a high position, and his reputation as a careful and successful teacher has secured for him much popularity in the city. Mr Adamson, after years of experience, inaugurated the scheme of small private classes of from six to twelve members, and the results have shown that this system is the most satisfactory and fruitful from an educational point of view. His neatly arranged classroom is indeed a far more powerful centre of musical culture than its size would suggest. From it, year by year, issue a select band of highly-trained singers, who as conductors, soloists, choir members, school song teachers, and precentors, show the results of the faithful and laborious teaching which they have received.

In 1889 Mr Adamson was elected a member of the Council of the London Tonic Sol-fa College, and he is the only teacher north of Edinburgh who has been elected on the General Council. Our poet is editor of the "Educational Vocalist," and of the "Auxiliary Music Cards," which have been highly commended in the musical and other press reviews, and which are amongst the most sterling and popular teacher's aids. The Teacher's Auxiliary, or Silent

Indicator, is an instrument invented by Mr Adamson, which is now in use in schools, and which has called forth the warmest encomiums of the teachers who have found the Aid of the utmost value in school work, not only in teaching singing, but it has been adapted to many departments of school work, proving of value to teacher and pupils alike.

His ingenuity in devising appliances for his work is remarkable. His "Automatic Sol-fa Harmonium" is an excellent help to the teacher, and there is no doubt it is only a question of time when the "harmonium" will be introduced into all schools where music is taught. The selection of "school songs" we give are from "The Educational Vocalist" (London: J. Curwen & Sons). These are full of the most pleasing melody, are elevating in tone, and are characterised by excellent taste and careful execution.

DARK FLODDEN FIED.

Our bravest on thy turf lie dead,
  Dark Flodden field,
As thick as leaves in autumn shed
  On Flodden Field.
The morning sun shone clear and bright
On clansman brave and gallant knight,
Now stark and stiff in cold moonlight
  They lie on Flodden Field.

Cry dool and woe in cot and tower
  O'er Flodden Field,
No more, for Scotland's right and power
  Those hands the sword shall wield;
No more, O bard, with kindling eye,
Of glory|song|or|victory;
Let harpers wail, and mourners cry,
  O dark Floduen field.

Ere morn shall lift the shades that lie
  On Flodden Feld;
Ere birds of evil omen fly
  Low on Flodden Field;

Awake, ye winds, bewail the dead ;
O haste, ye snows, and veil the red
Of noble blood like water shed
On dark Flodden Field.

Yet Scotland shall outlive thy stain,
Dark Flodden Field,
And distant lands shall sing their fame,
Who die but never yield.
Where Scottish plumes and tartans wave
The foe will find the sons as brave
As sires who filled the heroes' grave
On dark Flodden Field.

HONEST WORK.

If you find a lesson hard,
Waste not time in sighing ;
Honest toil brings sure reward,
Most things yield to trying.
Work's the pith of life, my boy,
Work and do not falter ;
Work will bring success and joy,
Wait's the sluggard's halter.

When you find the lesson hard,
Wait not till to-morrow ;
Sloth is strong, be on your guard,
Delay will bring you sorrow.
Work's the pith, &c.

When you find a lesson hard,
Make all just endeavours ;
Coaching will your steps retard,
Copying's borrowed feathers.
Work's the pith, &c.

O'ER THE HEATHER.

We roam o'er the heather, 'tis bright summer weather,
The mountains around us to cloudland aspire,
The wild lark is singing, his melodies flinging
To earth, as he soars to the sun high and higher.
The calm lake is sleeping in shadow, and keeping
Dark secrets of time in its fathomless breast ;
But here on the heather, with bright summer weather,
We revel in gladness, and banish unrest.

Away o'er the heather, in bright summer weather,
The dewdrops still gleam on the heath's purple bell,
And, joyously gushing, the streamlets are rushing
The green-bordered river's dark waters to swell:
Yon high peak is glowing in sunlight, and showing
Where snow lingers still in the scars of his crest;
But here on the heather, with bright summer weather,
We revel in gladness, we banish unrest;

We tramp through the heather exulting together,
Our spirits high soaring in fancy's bold wings;
Like heroes of story we rush to the foray,
Again to the echoes the wild slogan rings.
The dark woods are eerie, the glens lone and dreary,
Yon stark-cliffs the blood-stained haunt of the erne;
But joys 'mong the heather, the bright blooming heather,
A billowy purple green bracken and fern.

ROSES, ROSES.

Spring's bewitching hours have sped,
All the forest paths are green,
Thick-leaved branches overhead,
Gleams of summer sky between,
O'er the thicket sunlight stealing,
Show'rs of sweetest blooms revealing,
Spangles from the robe of dawn—
Wild roses, roses, roses.

Clamb'ring o'er the cottage walls,
Drooping from its russet eaves,
Where the sunlight glory falls,
Clust'ring blossoms, buds, and leaves.
In the window slyly peeping,
Where the rosebud girls are sleeping,
Whose awaking eyes behold
Sweet roses, roses, roses.

Blooming on yon terrace gay,
With the flowers of every clime;
Roses crown the bright array
All the joyous summer time.
Snowy roses, trellised shining,
With a radiant glory twining,
Crimson dawn-like blush and golden,
Roses, roses, roses, roses.

Oh, to dwell on some bright shore,
Where 'tis summer all the year;

Where no wintry tempests roar,
Where the skies are ever clear;
Till from me life's shadows breaking,
Then how sweet the glad awaking
'Mong the fragrant ever-blooming
Roses, roses, roses, roses.

SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR of "The Fireside Tragedy," (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1887), is the second, but eldest surviving, son of the late Sir George Henry Scott Douglas, Baronet, of Springwood Park and Belford, Roxburghshire, and of Maria Juana Petronila Sanchez de Pina, his wife. He was born in 1856. In reply to a letter of enquiry Sir George thus writes:—"My early years were passed on my father's beautiful estate in Teviotdale, (my present home,) when I ran wild, with few or no companions but my brothers. I went to school at the age of ten, and whilst I was "being educated" wore perforce a strait jacket, and could be myself only at intervals and by snatches—for instance, during the holidays, and when alone at a private tutor's. On leaving college, I stood upon the threshold of life, and, what was more, was conscious of the fact, and of the responsibility—the selfish responsibility at least—of the position. Of the many paths which men follow in pursuit oi fame and fortune, almost any one was open to me to try my luck in. I was urged by those interested in my welfare to enter either the Diplomatic Service, or some other profession. But, desiring ardently to 'live my life,' I resolved upon taking my affairs into my own hands, shaping a lonely course of my own after a model devised

by myself. (I omit, as here out of place, all but what bears directly upon my attempts in literature.) I had dreamed of a poetry, the *subject-matter* of which was to be drawn exclusively, either from the best life which I saw around me (transformed, it is true, as it inevitably must be, by the action of my own emotions in the crucible of my own imagination), or from my own individual and actual spiritual experience; whilst its *medium of expression* should be no literary, conventional, or archaic jargon, but be derived from the best language which I heard spoken around me—sifted and refined as best might be by my own taste, but without doing violence to its essential character. My concern was thus not so immediately with books as with life itself. At that period, humble life exercised a fascination for me. I seemed to find in it not only the best field for the observation of direct and spontaneous manifestations of the human soul; but also the richest mine of noble and lovable character. Moving history and incident were also there to be found in abundance; whilst the language spoken in that world had, at its best, a sweetness and a purity, a picturesqueness and a raciness, which charmed me. I therefore spent much time in wandering through the country—sometimes on horseback, but more often on foot—gazing, as I journeyed, with the loving eyes of a dutiful child upon the varying aspects of the face of Nature, and depending for what society I desired upon acquaintanceships—they were not seldom friendships—struck up among the peasantry and the coastsmen. The result of these studies and observations, having woven them together into a weird and gloomy story, I embodied in "The Fireside Tragedy"—a play which approximately succeeds in painting life as I viewed it at that time." The pieces which follow are selected from a series entitled "Poems of a Country Gentleman"

SPRING, SONG, AND SOLITUDE.

I.

The Spring returns : the Earth grows young—
  Grows young as never man shall grow—
And cries with many a silvery tongue,
  As loud and clear as long ago.

The world is green : in every vein
  New life with new-born gladness thrills :
The light of Youth is found again !
  Hear and rejoice, ye patriarch hills !

II.

The woodland bird, when Spring returns,
  Pours all its gladness on the air ;
And sings the joys the loved one earns—
  Sings that the earth is green and fair :

And would that I, like thee, sweet bird,
  Might set my joys, my sadness free,
Singing—uncared for and unheard—
  A song that's all too hard for me !

III.

Oh, in this fair far-off retreat,
  At patient Evening's peaceful hour,
As our first father met, to meet—
  Where shades are deep, in brake or bower—

Some form of female loveliness,
  As white as if a moonbeam fell—
Come from another world to bless,
  And evermore with me to dwell !

FROM A NIGHT-PIECE.

When saner men are sound a-bed,
  And beasts in woods and fields are still,
The lonely paths alone I tread,
  And wander on o'er dale and hill :

O'er waste and woodland, ford and fence,
  My onward course uncheck'd I steer,
Unseen—as walks the Pestilence,
  When damps infect the sorrowing year.

The screech-owl from her touchwood house
  Peeps forth, and chides me as I go,
That thus her fretful chicks I rouse
  And through the echoing woods halloo.

For no latch clicks ; no footstep beats
  In tune to mine the loud highway,
Save his, whose face the night secretes—
  Whose craft abhors the eyes of day.

What goal have I to gain to-night ?
  Yon haunted tower, or yonder hill,
Which, on the utmost verge of sight,
  Cuts clear into the twilight still ?

Not these ; a friendler bourn I know,
  Five furlongs from the neighbouring town,
Where, o'er the broad champaign below,
  A bench-encircled beech looks down :—

A pleasant haunt when eves are long,
  And mild, and full of balm, in May ;
When wordy elders round it throng,
  And children with the beech-mast play ;

And lovers, lingering on till night—
  Still whispering with the still-whispering leaves
Score on its bark the troth they plight,
  And many a trust the tree receives :

A pleasant spot when ponderers see
  The sweet old tale retold once more,
Mature Content and infant Glee—
  The simple life-play acted o'er.

But now, when Life is laid to sleep,
  And its unlantern'd watchman I ;
Who hear alone the wheezing sheep,
  And, far away, the wild-duck's cry—

Now smile with more congenial air
  Forsaken seat and sombre tree ;
Which smiled, with light and laughter there,
  For all the world but not for me.

This hour is mine :—on couch or straw,
  The scheming active myriads lie—
Clownish contempt with kingly awe,
  Like garments, for the time laid by.

Oh, then, that pains of pride and power
Might, with the drear night, pass away;
And brothers in the midnight hour
Arise to brotherhood with day!

. . . .

THE TRUMPET.

I paced a path, 'neath tall green trees
Whose few steep branches met on high,
At the sad hour when, by degrees,
The light fades in the dull grey sky;

When, somewhere—oh! I know not where—
Like sunlight broken on Night and Fear—
A voice of joy amidst despair—
Sounded a trumpet loud and clear!

Then—with that strong, o'ermastering cry—
From burden'd brows and breast in pain,
Rush'd to these eyelids long gone dry
Tears! with a touch set free, like rain.

THE MORALIST IN AUTUMN.

These autumn morns are bright and fair . . .
Behold the fairy flashing there
Of the new-spun gossamer!
And, on this virgin greensward, trace
The broken ring—the halting place
Where fairies, in their whirling flight,
The tenth part of a moment light . . .
And lo! by waste and woodland on,
To other moonlight games are gone!

I heard the tale of a rustic wight,
Who, passing on his ways by night,
Had chanced, an instant, in amaze,
On the fairy-folk to gaze.
With him, his simple neighbours tell
How nothing from that hour went well.
His hand its whisome art forgot;
He droop'd—he pined for what was not:
His spirit strayed—like one who strays
From old, endear'd, accustom'd ways;
And pale and lonesome, like a ghost,
Forever seeking something lost,
From human warmth and kin estranged
He wandered, isolated, changed.

I, even I, am such as he,
Since erst, divinest Poesy,
Upon my soul, upon my sight,
Dawned thy too radiant morning-light.
I would I knew a fairy spell
To heal the heart and make all well!

KENNETH M. CRAIG,

WAS born in a thatched cottage which stands almost in the centre of a long row of houses known by the name of Dunshillock, situated midway between the villages of Old Deer and Mintlaw. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to the grocery business at Peterhead. From Peterhead he went to assist his father, who had started business in Fraserburgh—where the family now reside. After two years' experience in London and one in Glasgow, either behind the counter or engaged in office work, he went into partnership with his oldest brother for three years. Driving out one day he met a student friend, who, knowing that our poet had a desire to study, advised him to begin at once, which he did, and prepared himself for College, working frequently fourteen hours a-day. He studied Arts and Divinity at St Andrews, where he proved himself an apt and very successful student, and he is meanwhile a probationer of the Church of Scotland. Mr Craig contributes frequently in prose and verse to the local and other newspapers. Some of his more ambitious poems show high reflective powers, as well as keen observation, while his shorter pieces, especially when he treats of human thought and feeling, are very musical and graceful

VOICES.

The sun was slanting on the hills,
And music came from distant rills
Both sweet and low.
The rich green sward made carpet rare
For aged feet, or limbs more fair,
To rest or go.

And warbling birds had filled my ear
With myriad songs, both rich and clear
That stilled my voice.
With mute appeal I moved along,
And sought to hear undying song—
Such was my choice.

And everywhere came voices strong
From tree, and plant, and wingéd throng
To speak to me;
And bending 'neath the starry dome
My heart replied—I will atone
And come to Thee.

THE DYING SAILOR.

A sailor from the topmast fell—he fell upon the deck,
His comrades rushed around him—he was now a ghastly wreck;
The lone ship sped her course along, and bore him far away,
No mother's kindly voice was near to soothe him where he lay.

The silvery moon shone brightly upon his aching head,
His mind was calm and tranquil, although rough the dying bed.
"Oh! write and tell my mother that before the rising sun
Shall shine upon our gallant ship, my sands of life will run.

Oh! write, and kindly ask her, too, when I have breathed my last,
To bless my heavenward soul and forgive me in the past;
When I was young, gay, and thoughtless, I grieved her oft I fear,
For well I know that round the hearth, I've watched the silent tear

Steal down her cheek. How oft have I heard her lonely sighing
O'er my father's grave! —and now her sailor son is dying.
Comrades when you reach again that dear native land of mine,
Oh! tell my mother not to grieve nor o'er my death repine.

Tell her we shall meet again, in that home beyond the sun,
When this frail pilgrimage is past, and weary course is run;"

His weary limbs grew fainter, and more faintly still he lay,
The icy hand of death was there—his soul had fled away.

OUR NOBLE QUEEN.

Wha can move with stately grace?
Wha can fill her noble place?
Wha's an honour to our race?
  Nane like our noble Queen.

Wha has got a heart to feel?
Wha can soothe through woe or weal?
Wha can dry the tear sae weel?
  Nane like our noble Queen.

Wha has kept our hearths in peace?
Wha has made grim wars to cease?
Wha can abject slaves release?
  Nane like our noble Queen.

Then for her good we'll ever pray
That health and peace be hers alway,
And this our tribute will we pay
  To her—our noble Queen.

ROBERT W. BARBOUR.

THE Rev. Mr Barbour of Bonskeid, a descendant of Lady Nairne, is the eldest surviving son of George Freeland Barbour, who came of an old Renfrewshire family who introduced the linen industry at Kilbarchan before the middle of last century. Mr G. F. Barbour was a merchant in Manchester from 1825 to 1845, when he married, retired from business, returned to Scotland, and devoted his time to religious and philanthropic work. In his lifetime he suffered many sad bereavements, his three eldest sons being killed—one in infancy, and two in a railway accident,

near Wigan, in 1853. The mother of our poet is a richly gifted lady, being the authoress of "Our Way Home," and other well-known and much-appreciated religious works. She inherited the poetic gift from her mother, Margaret Stewart of Bonskeid, niece of Lady Nairne, and great grand-daughter of Strowan Robertson.

Mr Barbour was born at Grange House, Edinburgh, in 1854, and was educated at the Collegiate School. His University career was brilliant—Mr Barbour taking M.A. with first class honours in Classics and Philosophy in 1875, and Cunningham Fellowship, New College, in 1879, in which year he married Charlotte Rachael, second daughter of Alderman (now Sir) R. N. Fowler, M.P. for City of London. After a year spent in South Africa, Mr Barbour became assistant in the West Free Church, Brechin, and in 1881 he was ordained minister of Free Church, Cults, Aberdeenshire. This charge he resigned in 1886 on account of ill health. At his father's death, in 1887, he succeeded to the property of Bonskeid, near Pitlochrie, Pertshhire, which has been in the possession of his mother's family for the long period of four hundred years.

In 1879 Mr Barbour issued a volume of verse entitled "Jeroveam's Wife, and other Poems" (London: Kegan Paul & Co.) from which our selection is made. His poems show scholarly taste, and deep religious feelings. His smaller pieces are neat in expression and melodious, and evince a warm feeling to all that is beautiful and pure.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

I sit among the woods and sing,
For all the woods are bright to-day;
By mount and vale, by rock and spring,
The breezes race and revel at play,
Until I say: O winds that play,
Take me and make me as light of wing!

For lovely is the world where'er
I wander as the spirit wills,
And earth is only flowerets fair
Laid in the lap of the lasting hills.
And my bosom thrills, as I tread these hills,
To be free as the singing and sighing air.

But chains without are iron-hard,
Within are links of darker hue,
And as I lie upon the sward,
I would their presence no more I knew,
That their hideous view no more I knew.
Oh would the last battle with these were warred!

Nay, nay, for I grieve not that still the strife
Lingers and rages against their power,
The gauntlets are bloody, the grasp is life,
Life that is measured by no mean hour,
And the storm—let it lower on this little hour,
But yonder, oh yonder, where is the strife?

So press we onward with steady steps,
Faltering not on the stony road,
Rivers of pleasure will run at our lips,
Sunshine sweeten the dark abode,
And joy be bestowed on the dark abode
By a sun that never shall suffer eclipse.

THEY CHANGE.

They change, all change, they perish evermore;
The new is fairer than the old before;
They change, all change, and shall not man the more?

They change, all change, they perish nevermore;
This ceaseless death is glory's noiseless door;
They change, all change, and shall not man the more?

They change, all change, He smileth as of yore;
With Him no now, no after, no before;
He changeth not, and shall not man the more?

They change, all change, unknowing o'er and o'er;
We know their changes—naught is as of yore;
They change, all change, and shall not man the more?

They change all change; Him changeless we adore,
And smile His smile in the face of the dark before;
We change, all change, immortal all the more.

THE SOURCE OF SONG.

"What does it take to sing, my Love,
What does it take to sing?"
"The first fine day in spring, my Love."
"The first fine day in spring?
But such a little thing, my Love?"
"Just such a little thing,
A day in spring."

"What does it take to sing, my Love,
What does it take to sing?"
"An arm like yours to cling, my Love."
"An arm like mine to cling?
But if it burden bring, my Love?"
"Yes, though it burden bring,
An arm to cling."

"What does it take to sing, my Love,
What does it take to sing!"
"The feeling of a king, my Love."
"The feeling of a king?
But I am not a queen, my Love!"
"Oh be what you have been,—
My Love's a queen!"

RACHEL.

Oh the love in the light of those hazel eyes
That are glancing now for me,
Oh the silvery laugh with its soft surprise,
And the tresses flowing free.

The smile that belongs to thee alone,
The look it is thine to give,
The rosy lips that I call my own,
For in thee, my light, I live.

The coy hesitation, calling love,
The kiss where the torrents meet,
The silent speech of the soul, my dove,
The bosom's audible beat.

But one—once again—only this one more,
Another—and that one too,
For each is sweeter than all before—
And this is the last. Adieu.

ALEXANDER LOWSON.

THE subject of this sketch is the second son of the late Mr John Lowson, who was for many years manager to a well-known Forfar manufacturer in the olden days of the handloom. Born in Forfar in 1841, he was educated at the Parochial School there, and he afterwards worked for some time along with his father. He subsequently, with his brother, carried on an extensive business in the coal trade. His literary faculty early began to manifest itself, for before he was out of his teens he was a constant and welcome contributor to the newspaper press, and has continued to be so to the present time. In the year 1868 he was elected a member of the Town Council of Forfar. There he soon took a prominent lead, being fluent in speech and vigorous in action. He was the prime mover in many important reforms, and was elected a Bailie in 1873. Seven years ago Mr Lowson was appointed Governor of Forfar Poorhouse. He has gained golden opinions for his judicious and economical management from the members of the Board, and he also has in a very marked degree the respect and esteem of his fellow-townsmen. In 1883 he published the first number of the *Forfar Reformer*, a local newspaper, of which he not only was sole proprietor, but also editor, reporter, canvasser, and business manager. Mr Lowson's character will be illustrated by the following extract from his "Address to our Readers" in his first number:—"The aim of the *Reformer* will be to fearlessly advocate the interests of the poor and friendless, and whoever the hand of injustice may touch may look to us to stand up for his or her right." The host of articles, sketches, tales, and poems contributed by our poet from time to time to the press

has been mostly anonymous, but in 1884 he published, with his name on the title page, the "Forfar Pulpit," being sketches of the Forfar churches. This little book in a short time ran through an edition of a thousand copies.

A novel, "John Guidfollow: a Mystical Historical Romance of Forfarshire," was from Mr Lowson's pen. This book has been very favourably received by the press. The *Scottish Leader* said—"The story embodies much curious and out-of-the-way information, and Mr Lowson's narrative style possesses the excellent qualities of vigour and directness"; and our great literary authority, the *Spectator*, in reviewing the book, says—"Mr Lowson knows the Scottish character, and employs the dialect with considerable effect. He is at his best in the dialogue and dialect, and there is pretty much of that and some beautiful ballads as well. Altogether the story gives an interesting, and, as we have pointed out, a reliable account of the times."

We heartily endorse the foregoing opinion. The volume is indeed an important contribution to Scottish literature, and while showing lively and cultured imaginative power, it is also clearly the result of wide and unwearied research. The work contains several ballads from Mr Lowson's pen. These are imbued with much of the "auld-warl'" spirit, and possess the weird feeling of the silvery atmosphere of reflection. His miscellaneous verse have a fine manly tone and ring, and he earnestly upholds, whether in his life or writings, the enduring dignity of honest toil.

GIPSY SONG.

"Your fate I can presage
From the lore of hoary age,
Culled from many a holy sage
In the long-forgotten past.
Yes, pass silver o'er my palm—
Will your life be one great calm?

Will love be to you a balm?
Will your present fortune last?

I see in your Line of Life
Trouble, sorrow, woe, and strife!
You will only have one wife,
Who will bear you children three.
Your Line of Fortune's crossed,
Which will make you tempest-tossed;
Sometimes right, but often lost,
'Mid the storms of Fortune's sea.

From the twisted Line of Love,
And the rugged Mount of Jove,
Through your story will be wove
Pride, jealousy, and rage!
The triple bracelets on your arm
Show that your blood is warm;
But you therein have a charm
To bring you to old age.

Venus, Saturn, and the Sun
Tell of folly you should shun,
For your fate seems to be spun
With many a coloured thread!
But fierce pride and strength of will
Doth your soul with logic fill,
Which will guard you from all ill
In the city of the dead."

BURNS' BIRTHDAY SONG.

We homage pay to patriots true,
Who sought our good in days of yore;
We honour give to warriors, too,
Who keep the foe from Scotia's shore;
We all admire the statesmen great,
Who steer the realm thro' oceans wild—
But let us not forget the debt
We owe to Scotia's darling child.

Chorus—Then let us welcome aye the day,
His natal day as it returns,
The 25th o' Januar' grey,
That saw the birth o' Robbie Burns.

He taught us songs of magic worth,
Of love and truth and manhood strong,
Now freedom circles round the earth
Embalmed in glorious Robbie's song.

His "Scots wha hae wi' Wa'lace bled"
Made tyrants tremble in his day,
And Freedom proudly lift her head,
Inspired by Robin's matchless lay.

Chorus—Then let us, &c.

The loves, the joys o' lowly swains
He painted true beyond compare,
While blood flows through our Scottish veins
We'll sing these songs o' genius rare;
While mountains wear their caps o' snaw,
While flowerets bloom or birdies sing,
While grass grows green, or Boreas blaw,
We'll honour Scotia's Poet King.

Chorus—Then let us, &c.

THE FLEMISH KNIGHT AN' THE SCOTTISH NUN.

'Tis sweet to see the ivy cling
Upon the crumbling wall,
'Tis sweet to hear the nightingale
Upon his true love call;

'Tis sweet to see the rose-bud decked
Wi' pearly draps o' dew,
'Tis sweet to see twa turtle doves
Sae loving, fond, an' true;

But sweeter far to see the face
Of Sister Annabell
Within the nun'ry by the lake—
All in her lonely cell.

Love with his lightning touch as yet
Had passed the maiden by,
But soon he was her heart to claim
And make it heave and sigh.

A noble knight, Sir Oliver,
Came from the Flemish Court,
He was nephew to the Lady Queen,
King Malcolm's fair consort.

He'd won his spurs in battle fray,
His glory, power, an' fame—
A lamb at home, a lion in fight,
Quite spotless was his name,

But the love-light of a maiden's eye—
The wound of Cupid's dart—
This powerful knight at once subdued ;
Love's arrow pierced his heart.

He saw her as she stood among
The other nuns at prayer,
He looked, he sighed, then looked again—
His heart and mind was there.

He rode his steed, he swam the lake,
He drank the blood-red wine ;
He flew his hawk, he chased the deer,
He threw the angler's line.

He sang, he danced upon the green—
Thus tried his love to turn ;
It only came in fiercer throes,
More wild his heart did burn.

He sought the friar in his cot,
He told the queen his pain ;
They only asked the knight to pray,
But prayer was all in vain.

. . . .

A storm arose, the lightning flashed,
The lake did surge and roll ;
The wind that shook the trees did shriek
Like the wail of a cursèd soul.

And a thunderbolt from the God of the storm
Did smite the knight and nun ;
And the wind still wailed as it tore along,
Like the cry of a curséd one.

The storm passed away—on the knight and nun
The moon cast a dazzling ray,
Which showed their forms, where, dead as stone
In each other's arms they lay.

And ever since then, when the moonlight shines
On the tree, and the hill, and the brake,
A knight so gay and a fair sweet nun
Doth wander along by the lake,

MARIE HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

ALTHOUGH born on the other side of St George's Channel and resident in London, the subject of this sketch worthily takes her place among the sweet singers whom Scotland claims as her own. Many of her most admired poems show that the lilt of "the mither tongue" is to her an "auld acquaintance" which can at will "be brought to min'."

Marie Hedderwick Browne was born in Ireland in 1857, but spent her girlhood chiefly in Glasgow. Her gifts are hereditary. Her father, the late John Hedderwick of Glasgow is still remembered by many for his literary talent, and the remarkable readiness of his wit—a wit keen, but never cruel, and brilliant without bitterness—which brightened for many years the columns of the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*. Of this paper, his brother James Hedderwick LL.D., the eminent poet and *litterateur*, is editor and proprietor. Her mother was gifted with high artistic talents, and was, besides, a deep student of Shakespeare's plays.

During her early years Marie Hedderwick devoted much of her time to the study of poetry and to tentative efforts at lyrical composition, but her youthful productions seemed, as is not unusual, to fall so hopelessly short of her ideals and aspirations that no other eyes than her own ever saw them. It was not till a good many years after her removal to London, and her marriage there, in 1879, that her friends became aware of the high nature of her gifts as a writer of verse. Since then she has been a frequent contributor to *London Society*, *Atalanta*, *Chambers's Journal*, *The Girl's Own Paper*, *Little Folks*, and other serials; and a number of her songs have been published with appropriate musical settings by various composers.

The specimens of her work, culled almost at random from the pages of the above-mentioned magazines and given below, will speak for themselves. They are good examples of the lightness of her touch and of her versatility in the choice of themes. All her poems are distinguished in a notable degree by a melodious suggestiveness which may be described as words singing themselves, and all bear evidence to the possession by their author of a cultured mind, true poetic feeling, and delicate artistic taste. There is a simplicity in the form and diction of most of her poems, but it is a simplicity as far removed from commonplace as is the simple beauty of a field daisy, and is, indeed, but an instance of that seeming artlessness which is the aproximation to the highest art. In "Wee Elsie" and similar pieces, the personal note is unmistakable, and we can picture the "bonny wee bit lassie" whose graces have evoked this spontaneous maternal tribute; while in those poems where the motive is distinctly subjective there are abundant evidences of a bright imaginative faculty and a sensitive intelligence.

IN AN OLD GARDEN.

Yellow roses, purple pansies,
Tufts of heavy-headed stocks;
Either side the quaint old gateway
Blazing, torch-like hollyhocks.

Sweet peas tossing airy banners,
Saintly lilies bending low,
Daisies powdering all the green sward
With a shower of summer snow.

Boxwood borders—yews fantastic—
Wallflowers that with every sigh
Spill such scent that e'en the brown bees
Reel with rapture wandering by.

And the pear trees, long arms stretching
O'er the sunny gable wall,

Scarce can hold their ruddy nurslings
Ripening where the warm beams fall.

Oh, the ecstasy of living!
How it thrills my life to-day!
I can almost hear the flower bells
Tinkle where my footsteps stray!

In a garden God first placed man,
There first woke Love's magic thrill;
And methinks a breath of Eden
Clings to earth's old gardens still.

WEE ELSIE.

O' a' the bonny wee bit lasses
That e'er I've kent, not ane surpasses
My Elsie.

An' O she has sic denty ways,
Auld farrant a' she does an' says;
Just watch the bairnie as she plays
"At mither," dressed in mither's claes.

Like twa sweet rosebuds on ae stalk,
Her lips pert in her guileless talk;
She hauds a key that wad unlock
Yer he'rt, were't hard as granite rock.

Sae fearless are her e'en o' blue,
They seem to look ye through an' through;
But though sae brave, an' frank, an' true,
Wi' happy fun they're brimmin' fou.

Adoun her shoulders floats her hair
Sae lang, sae silken, an' sae fair—
In truth it seems a verra snare
That's caught an' kept a sunbeam there.

But better faur, those graces meet
Aroun' a nature just as sweet;
Methinks the bairnie is complete
Frae wise wee heed to willin' feet.

SHATTERED HOPES.

This morn upon the birken tree
The mavis carolled blithe an' free,
But—ah, his song was not for me!

Each wild note of his glad refrain
Pierced like an arrow through my brain;
I could have curs'd him for his strain.

I saw the sunshine and the flowers,
Each proof of a Creator's powers;
Yet dull and hateful were the hours.

I cannot weep—the fever dries
The tears within my burning eyes—
The past before my vision flies.

Once more I feel his deep drawn kiss;
Once more my being thrills with bliss;
Once more I melt with tenderness.

I hear the trembling words that hung
Deep passion-fraught upon his tongue,
Till heart and soul with pain are wrung.

All Nature smiles—and yet to-day
In mem'ry's grave I've laid away
My idol that has turned to clay.

BURIED TREASURES.

'Tis true my later years are blest
With all that riches can bestow,
But there is wealth wealth cannot buy,
Hid in the mines of "Long Ago."

There jealous guard does Memory keep;
Yet sometimes when I dream alone,
She comes and takes my hand in hers,
And shows me what was once my own.

I revel 'mong such precious things;
I count my treasures o'er and o'er;
I learn the worth of some, whose worth,
Ah me! I never knew before.

And then all slowly fades away,
And I return to things *you* know,
With empty hands and tear-filled eyes,
Back from the mines of "Long Ago."

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

To a great wide city all alone,
  Long, long ago went our baby queen—
No name but her's on the white head-stone,
  That gleams to the moon from its mound of green.
None of her own did welcome her there—
  Not a grain of kindred dust doth wave
In the flow'rs that out of the tears of despair
  Have arched a rainbow over her grave.

Out from the shelter of loving arms,
  Out from the warmth of a mother's breast,
Heedless of darkness and night's alarms,
  On to the silent city she pressed,
To take her place 'mong the mighty throng
  That people its myriad streets. Ah, me!
I felt my God had done me a wrong,
  When He loosen'd loves cords and set her free!

And my passionate moan that broke in tears,
  Like a burdened wave on a desert shore,
Seem'd all too feeble to reach His ears,
  And the pain grew old that my bosom bore;
But the faith that I once had thought mine own
  Rose up to mock where it could not save,
And my heart grew hard as the marble stone
  That was crushing my darling in her grave.

Whenever a child's sweet flow'r-like face
  Met mine, a sickness would o'er me creep;
And I'd turn wild eyes to the lonely place
  Where she was lying alone—asleep.
At strife was I with the world, and God
  Had drawn around him an angry cloud;
Earth held no green but the churchyard sod,
  And the daisies wore the gleam of a shroud.

But a time there came when about my breast
  With a wand'ring touch small fingers stole,
And feeble lips to its fountains press'd
  And stirr'd with a vague sweet joy my soul;
And the floodgates opened, and blessed tears
  Of repentance fell from my eyes like rain,
And after the barren and prayerless years
  I knelt to the Giver of All again!

NEIL DOUGALL,

AUTHOR of the ever popular tune "Kilmarnock," was born at Greenock in 1776. His father and grandfather having been connected with the seafaring life of that port, Neil, with hereditary instinct, chose to be a sailor against the wish of his mother, and when fifteen years of age was bound an apprentice to the "Britannia." Two years afterwards, in consequence of the war with France, causing the ship to be laid up, he was offered his indentures; but he refused, and shortly afterwards was transferred to a smart ship fitted with guns, and carrying a government letter of marque On the 14th June 1794, the news arrived of Lord Howe's victory over the French, and all the vessels in the port fired salutes. The "Clarence Yacht," in which Neil served, was in harbour that day, and as he was sponging a gun which had just been fired, his companion neglected to stop the touch-hole. The consequence was, that when the new cartridge was being rammed home, the remaining fire of the last shot ignited the cartridge. The explosion carried away Dougall's right hand, and the outer portion of his arm to the elbow, tearing the flesh off his right cheek, and destroying his eyesight. He pulled through the terrible calamity after a long and painful illness, disfigured, blind, and wanting an arm. Mr J. Dick, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to whom we are indebted for these interesting details, says—His ardent temperament was nearly shattered, but he recovered, and rose to the occasion. His enthusiasm enabled him to overcome all difficulties, and he soon acquired a knowledge of the musical art, and the theory of musical composition. He ultimately wrote no fewer than one hundred psalm and hymn tunes, an anthem, and several songs. The

best known of his tunes are "Naples," "Patience," and "Kilmarnock." The latter is one of the best known tunes in Scotland, and is still often sung in the churches. "Kilmarnock" is written in the pentatonic mode—what some writers please to call the Doric scale.

In the year 1800, Dougall began a series of annual concerts in his native town, which he continued for upwards of fifty years. In this way, and by keeping a private boarding house, which he managed with the assistance of his wife, and by teaching music, he maintained himself in an independent way to the end of his long life. In addition to his other accomplishments, he ranks as one of Scotland's minor poets, and, as will readily be supposed, he has set many of his own verses to music. In 1854 he published a selection of his songs and poems. We have not learned the exact date of his death; but he did not long survive the issue of his volume. His muse is not a lofty one, but he had a rich imagination, and good descriptive powers, with not a little quiet, genial humour.

TAM MACNAB AND JEANIE PRINGLE.

A PICTURE OF DOMESTIC MISERY, AND ITS CURE.

Ae winter night as Tam Macnab
  Sat pensive by the ingle,
He gravely thus addressed himsel'
  To his wife Jeanie Pringle:--
"Sair hae I toiled these ten lang years,
  And brought my cash hame clinkin,
Yet, waes my heart, I'm drowned in debt
  By your confounded drinking.

"And oh! it grieves me sair to think
  That ye're sae apt to quarrel;
But weel I ken the cause proceeds
  Frae out the whisky barrel.
For when ye're sober, I confess,
  Ye're active, blythe, and civil,
But gie you twa'r-three drams and then
  Ye're juist a perfect devil.

"Whate'er I say's a faut; and if,
To wash my face or fingers,
I water seek, or ere I ken
The basin's dashed to flinners.
An' if I quietly leave the house,
To shun your dinsome talkin',
Gang whaur I like, be't east or west,
I'm hunted like a maukin.

"Your yelping tongue affronts me sair,
And does you little credit;
Ye'll never halt till I tak' leg—
Now mind ye, I hae said it.
For oh! its unco ill to thole
Your temper, when your tipsy;
Ye rage on me, ca' Bob a whelp,
And Bell a blacken'd gipsy.

"Yestreen, when my day's wark was o'er,
An' hame cam for my supper,
Jean, ye were fu', and in the press
Were neither bread nor butter.
Wee Bob, puir fallow, cauld an wat,
Lay sleeping in the pantry;
An' Bell, his sister, shivering stood
In Samuel Roger's entry.

"The cat had spoiled the good sheep's draught,
Ye'd coft frae Shaw the flesher,
An' seems ye fell and sprain'd your wrist,
When rising up to thresh her.
The stoups were toom, and on the shelf
Lay twa'r-three keasen'd fishes,
While on a chair the wee cog boyne
Stood fu' o' dirty dishes.

"The kail-pat on the hearth was placed,
And reel-ral on the table
Lay greasy knives, an' forks, an' spoons,
The dish-clout and the ladle.
The new bread-basket, whilk ye ken
Cost me my twa white shillings,
Was on the hob, and its contents
Were banes and tatie peelings

"The teapot and the sugar bowl,
O' guid Britannia metal,
Aneath the buffet stool were placed,
Black as the coomy kettle;

The infant in the cradle lay,
Fornent the broken lozen,
The puir wee lamb was sound asleep,
An' you were haflins dosing.

" 'Preserve us a', what's this?' says I,
'The fire's out; what's the matter?'
Ye gied a yeisk, and yawning said—
'I want nane o' your clatter.'
For gudesake, Jean, teetotal turn,
An' shun the vile temptation,
Or, faith, your conduct will produce
A final separation.

" 'What say ye, Tam?' was your reply,
'Forsake me a' thegither!
Oh, that, ye ken, wad break my heart,
And vex yer puir auld mither.'
And dinna ye at last confess
That drink oor substance wasted?"—
Jean grat, and vowed that ne'er again
By her wad it be tasted.

True to her vow—wee Bob and Bell,
That had been sae neglected,
Are better fed and better clad,
And Jean hersel' respected.
And now when Tam comes hame at e'en,
It may be wat and weary,
He gets his supper, tak's his smoke,
And a' seems blythe and cheerie.

The hearth sae clean, the house sae redd,
He canna help repressing
His joy to see ilk thing ance mair
Its proper place possessing.
Health—rosy health—blooms on ilk cheek
Since Jean's refrained the drappie;
Contentment smiles in ilka e'e,
And Tam and Jean are happy.

GALLANT BRAW JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.

When first I saw my Highland lad,
With bonnet blue and white cockade,
He was the flower of a' his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
My handsome, sprightly Highlandman,
My sprightly, braw John Highlandman,
He was the pride of a' his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Although he cannot boast of wealth,
His stately form betokens health ;
'Mang thousands ten there is not one
Can match wi' my John Highlandman.
My canty, constant Highlandman,
My constant braw John Highlandman ;
'Mang thoosands, &c.

My Highland lad is leal and true,
And ne'er has gi'en me cause to rue
The happy hour I first began
To fancy braw John Highlandman.
My true, my trusty Highlandman,
My trusty, braw John Highlandman,
The happy hour, &c.

I love to hear my laddie sing,
Or see him dance the Highland fling,—
On Lomond's banks there is not one
Can trip like braw John Highlandman,
My bonny, blue-ey'd Highlandman,
My blue-ey'd, braw John Highlandman ;
On Lomond's banks, &c.

The lowland lads think they are braw,
And proudly Highland lads misca' ;
But 'mang them a' there is not one
Can equal braw John Highlandman.
My brave, my loyal Highlandman,
My loyal, brave John Highlandman ;
Amang them a', &c.

Yestreen he pledged himsel' to me,
And I'm resolved his bride to be,—
Hail to the day that makes me one
Wi' gallant braw John Highlandman.
My bonny, blue-ey'd Highlandman.
My blue-ey'd braw John Highlandman,—
Hail to the day, &c.

OCH, DANNY DEAR.

Och, my Danny dear, you're dead !
An' sore grief is me your mither ;
For you're noo, as cauld as lead,
In the grave, wi' your auld brither.
Och hon, och hon, aree !
You was aye so blithe an' laughin',
But you're noo awa' frae me,
In your grave at the clachan.

Och sae weel's I mind the day,
Whan you rin sae fast, my Danny
For Shon Baan to come an' pray
For your puir auld deein' granny.
Och hon, och hon, &c.

Whan your faither burn the kelp,
He no ask your lazy brither;
You was aye sae clever help,
He was never seek anither.
Och hon, och hon, &c.

An whan Shenny muck the byre,
It was you my Danny louchan,
That was rise an' licht the fire,
Aye, an' mak the morning broachan.
Och hon, och hon, &c.

An' whan Callum in the boat,
Tak you wi' him to the fishing,
Yours was aye the lucky lot,
For you'll had St Columb's plessing.
Och hon, och hon, &c.

Och you never speak amiss,
You was aye so wise an' cannie,
An' you always answer yes
When I'll told you rock wee Nannie.
Och hon, och hon, &c.

Noo ne mair upon the hill,
Will you wan'r wi' your faither,
The wild muirfowl there to kill,
'Mang the bonnie blooming heather.
Och hon, och hon,

Och you was the darlin' boy,
You was kind to your auld granny,
An you was your faither's joy,
For you rin when he cry Danny.
Och hon, och hon, &c.

It was only shust last night,
That I dream you come to see me,
An' I waken wi' the fright,
For my Danny no was wi' me.
Och hon, och hon, &c.

Noo your mither sit an' murn,
For my Danny you was clever ;
But to me you'll not return,
An', och hon, I'll see you never.
Och hon, och hon, &c.

But your faither say, not fear,
Then he read me Gospel-story ;
So I hope, my Danny dear,
You're wi' granny noo in glory.
Och hon, och hon, &c

PETER BAYNE.

PETER BAYNE, M.A., LL.D., was born at the manse of Fodderty, in Strath-peffer, Ross-shire, in 1830. His father, the Rev. C. J. Bayne, was clergyman of the parish, and his grandfather, the Rev. Dr Ronald Bayne of Kiltarlity, was a preacher of distinction in the Highlands. Our poet's education began at Inverness Academy, and was carried on at the Grammar School and University (Marischal College), of Aberdeen. Enchanted in boyhood by Scott's poetry, he rhymed with great facility in Scott's iambic measure, and produced, not long after entering his teens, a poem on the Battle of Bannockburn. A poetical translation from Virgil, which was highly commended by Dr Melvin, the famed Latinist of Aberdeen, procured him the character of poet among his classfellows. It was, however, under the genial inspiration of Professor Blackie, whose class he entered at college, that his vein flowed most prosperously—or, at least, with more satisfaction to his comrades, and delight to himself. The kind enthusiasm,

clear enunciation and dramatic off-setting, with which the Professor repeated to the class a translation by him from Horace and some of the lyrical descriptions in a lengthy poem entitled "The Probation of the Muses," drew ringing cheers from the class, and raised the stripling bard to the seventh heaven of ecstacy. The decision of cool and impartial criticism could hardly be expected to ratify the clamourous applause of generous, un-envying youths, or perhaps even the more guarded praises of a noble-hearted instructor, pleased to come upon any trickling of poetry among the granite crags. The following verses from "The Probation of the Muses" form one of a number of lyrical delineations of gods and goddesses comprised in the piece. They were thought worthy by Professor Blackie of being recited to the class.

DIANA.

Tripping so lightly o'er dale and o'er mountain,
Graceful and queenlike and passingly fair;
Chasing the roe by the wood and the fountain,
Skimming the dew in the still midnight air.

Mark ye that quiver so graceful suspended,
Mark ye that shaft like a silver moonbeam;
Mark ye that bough which the huntress has bended,
Dazzling the stars with its heavenly gleam?

Mark ye that moon, in calm majesty sailing,
Fade and grow pale with its lustreless ray,
Mark ye its light and its brilliancy failing,
For Luna, its mistress, is far, far away?

Mark ye that roe, though as swiftly 'tis flying
As arrow of Phœbus that pierces the air,
Trembling and staggering and falling and dying,
Pierced by that huntress so heavenly fair?

Think you that quiver so brilliantly shining
Ever was formed in a workshop below,
Think you that gold of the seventh refining
Equals that arrow's ethereal glow?

Think you that bow was e'er fashioned by mortals,
Glancing as silver so swift and so true?
No! 'twas from heaven's all-glittering portals,
That beauteous huntress hath come to our view.

Yes! 'tis Diana of woodland and fountain,
Image of beauty and swiftness and grace.
Sweeping like zephyr o'er dale and o'er mountain,
Goddess of hunting and queen of the chase!

That the martial fire of the boy did not exhaust itself in the thousand lines or so devoted to fighting Bannockburn over again will be seen by the stanzas on the god of war.

MARS.

Brother stern of fierce Bellona, ruler of the roaring fight,
Dealer out of desolation, fierce as Hades, dark as night,
Woe to the embattled squadrons, let them quake in woe and fear,
That shall hear thy coursers' trampling, that shall see thy brandished spear.
When the fight is at the fiercest, when the battle shout is high,
When the din and roaring rage of war are sounding through the sky,
'When all the plain is darkened by the rolling tide of war,
Tis then the god of battle goes thundering in his car.

Murder, pillage, storm, and slay,
Mars the warrior leads the way,
Mars loves well the roar and rattle
Of the carnage-smoking battle.

When the victory's in the balance, and the issue none can know,
When in vain the charging combatants are rushing on the foe,
'Tis then, where blood and broken ranks mark his destroying sway,
That the fiery shock of furious Mars decides the doubtful fray.
When the flames of burning cities light up the midnight air,
And throw o'er ruins quenched in blood a pale and deadly glare,
'Tis then that Mars in triumph beholds the prospect dire,
And his glittering chariot-wheels sweep o'er the rolling sea of fire.

Murder, pillage, &c.

Then tremble all ye tribes of earth when Mars's wrath is high,
And his signs of coming vengeance are pictured in the sky,
For then shall rapine, rage, and death be scattered near and far,
And earth and sky shall feel the shock of Mars, the god of war.

Murder, pillage, &c.

Young Bayne—he was then sixteen—was the acknowledged laureate of Blackie's class, and in a poetical farewell to his students at the close of the session, the versatile and ever-brilliant Professor bracketed him with a brother student and dear personal friend in the two lines—

> "Brisk Dyce and gentle Bayne,
> The sweet Tyrtæus of our Spartan train."

He was the winner, some years later, of a prize, open to competition by the whole University on "The Fall of Nineveh."

In prosecuting his studies in Edinburgh, and amid the tear and wear of a journalistic life, he seemed to have abandoned poetry, but in his forty-second year he published what may be described as a poetical drama, or a dramatic poem, entitled "The Days of Jezebel." On this his claim to a place among the poets of his country mainly, or indeed almost exclusively, rests. It occupies upwards of 200 pages, and is intended to embody its author's mature power, and deliberate thinking, historical, philosophical, and in religion. One of the figures at the Court of Jezebel is Luli, the minstrel, and occasion is thus found to introduce some of those lyrics, or lyrical descriptions, of which the author's earlier period had furnished samples. The following little snatch of lyric melody from that poem derives perhaps some additional appropriateness from its being put into the mouth of a demure and thoughtful child called Elissa, the niece of Jezebel, said in some legends to have been the Dido whose woes were sung by Virgil.

ILLUSION.

> Leave the bonny bubble floating,
> Faint, fair, and gay,
> Leave the bonny bubble floating,
> Leave, leave, I say.

On the bonny bubble floating
  Gaze while you may,
Crimson, orange, pearly, golden,
  Brighter than day.

Leave the bonny bubble floating,
  Oh, could it stay !
Look, a wandering wind hath smote it,
  Gone, gone, for aye !

The following is a descriptive piece from the same poem.

SIDON AND MOUNT LEBANON.

A hand of beauty laid among the waves,
  Bearing a massive jewel tenderly,
A hand of marble which the blue sea laves,
  Gliding to kiss it softly, silverly ;
  A radiant jewel, flashing haughtily
From myriad facets gleams of pearly light,
  Which weary mariners with rapture see
When to their eyes, that moisten at the sight,
The fair hand lifts great Sidon's roofs and turrets bright.

. . . . . .

And in fair Sidon's wave-girt streets a hum
  Of many mingling voices greets the ear ;
Hither, with costliest burdens, merchants come
  From the far Orient, where the day-beam clear
  First strikes the world. and, meeting them, draw near
Strange, painted wanderers, clad in wolf-skin vest,
  With wild blue eyes, devoid of guile or fear,
Who bring their tin from islands of the West,
Where the tired sun sinks down on ocean's heaving breast.

Leave we the streets ; the city's gates unfold ;
  Break the soft flames of twice ten thousand flowers,
Melodious light in splendour manifold,
  Where rose-clad alleys lead to plaited bowers,
  And love and gladness speed the enchanted hours,
Where in the lucid morn blue shade is thrown
  Far o'er the gardened plain and city's towers,
From the proud mountain's summit rising lone,
The white marmoreal crest of stately Lebanon.

By paths of verdure winding under banks
  Of daisied grass and scented herbage rare,

And placid mulberries in terraced ranks,
And gray-green olives, set in order fair,
Slowly we climb through the keen mountain air,
Emerging on some grandly beetling brow,
While the bold breeze lifts laughingly our hair,
And oak and pine strike up around us now,
And the old cedar spreads his tranquil, fan-like bough.

Fantastic masonry of chiselled crags,
Sculptured by torrents in capricious glee,
That leap, the winter long, from clefts and jags,
With eddying storms in giant revelry,
Features the mountain ; nature's blazonry,
Rude though sublime : we turn away from such,
To seek a finer, subtler industry ;
Nor can colossal nature please us much,
Compared with nature's lord's, man's own consummate touch.

Yon eagle floating in majestic rest,
Above the chasm profound in middle air,
Dropped he the seed upon the giddy crest
Of peering crag to sprout in beauty there,
Amid the precipices gaunt and bare,
Helming the grim cliff with its tender green ?
Ah no ! its sweet smile answers human care.
More honourably bright its emerald sheen
Than ever warrior's helm in battle's tempest seen.

The broad-leaved fig-tree's tendrils gently grasp
The rock-walls of the pinnacled ravine,
The vine's insinuating fingers clasp
The netted wrinklings where the frost hath been ;
O'er torrent foam the pine-bridge hangs serene,
From cliff to cliff in calm aerial poise ;
The nestling village in the cleft is seen,
And all about the mountain is a noise
Of snow-fed waters mingling with the human voice.

The busy woodmen work in handed throngs,
From dell to dell the axe rings cheerily,
Making sweet discord with their choral songs ;
The hushed wail of the everlasting sea
Blends with the forest's music plaintively ;
Far down the broad cærulean main is seen,
And slumbering there in bright serenity,
Like mighty sea-snakes, streams of varying sheen,
Rich purple, rippling azure, clear, translucent green.

The sun draws near his evening goal ; his beams
With yellow lustre paint the cedar bough,
Dapple the russet sward with stealthy gleams,
And delicately touch the mountain's brow ;
Its white head hath a golden aureole now ;
Then sinks the night. Lo ! o'er the harbour bar
Glides the small ship with enterprising prow,
And treads the watery waste to lands afar,
Lifting an eye of hope to Sidon's Polar Star.

In the January of 1889, Dr Bayne—for the Aberdeen University had sent him, on the publication of his 'Chief Actors in the Puritan Revolution," a diploma of LL.D.,—surprised and pleased his old friend Professor Blackie by publishing, in Blackwood's Magazine, a Scottish counterpart to Tennyson's poem "The Brook"

THE BURN.

I.

I come from distant sunset peaks
Where eagles track their quarry,
My fountain head the red deer seeks
In the lone monntain corrie.

By stormy cliff and frowning crest
My infant waves go streaming,
By lichened crags in ruby drest,
With frosted silver gleaming.

From ledge to ledge I flash and spring
Of shelving precipices,
A million diamond gems I fling
To deck the fir-tree's tresses.

Down splintered chasms I rave and reel,
A torrent madly foaming ;
And then through witching glens I steal,
By lovers in the gloaming.

Upon my banks in fairy bands
The blue-bells sing together ;
For very joy I clap my hands
Among the blooming heather.

In shimmering dusk of woody glade
The branches meet above me ;
But lights come dancing through the shade,
For well the sunbeams love me.

I smooth my ripplings as I pass
Below the daisied green,
The solitary birch to glass,
The long-haired forest-queen.

Her willing slave, I kiss her feet,
And,—guerdon sweet of duty !—
She shields me from the fierce noon-heat,
And glads me with her beauty.

II.

Sometimes, well pleased, I break my course,
And sleep from night to morning ;
The miller wants my gathered force
To set his old wheel turning.

He lifts, when dawn is on the hill,
The sluice ; then forth I sally,
And with the music of the mill
I wake the slumbering valley.

And oh, the happiness to see
The miller's children's faces,
When out they rush to sport with me
In gambollings and races.

By broomy knowes and hazel scrub
In windy upland passes,
I form, Ha ! Ha ! the washing tub
For gleesome Highland lasses.

In rock-hewn basin, glittering bright,
I curl, and glance, and eddy
Round fair feet treading linen white,—
To think on't makes me giddy.

III.

In trancéd calm of summer night,
When cloudless moonlight fills
With chastened splendour, gently bright,
The circle of the hills ;

When dew lies deep on bower and brake,
And on the sparkling fern,
And ghost-like thistles seem to shake
Upon the haunted cairn ;

Through silver gleam, through purple gloom,
In that enchanted hour,
Slow glide I by the martyr's tomb,
Pale church, and feudal tower.

With low, melodious lulling tune
I steal by cliffs and scaurs,
In measured music with the moon
And with the rolling stars.

And when the crimson glimpse of day
Fires rowan-tree and willow,
I bound at last into the bay,
To battle with the billow.

A SONG OF LOVE AND MAY.

(Freely translated from Goethe.)

I.

What gleams of glad laughter
Earth's visage adorn !
How brightens the sun
At the gates of the morn !
How burst into blossom
The buds on the tree,
While birds shake the woodland
With tumults of glee !
How pant men and maidens
With thrillings of pleasure !
O green earth, O bright sun,
O joy without measure !

II.

'Tis love's great enchantment
That kindles the day,
The life of the spring-time,
The promise of May.
'Tis love's magic banner,
O'er nature unfurled,
That showsrs down new blessing,
New life on the world.

III.

O darling, O dearest,
How well I love thee!
Thine eye's golden silence
Tells how thou lov'st me.
As larks love the azure,
The carol, the dew,
As flowers love the dawning,
So do I love you.

IV.

O let us love truly,
And true love will be
A youth never fading
For you and for me.
True love in all changes
Will waft us along,
In sweet modulation
Of dance and of song,
And soften our sunset,
When we have grown old,
With tenderest touches
Of rose-leaf and gold.

JOHN LEASK,

THE subject of this sketch was born in Forfar, in in 1812. His father, James Leask, was a devout and much-esteemed man—a heckler to his occupation, but he was often engaged as a messenger by the officers of the Sheriff Court. Sheriff officers, or "shirra mairs" as they were popularly designated, having to deliver citations and executing warrants of "poinding and horning" were, as we can understand, not always welcome visitors. Our poet's father used to tell a story of walking along one day with an officer of court

to Glenisla to deliver a summons. The mountain air had whetted the appetites of the officers so that they went a mile off their way to visit a farm house for refreshments. The guidwife was very hospitable and was just in the act of spreading the table with bread, cheese, and milk, when they unwittingly disclosed the fact that they were "shirra mairs." She was so indignant that she would not allow them to eat, but put them out of the house, and while in the act of shutting the door in their face said—"gae awa, gae awa; the Shirra sudna keep ony mair mairs than fat he has corn for."

The primitive ideas of Cosmogony is illustrated by an anecdote of this old gentleman long before the time that the Lyall's, Huxley's, and the Darwin's had told us all about our origin. Mr Leask had again been in Glenisla direction on court business, and passing through a chain of small hills that divide the Backwater and Glenisla, called the Homineeds. These hills are very irregular, with numerous deep glacks between, and covered with large bouldered stones. James held up his hands when he first saw them, and exclaimed—"We read 'at God Almighty made the warld in sax days; he maun hae haen michty howkin here aboot."

John Leask has passed on the whole a quiet uneventful life, residing all his days in the County Town. In early youth he devoted himself to painting and poetry. Some of his paintings, although rough, shew considerable spirit and imaginative construction. As a pen printer he has few equals; but his modesty and his retiring nature has made him less known than his real merit deserves. His poetry manifests intense love of Nature, and a true poet's sympathy with her in all her moods, as well as deeply tender domestic affections. The first piece we give was written before he was out of his teens.

A DIRGE.

My true love is dead,
And in the grave is laid,
Still and silent in his bed—
Where he lies.
His spirit soars above,
'Mong angels it doth move,
Singing to the God of Love
In the skies.

A hawthorn bush doth shade
My true lover's bed;
Its bending boughs do spread
O'er his head;
The lily and the rose
There, and the daisy, grows,
And a little burnie rows
By his side.

Oft in the summer morn
Beneath the milk-white thorn
My head he did adorn
With fair flowers.
How sweet it was to hear
The linnet's song so clear,
As we lay listening there,
Passed the hours.

Oft in his arms he pressed
Me to his beating breast,
My rosy lips he kissed
While they glowed;
And he sang sweet songs of love,
Which echoed through the grove—
Now he sings new songs above
To his God.

His spirit beckons me
To follow angels three,
Clad in glorious majesty,
For his bride.
The pale moonlight will shine
Upon this earthly shrine,
When I make that cold bed mine,
By his side.

They'll with my spirit fly
Through the pale moonlighted sky,

And the heavenly hosts will cry—
"Here they come!"
A thousand songs shall be
Sung in triumphant melody,
When my true love welcomes me
To his home.

FAIR HELEN.

I love to see the morning the gay scenes adorning,
The little lambkins sporting at eve o'er the lea;
The fair flowrets springing, the little birds sweet singing—
But Helen, fair Helen, is dearer to me.

I love to see the lily bloom fair in the valley,
The daisy's sweet gem and the hawthorn tree,
The rose in full bloom, the dew on its bosom—
But Helen, fair Helen, is dearer to me.

I love to hear the blackbird sing sweet in the greenwood,
The linnet's clear note at e'en from the tree,
The skylark carolling his song to the morning—
But Helen, fair Helen, is dearer to me.

I love to see the fountains run clear down the mountains,
And Esk's winding stream rushing on to the sea,
The rude waves in motion roaring wild in the ocean—
But Helen, fair Helen, is dearer to me.

I love to hear Boreas blow, scattering the wreaths of snow,
Laying many a strong tree flat on the lea,
To see the lightning flash, and hear the loud thunder clash—
But Helen, fair Helen, is dearer to me.

Her hair has the golden hue, her een are the bonnie blue,
If I could but gain her how happy I'd be;
My heart fondly swelling tells how dear I love Helen,
But fancy won't whisper that Helen loves me.

JAMES DONALD

WAS born in the year that Waterloo was fought (1815). His father was a manufacturer in a small way. James received the rudiments of his education in a school kept by an old woman. It was customary in Scotland at that period, and long afterwards, for working people to send their children at a very early age to these dame-schools, one of the principal uses of such schools being that they kept the children off the streets—they were "oot o' the road," and their parents knew "faur they war." James was next sent to a school of a little higher grade kept by a cripple dominie, and a few years later he went to the Parish School of Kirriemuir. Mr Donald himself tells us that the first thing that gave him a taste for reading—which has remained with him to the present day—was the perusal of Addison's "Vision of Mirza," which he found in a school book of that time, entitled "Barry's Collection of Prose and Verse." From school he was sent to work at the pirn-wheel, and he ultimately became a handloom weaver, at which occupation he has spent his long life.

Between 1830 and 1840 he identified himself with with the Chartist agitation, attending meetings and speaking thereat. His reminiscences of the Chartist times and his anecdotes and stories about the local leaders are very entertaining and amusing. He was also, during this agitation, brought into personal contact with Earnest Jones, O'Connor, and other names which have become historical. Our poet has an accurate and extensive knowledge of the classic writers in English literature, and his thoughtful analytical mind is deeply imbued with the philosophy of the German thinkers. He has always been a keen politician, and he

believes that pure politics means the true science of government. Mr Donald was perhaps the first individual in the district in which he lives to know intimately the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge. His contributions to literature have been extensive, but he appears in these matters to have a horror of publicity, so that, although his writings both in prose and verse have appeared in nearly every newspaper in the county, he would never allow himself to be persuaded to attach even his initials thereto. It required considerable persuasion before he would consent to allow his name to appear in this work. His poetry bears evidence of being the thoughts of one who feels intensely, and has a keen consciousness of the realities of life.

DEATH REVIEW.

One night I woke in wonder,
Startled at the cannon's thunder
And the drums tap-tapping under
All the sounds of deeper tone ;
An idle thought me haunted
That some demon dark me wanted
To show me where war vaunted
When the fear of God was gone.

I saw lines far extending,
But no shouts the skys were rending,
And the guns no bullets sending
To lay the warriors low ;
The spears with rust seemed hoary
Which once with blood were gory ;
But I must tell in this story—
'Twas a dumb and spectral show.

Yet timorous I crept nearer
Before the standard bearer,
When the moon came shining clearer
In a flood of silvery light ;
Yet I saw no red eyes glaring
At the intruders' staring,
And ne'er was deed of daring
Done in a stranger night.

Still I trembled, as if danger
Might come from some avenger,
Hurt at the prying stranger
  Thus wandering to and fro ;
Ignobly I founded
Fears- fabulous, unbounded—
Till my sinking soul sunk wounded,
  A prey to saddest woe.

Fierce from the steep rock's chamber
Came the hungry wolf to clamber,
And howled aloud in anger
  O'er this cold and lifeless host ;
No mother there sat weeping,
Or her tender vigil keeping—
All kinsman's eyes seemed sleeping,
  Their sense of vision lost.

The birds of Heaven came flapping
Till their wings were rapping
On the wolves that now are lapping
  The red blood on the plain ;
But no hand to scare was lifted
When the hungry wolves there shifted
On the flesh, with no eye lifted,
  And insensible to pain.

Still stand they in Death's slumber,
Dead, mighty in number,
And their dismal ranks encumber
  The white ghosts as they pass ;
Though the hoary storms break o'er them,
Though the greedy worms devour them,
And all have a foe before them,
  Yet none will cry " Alas !"

Thousands of graves are yawning,
Lit by the moon now waning,
And though the day was dawning
  No sound the spectres drew ;
Horse and riders are decaying,
All ended with the slaying ;
So I finish this by saying—
  'Twas but a Death Review.

THE PATRIOT.

I knew the patriot from his birth,
  Watched at his bedside when he died,

For he had many woes on earth
And was by mankind crucified.

He saw the hollow hearts of men,
And scorned their selfish sordid ways;
Strong he denounced them now and then
And shunned them almost all his days.

He often told me when alone
The inmost secrets of his heart,
Of how men's hearts were turned to stone
And hardened in the busy mart.

He said their moral life was low,
And had been so for all time past,
And that this filled the world with woe—
A woe he feared would ever last.

His hair grew prematurely grey,
I knew it was with painful thought,
His many ponderings night and day
Deep, deep into his soul had wrought.

I often heard him sigh with pain
When some fine thread of thought he lost,
And strive to take it up again
At much exhausting mental cost.

He never was a slave to creeds,
But weighed them all with scrupulous care,
He sought far down to find the seeds,
Of their first growth from anywhere.

And when he had them all arranged
Before him as a mapped out whole,
He yet was from them all estranged,
And none could satisfy his soul.

He lived apart, and without hope,
A strange man, seeing visions bad,
Unfitted with the world to cope—
One of the saddest of the sad.

W. BAYNE.

THE Rev. W. Bayne was born about thirty years ago, at Radernie, Cupar-Fife. He was educated at Madras College, St Andrews, where he gained a prize for verse translations from Latin, and at St Andrews University, of which he was a distinguished student. Mr Bayne excelled as a classical and English scholar during his Arts career; and while at the Theological Classes he carried off first prizes in Systematic Theology, Church History, and Hebrew. He also gained, among other valuable honours, the Rector's (Sir Theodore Martin) prize, open to the University, for the best essay on "The Elizabethan Drama as compared with the Classical Drama."

Our poet took license in the Church of Scotland, and for some time acted with much acceptance as assistant minister in Maxwell Church, Glasgow; but he has of late devoted himself wholly to educational and literary matters. He now holds an important post on the literary staff of the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr Bayne has done excellent work for the "Dictionary of National Biography," the *Athenæum*, the *National Review*, the *Globe*, and various other periodicals. He has also had several engagements from the Early English Text and Chaucer Societies. For the latter of these he has at present in hand a critical volume, original and selected, entitled "The Praise of Chaucer." Mr Bayne's knowledge of English literature is very wide, and his ability as a French scholar is evinced by felicitous translations.

Most of Mr Bayne's verse was written in his 'teens and while at College. It appeared for the most part in the *Fife Herald*, *Fifeshire Journal*, the *People's Journal*, and in an Edinburgh humorous paper. In

serious poetical composition he has chiefly written in sonnet measure. While having a natural turn for this species of verse, he has also made himself thoroughly acquainted with the best models—English and Italian. An interesting article on "The Modern Sonnet" was contributed by him to the *Scots Magazine* in 1888. His poetical productions are as pure in sentiment as they are correct in diction, and they manifest ease and sprightliness of versification—some of them aptly touching, others full of quiet humour, and not a few of the more reflective possess a delicate grace that appeals to the heart and mind through their subdued and suggestive thought.

OUR VILLAGE.

A rural clump of red-roofed houses neat,
  And modest, like the pastor's of the story;
  Not newest style, nor lichen'd o'er and hoary
With eld, before whom all things mortal fleet.
Wide meadow-lands the soft horizon meet;
  The skirting wood uplifts its head of glory
  Firmly, though ripe of years and transitory;
The streams alway a haunting song repeat.

A humble spot. But yet from city and far
  From Western settlement and distant home
  Betimes a son's or daughter's word will come,
Remembrancer of pride and love that are
Turned hither, as it were, to guiding star,
  And thus for ever wheresoe'er they roam.

THE ROMANTIC RUIN.

(AFTER BRET HARTE.)

"It was a ca——," the farmer said:
  Said the stranger, "Say no more;
I'll sit me down by the ancient porch
  And ponder its story o'er."

"It was a ca——," the farmer said,
  But he spake not furthermore,
For the stranger had both an active tongue,
  And a fancy's ample store.

"It was a ca——." Ah! yes, it was,
In the brave days of yore,
With banner at topmost tower high
That proud defiance bore.

And heeding not what the farmer said,
Quoth the stranger, "Its cannon roar
Brought death to many a furious foe;
Isn't that its legend-lore?

A castle, whose warriors sent the shaft
Of steel to the bosom's core
Of many a chief who robbed the land
In the long past days of yore!"

"Nay, nay!" said the farmer, "Nay, nay, I see,
You're going a little too far;
This was my cattle-shed o'erblown
Ten years ago or more."

Then the stranger said him never a word,
But looked with disgust full sore,
On the ruined cattle-shed, o'erthrown
Short lapse of years before.

A LOVE TOKEN.

When sunshine lingers o'er the dell
In tender saffron hue,
And fairies come to gem the pass
With beads of lucent dew;
When the resplendent deeps o'erhead
The star of eve disclose,
As token from my lady-love
I gained a crimson rose.

While pendent on its drooping stalk
It was not half so fair,
As when by Edith's gentle hand
'Twas given to my care;
It was not half so sweet before
She on its petals sighed;
But then to me 'twas dearer far
Than every flower beside.

The leaves are fading fast away,
That once so brightly shone,
And many a fleeting hour has seen
That all its bloom was gone.

Then surely 'twas not emblem true
(As it did love imply),
Since it is withered long ago,
And love can never die.

THE BALLAD OF BOSH.

(AFTER W. MORRIS.)

When the days are gone of the flowers and bowers—
What of the bard when the flowers fall?
A cloud on the soul of the rhymster lowers,
He will rather sing bosh than nothing at all.

When the bloom is gone from the rose and the lily—
Sad is the bard when the flowers fall!
Will he hang up his harp and not be silly?
He will rather sing bosh than nothing at all.

When gone from his lady's cheek is the charm—
What of the bard when the flowers fall?
Will the lack of this his pen disarm?
He will rather sing bosh than nothing at all.

Ah! yes, we weary to hear him sing—
Sad is the bard when the flowers fall!
In his soft, sweet rhymes, and that sort of thing,
But he'll rather sing bosh than nothing at all.

And he getteth his quill and his paper fine—
What of the bard when the flowers fall?
And worketh the ore of his meagre mine,
He will rather sing bosh than nothing at all.

He maketh a "ballad" of sound and sheen—
Sad is the bard when the flowers fall!
Where it matters no whit what the words may mean,
He will rather sing bosh than nothing at all.

And a tinkle of words, and a jingle of rhymes—
What of the bard when the flowers fall?
Is the summit to which his Pegasus climbs,
He will rather sing bosh than nothing at all.

Gentle ladies and friends, I say—
Sad be the bard when the flowers fall!
You may rhyme by the yard in that sort of way,
But rather than bosh give us nothing at all!

THE SWALLOWS.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN.)

I love to see the swallows
  At my window flash their wing,
To give me lightsome tidings
  Of the merry march of Spring.
Their joy again, they say to me,
  Will still be as of old;
By ever faithful lovers
  Are the gladsome tidings told.

Soon as the chilly hand of frost
  Is laid upon the leaves,
The swallows reassemble
  And twitter on the eaves.
Farewell awhile, they say to me,
  We flee the frost and snow;
'Tis ever Spring with faithful hearts,
  We live where blossoms blow.

If haply from the sunlit skies,
  O'ercome by cruel fate,
A swallow is imprisoned,
  And cannot join her mate,
You see her wounded, dying,
  Of bitter grief and pain;
And her ever faithful lover
  Will ne'er rejoice again.

LOUIS GROVES

WAS born in Glasgow in 1867. Removing to Edinburgh when he was very young, he was reared in that city, and educated in the Heriot's Schools, which he was forced to leave at the age of twelve. His parents being in poor circumstances, he was was buffeted about in various situations for some years, his mind clinging to the hope of being able to

follow the career of an artist, for which he had a natural taste. He had, however, to give up his cherished longing, and at last entered one of the large publishing houses in Edinburgh, where he is at present employed as bookkeeper and correspondence clerk.

Finding his artistic ideas nipped in the bud, Mr Groves looked around for some means of giving expression to his thoughts, and unconsciously drifted into writing verse. In 1887, with fear and trembling, he submitted a poem to the Editor of the *Bristol Observer*, who encouraged him by giving it a place. Since that time, when business cares admitted, he has contributed a considerable number of poems to various periodicals. Mr Grove's muse is unpretending, yet full of promise. While there is music and fervour in his verse, he evidently knows that poetry is born of thought, and that rhyme and rhythm are not the first essentials of song.

ONLY A LETTER.

Only a letter, but it came to me
In the happy days of the long past years;
Only a letter, dear love, from thee,
How dim and faded it now appears!
Each word is blotted and blurred with tears—
Only a letter.

Only a letter, that's graven deep
On my inmost heart in words of love;
'Twas the last you wrote ere you fell asleep,
And joined the angels in heaven above;
And thus will I press to my heart, dear love,
Only a letter.

Only a letter, a tear-stained page,
A lingering token I cherish dear,
Faded and worn and yellow with age,
That grows to my heart more near and dear
With every fleet and passing year—
Only a letter.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

The rain is gently falling
  Upon the window-sill,
The wind is shrieking loudly
  Over dale and hill,
But in my room, in the twilight gloom,
    All is quiet and still.

And murmuring voices stealing
  Around my temples free,
Like music softly wafted
  Over the restless sea,
On fancy's wing doth gently bring
    Bright dreams to me.

They bring bright, happy moments,
  And friends who've passed away.
Oh ! how I miss the warm hand-clasp,
  And the laugh so fond and gay.
But the night wind moans in funeral tones
    A mournful lullaby.

And my thoughts are lifted upward
  Above this world of care,
When through the gathering darkness
  Upon the startled air
I hear a voice, "Lone one, rejoice ;
    Do not despair.

"Do not despair, though lonely
  And dreary be thy way ;
No life, however lowly,
  Is without a cheering ray
To bless and guide, whate'er betide,
    Life's weary day."

A SONG OF LONG AGO.

She touched the keys with trembling hand,
  As if afraid to break the spell
That hung upon the old grey wall,
  And round about her spirit fell ;
For as her fingers strayed, they touched
  A chord that set her heart aglow,
And then she sang, in sweetest voice,
  A song she knew in years ago.

She'd sung it oft in happier years,
When youth was bright and hopes ran high ;
She'd sung it oft, oh, whisper low !
When he was here and love was nigh.
But why it sounded now so sad,
And pierced her heart, she did not know—
That song she sang so joyously
In happy years of long ago.

The music ceased, the singer paused,
And pressed the keys as if in pain,
To dare to think upon or bring
The weary past to life again.
And twilight shadows filled the room,
And o'er the landscape, soft and low,
Bright visions came, and brought to her
Fond memories of long ago.

OH! BUY MY FLOWERS.

"Oh! buy my flowers, sweet buds of Heaven's own making
Fair gentle blossoms of the sunny May ;
Oh ! buy my flowers—when dawn was slowly breaking,
With tender hands I bore those buds away.

" Oh ! buy my flowers ;" the cry goes up unheeding,
As onward press the crowd with hurrying feet ;
No time to listen to a woman's pleading,
" No thought for me or you, my baby sweet."

And as she closer to her bosom presses
Her little one, her only hope and stay,
And hushing it with sweet and soft caresses,
The tears fall gently like the dews in May.

For memory wakes, and brings youth's happy dreaming
Of days long gone when he stood by her side,
And o'er her pathway love was brightly beaming ;
But now he sleeps beneath the booming tide.

" But clasping thee, my babe, to this poor heart,
And shielding thee with all a mother's care,
I know there's One who will to us impart
The strength to suffer, and our griefs to bear."

ALEXANDER MILNE.

THE subject of this sketch is the son of working-class parents, and was born at Aberdeen, in 1869. In early youth Alexander met with an accident, which invalided him for five years, and maimed him for life. The enforced retirement from the enjoyment of the happy games of boyhood, had, no doubt, its share in turning his mind in other directions for solace and amusement, so he has been a "rhymster" almost as long as he can remember. He received his education at the Woodside Public School, which he quitted at the age of fifteen years. Mr Milne is now employed as a clerk, and resides in Woodside, near Aberdeen. Besides his love of poetry, he is even more fervently devoted to music, and has for years wooed the violin with considerable success.

The subjoined pieces have been contributed from time to time to the Aberdeen *Evening Gazette*. They show a tender and reflective mind, skill in versification; they convey their ideas with simplicity and directness, and have fine musical expression.

THE FISHER LASSIE'S SANG.

Oh! why sing o' the sea,
In melodie sae sweet,
When ne'er again 'twill bring
My true love hame to greet?
For 'neath its crested waves—
Its glassy bosom deep—
My sailor laddie lies,
For ever hush'd to sleep.

I ance could sit an watch,
And lichtly I could sing,
The bonnie crested waves
My sailor lad wad bring.
Noo sorrow's on my broo;
Waes me! my heart is sair;
The bonnie lad I lo'e
Will come to me nae mair.

I look far ower the sea,
An' listen to its roar ;
An' watch the rippling waves
Break softly on the shore.
But oh ! my thochts are sad,
For cruel is the sea ;
My bonnie sailor lad
Will ne'er come hame to me.

The winter's win's may blaw,
An' spring may bring its showers ;
They'll ne'er bring back to me
Love's happy, happy hours.
The summer's suns may shine,
An' birds may carol sweet,
But wi' my sailor lad
I ne'er again shall meet.

THE BIRCHEN TREE.

Min' ye the wimplin' burn, lass,
Min' ye the birchen tree,
Whaur aft we used to sit, lass,
In love's sweet harmonie?
Yer he'rt was blythe an' gay, lass,
An' love shone in yer e'e ;
An' O ! sae sweet yer voice, lass,
Aneath the birchen tree.

When Phœbus wing'd its way, lass,
Awa' oot ower the west ;
An' darkness, wi' its shroud, lass,
Made a'thing sink to rest.
Then ne'er a soun' was heard, lass,
E'en save the burnie's rush,
An' saftly murmur'd words, lass,
Aneath yon bonnie bush.

An' hame we aft wad creep, lass,
By waning pale moonlight ;
Wi' ne'er a thocht o' care, lass,
To mar oor joy sae bricht.
An' tho' lang years he flown, lass,
Yer aye as dear to me
As when we used to sit, lass,
Aneath the birchen tree.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

When Autumn's mellow winds
  Blow softly o'er the lea,
Or sighing through the woods,
  Sing sweet their lullaby,
The cadence of their note
  Sighs softly through the glade,
And whispers to the heart
  Of summer that is dead.

The gently falling leaves,
  Just like a golden dream,
Are scattered by the breeze,
  Or flow on with the stream;
And flowers now fading fast
  Droop silently and sad,
Just like a blighted life
  That can no more be glad.

But soon the winter's winds,
  With angry blast and shrill,
Our woods, our vales, and leas,
  With shriekings weird will fill.
And, with their mantle white,
  They soon will cover o'er
The sadly drooping flowers
  From sight for evermore.

Ah! thus it is with life;
  We drink its pleasures gay,
Then sorrow brings its wand
  To chase its joys away;
Old age brings its cares,
  Like Winter's angry blast,
To make life's pleasures seem
  A memory of the past.

ROBERT A. DAKERS.

ROBERT A. DAKERS, or "D. A. R.," as he prefers to style himself in *nom-de-plume*, though resident in Haddington, hails from the Grampian foots, having been born in Crieff in 1865. At that time the weaving industry, though moribund, was dying but slowly, and still in many houses could be found the now practically extinct loom, to the manipulating and mysteries of which his father was bred. The failure of this industry, and a sad accident by which Mr Dakers, sen., was deprived of his right arm, brought about a removal to Gelston in Galloway. From this, fortified with the Scottish heritage of a sound elementary education, to which inclination and necessity behoved him to add in his spare hours, the subject of our sketch, at the close of his school days, turned his face to Edinburgh, where he apprenticed himself as a compositor. Various influences tended to foster a taste for writing, which was indulged as occasion permitted, and an acquaintanceship with a rhyming office-chum led to a pleasant companionship, which has proved advantageous to both. Verses written for the amusement of brothers of the "stick and rule" occasionally got the writer into hot water, but this led to more ambitious attempts, and a *debut* was made at the age of eighteen in a west country paper. Before the close of his apprenticeship Mr Dakers removed to the office of the *Haddingtonshire Courier*, Haddington, where he taught himself phonography, and, after some experience of management of the jobbing department of the business, the case-room was left for journalistic work upon the *Courier*. Here our poet finds himself in his element, and frequently writes in verse. He is an enthusiastic

Freemason, a son of "Tyneside" Lodge, Prestonkirk, where he holds the honourable position of Bard of the Lodge. It may be added that Mr Dakers inherits his poetical faculty—his father and grandfather having both wooed the muses.

Mr Dakers' poetry has the true ring. He writes in a blythesome key, and his couthie lilts in the Doric strain are musical, always terse, accurate, and full of that human nature which makes us all akin. His poems of a reflective and observant cast are easy and flowing, and are creditable alike to the head and the heart of the writer. Mr Dakers is also successful when he essays the old ballad style, several of these productions being touchingly pathetic.

MAY DEW.

The wee white gowans gemmed the lea,
An' blythe sang the bird frae the thorn,
Lichtsome the burnie ran to the sea
I' the dawn o' the sweet May morn.
It's an auld wives' say, that if dainty lass
A winsome face wad hae,
Gin she weet her cheek i' the May-wat grass
It'll bloom for a year an' a day.

Sae awa' through the wud an' doon the glen,
Where the birk an' the hazel grew,
My luve socht a place where nane cud ken,
To bathe her face wi' dew.
She looted doon where the fairies trace
The dance i' the clear munelicht,
An' wet her hands an' her blushin' face
I' the draps sae cauld an' bricht.

But what cud gie to the gowan sma'
A mair bewitchin' bloom,
Or deeper dye the ruddy haw,
Or gild the tassell'd broom?
She cam' as she gaed, for the purest dew
Nae added charm cud gie
To the winsome grace o' her faultless face,
Or the glint o' her saft broon e'e.

BONNIE WEE SAM.

A towmont bygane, wi' the year on the wane,
An' the leaf hingin' broon on the tree, O !
There cam' to our door a mannikie queer,
Nor cleidin' nor gear had he, O !

No a steek to his back, no a penny nor plack,
Neither backward nor bashfu' was he, O !
Nae leave did he speir, but he gruppit a chair,
An' drew't atween Peggy an' me, O !

We'd expectit him tae for mony a day,
But he startit us a' when he cam', O !
An' 'twas a' like a dream, but we speir't him his name,
An' he said it was Bonnie Wee Sam, O !

An' he had been sent frae a place nae ill kent,
Tho' the road had been dreary an' lang, O !
But noo he was here, nae ill did he fear,
An' he lauch't an' he liltit a sang, O !

The glint an' the glee o' his merry black e'e
Hae cheer'd us ever sin' then, O !
An' tho' he's but sma,' he's the king o' us a',
Yet the reason we dinna weel ken, O !

Lang spar'd may he be, for richt welcome is he,
The bonnie, camsteery wee man, O ?
For lang, lang the day, an' weary the way,
Were we tynin' oor Bonnie Wee Sam, O !

An' when far aboon, when oor life's wark is dune—
An' dune be't as weel as we can, O !
Hoo happy we'll wait by the big gowden gate
To welcome oor Bonnie Wee Sam, O !

MAGGIE'S AWA'.

The win' souchs low wi' a dull eerie soun',
An' the deid broon leaves whirl roon' an' aroon',
The dark hingin' cluds their tear-draps lat fa',
They're mournin' for something—for Maggie's awa'.

Oh, a' thing seems sadder—the vera sheep-doug
Gangs snuffin' aboot wi' a grief-droopit lug ;
The birdies cheep dowie, the aul' pet jackdaw
Dichts his e'en wi' his tail, for Maggie's awa'.

The sheep on the hillside bleat loodly an' sair
When they miss the sweet face they will never see mair,
For they kent the bit body sae dainty an' sma',
An' they're deein' by hunders since Maggie's awa'.

The floo'ers by the roadside, sae tender an' wee,
Jist daur't the snell blast that they micht catch her e e,
But noo, cauld an' wither't, despairin' they fa'—
There's nae need for bloomin', when Maggie's awa'.

The auld folks sit dowie, for gloamin' an' ear'
They miss the licht trip o' her feet ower the flair;
Tho' they bather't her whyles, weel they loe'd her for a',
Noo the hoose has a want in't, for Maggie's awa'.

Her lad gangs aboot a fair sorrow to see,
Wi' his he'rt in his mou', an' a tear-blither't e'e;
I'm misdootin' he'll yet gie his thrapple the thraw,
Deleerit wi' grief, for his Maggie's awa'.

Come back, then, come back, ye bewitchin' wee queen,
Wi' yer sweet winnin' smile, an' yer bonnie broon een,
Yer fun an' yer liltin'—yer failin's an' a';
Come back, ye wee witchie, gae nae mair awa'.

THE YULE TRYST.

Saft fell the licht o' the mune on the hill;
  Hidden in shadow the glen lay below;
Sweet was the sang o' the clear mountain rill,
  As it leapt by the lair o' the deer an' the roe.

But silent it crept by the spreadin' beech tree
  That stude i' the loveliest howe o' the glen,
An' 'twas far on its eeriesome flicht to the sea,
  Ere it liftit its voice into singin' again.

Sma' wonder the burnie stilled its lood brattle,
  Twa hearts were in sorrow beneath that auld tree,
For Donald maun lea' at the sunrise, to battle
  For the Scots' dearest treasure—the richt to be free.

Again the fierce Southrons were over the Border,
  Spoilin' an' reivin' the fair country side,
An' Donald maun follow his brave chieftain's order,
  An' tear him awa' frae his dear promised bride.

Greetin', she clung to his braid plaided bosom,
  Hot were the tears which she shed on his breast,

An' aften he kissed her—hoo could she refuse him.
As tender her dark locks he smoothed an' caress't.

"Dry yer een, Mary, my ain bonnie dearie.
Tho' far I may wander, my love canna wane,
An' tho' lang we be pairted, be hopefu' an' cheery,
Till God in his guidness will join us again.

"Oor birthright is freedom—that birthright's in danger,
To guard it we gather from mountain an' plain;
We hold it unstained from the grasp o' the stranger,
An' dare to their teeth England's covetous train.

"Dear is my life, but if Scotland require it,
Gladly I'll gie't in the cause o' the free,
An' should my heart fail, then the thocht will inspire it
That Mary is waitin' an' prayin' for me.

"Nor greet ye, my love, min' ye last Christmas e'enin'
Here 'neath the shade o' this auld trystin' tree,
When the bonnie clear mune on the snaw wreath was gleamin'
Ye promised sae true that my bride ye wad be.

"Noo smile but ance mair, for the slogan is ringin';
List to the shout o' the lads o' the glen;
An' min' ye when Yule comes, wi' daffin' an' singin',
Here where I won ye I'll meet ye again."

. . . . .

Dark lower'd the storm in the threatnin' sky;
Doon thro' the glen the win' whistled shrill;
Lood scream the eagles as hameward they fly;
Low in their lairs cower the deer on the hill.

Thick flew the drift on the blast keen an' snell,
Whitenin' the hillsides ance ruddy to see,
Dancin' an' swirlin' till thickest it fell
Doon in the howe, roond the auld trystin tree.

Is that the cry o' the snaw-blindit deer?
Or is it the scream o' the storm-baffled bird?
Or the wail o' a mortal in sorrow or fear—
That eerie an' faint thro' the tempest is heard?

An' look, to the tree, thro' the wreath an' the clearin',
Wi tear-streamin' e'e, an' wi' waefu'-like moan,

Like the Banshee wha warns when the death-blow is
nearin',
A bonnie young lassie gangs stagg'rin' on.

An' noo to the auld mossy trunk she is clingin',
An' "Donald, oh Donald," she's sobbin' in pain;
"The Yule Tide has come, wi' its daffin' an' singin',
An' I've keepit my tryst—maun I keep it alane?

"They say that ye fell, an' the lads that were wi' ye,
Tho' foemen ootnumbered, ye never showed fear;
But I canna believe that I'll ne'er again see ye,
Ye said ye wad come, an' I'll wait for ye here."

An' roond an' aroond her the white wreath cam' twinin'
Happin' her pure briest, an' closin' her e'e;
An' lang or the sun ower Strathearn was shinin',
She had met wi' her love at the auld trystin' tree.

JOHN M'GREGOR,

A HAND-LOOM weaver-poet, who wrote songs in the *People's Journal* nearly twelve years ago, and who possesses a rich vein of pawkie humour, was born in Perth in 1827. Leaving school at the age of ten, he was employed at the winding of warp yarns, and "filled the pirns" for two or three years. This was the happiest period of his life—sometimes earning a sixpence for a day of twelve or fourteen hours' labour, at other times *nothing*. But he was happy—rambling among the moors and mountains, till he was sent to the "four posts of misery"—the handloom. Bright and cheerie old John informs us that he "canna write prose," so we have no further information of a personal nature, except that he worked at the loom for thirty years, save one year and a half that he served in the R. P. Rifles,

six months on the railway, and several years as a labourer in a dye-house. He says:—"I'm but a puny poet, having spun only some sixty short poems. When sifting my spinnings for your 'fourteenth,' ye'll likely find them but 'so-and-so' claith. My grandfather (and my father after him) were handloom weavers—

My grandfaither lived in a wee theekit cot
Wast a mile and a half frae the toon,
The auld men wore knee-breeks when he was a tot,
And the best o' them cost but a croon.

I've aye been a queer kind o' callan'
For wanderin' awa' to the wuds,
My mither gied me mony a maulin'
For screedin' my weel-clootit duds."

HAPPY AS DOOS IN DOOKIT.

When whins were bloomin' bonnie,
An' birds were singin' sweet,
I trysted wi' young Johnnie,
A lad baith fair an' fleet.

We met abune the clachan,
Mang hazels spreadin' green;
He row'd me in his rauchan—
The blast cam' bauld an' keen.

He ca'd me honeysuckle—
Sweet woodbine in full bloom;
Then speer'd if I would buckle,
An' mak' him braw bridegroom.

His offer quick I took it,
An' ne'er had cause to rue;
We're aye like doos in dookit,
Tho' oor weanies are nae few.

THE MODEL WIFE.

What makes you look sae sad, my man,
What brings that trimlin' tear?
I'll do the best that woman can
Your heavy heart to cheer.
Ye've never wanted claes nor corn,

Your health has aye been braw ;
Be thankfu' that ye werna born
To toil 'mang sleet an' snaw.

Rock the cradle, fill a pirn ;
Little time to stay.
'Tis sair to tend the weaver's bairn
Upon a washin' day.

To work lang 'oors for little pay,
An' whiles nae wark ava,
Will mak' the blythest lad look blae,
If his back is at the wa'.
So mak' the shuttle swiftly run,
And tramp the treadles light ;
The more that's done by Monday's sun
Leaves less for Friday night.

Rock the cradle, fill a pirn ;
Fling faint heart away.
'Tis hard to tend a weaver's bairn
Upon a washin' day.

NOT NICE, BUT NEEDY.

A fisher frae the Firth o' Forth
Was wooin' Widow Lawson's lassie ;
She bade him nod still farer north,
Then smartly skipt across the causie.

He stood dumbfoonder'd at the door,
And scratch'd his elbow in a swither—
Began the beauties to adore,
When ben the hoose cam' Maggie's mither.

She curchied, and did kindly speir
The wants and wishes o' the chappie ;
Nane pit aboot was she to hear
He failed to frake her fickle tawpie.

My dochter's dear at ony price—
A pridefu', han'less, lazy sluther ;
Bear up, says she, you'll maybe splice
Jist wi' the jilter's modest mither.

Guidwife, I'm willin' to be tied
To ane that has a haul a' siller,
Altho' her hair be double dyed
To hide a clorty carrot's colour.

Gudeman, I've gowd into the bank—
Some sixty sovereigns we did gather :
But ben the hoose there's been a blank
Aye since I lost the lassie's father.

Yet in the corner o' my kist
I keep a clat for rainy weather ;
Sae, jaunter, if you like to list,
We'll jog alang thro' life thegither.

A' richt, quo' he, a bargain be't,
I mean to mak' ye Mrs Duffy ;
Gae fling awa' thae widow's weed,
An' we'll get married in'a jiffy.

JAMES M'GREGOR,

POLICEMAN, a melodious singer, possessed of real natural gifts, is a son of the subject of our previous sketch, and was born at Perth in 1858. His father being a handloom weaver, it will not surprise the reader to learn that he did not get much school training. At the age of nine he was sent to learn the shoemaking trade ; but it was soon evident that James was out of his element when sitting on a cobbler's stool. After trying his hands at over half-a-dozen different employments, he, in 1870, was apprenticed to a skinner, with whom he remained for about seven years. Along with a fellow-worker, he then set out for the purpose of "seeing a bit of the world." After tramping throughout England for a number of months without obtaining employment, he returned to Scotland, and followed his calling for a short time in Edinburgh. In 1878 our poet became a member of the Perthshire Constabulary, first at Cal-

lander, then at Blairgowrie, Dunblane, and Crieff. James has been "in the force" at Coupar Angus for about two years At intervals he courts the muses, most of his very sweet and "couthie" compositions appearing in the *Glasgow Mail*, and *Dundee Weekly News*. Several of his character sketches possess the spirit of true humour, while his songs and poems on domestic themes are easy and natural, and manifest a quick ear for melody, and a warm, sympathetic heart.

YON AULD AIRM CHAIR.

Air—"When the kye comes hame.

I hae courtit 'mang the heather bells that grow upon yon hill,
I hae courtit whaur the burnie rows adoon yon bonnie dell,
I hae courtit' 'mang the brackens green, when a' was fresh an' fair,
But there's nae place half so cozie as yon auld airm chair.

Chorus—
O, yon auld airm chair, O, yon auld airm chair,
No, there's nae place half sae cozie as yon auld airm chair.

But still my frien's I maun confess, that courtin' by the burn
Is guid enough. an' healthy tae, gin summer would return,
But when the hills are white wi' snaw, an' a' the trees are bare,
Then, there's nae place half sae cozie, as yon auld airm chair.

It stands intae a corner, wi' the back o't tae the wa,
A'e side o't leans again' the bed, for fear that it may fa',
An' tho' its stuffin's keekin' oot thro' wee holes here an' there,
Frien's, there's comfort when I'm courtin' in yon auld airm chair.

When Sol is row'd in e'enin's plaid, gin it be courtin' nicht,
I splash alang thro' thick an thin, wi' heart baith blythe an' bricht,
Then no a man will fear me, for nae ane do I care,
When gaun tae court my lassie in yon auld airm-chair.

THAT MORNIN' THE ANGELS TA'EN LIZZIE AWA.

Sair, sair was ilk heart, an' dim, dim was ilk e'e,
As they sat by the bed where the lassie did dee;
Ilk face turned white, like the new-fa'n snaw,
That mornin' the angels taen Lizzie awa'.

Sweet, sweet was the smile that lichtit' her cheek,
As they watched ilka sign for the lassie tae speak,

But the clock i' the corner had scarcely chimed twa,
When the angels cam' doon an' tae'n Lizzie awa.

Sad, sad was the sigh that her mammy did gie,
When she saw the last blink o' dear life leave her e'e,
An' sad was her daddie, wha spoke nae ava',
That mornin' the angels taen Lizzie awa.

Soon, soon they maun gang whaur their lassie has gane,
Then why should they mourn so, an' gie themsel's pain,
They'll meet her in heaven, whaur ilka thing's braw,
Wi' the angels that cam' an' taen Lizzie awa.

HAME.

There's something bricht in Scottish sang,
Aye Scottish sangs are best,
An' something strange in Scottish words,
That warm a Scottish breast.
There's a'e Scotch word that seems to me
O' a' Scotch words the crame,
'Mang a' the words that Scotsmen use,
There's nane that soun's like "Hame."

To write the half that wordie means
Would tak' ower muckle space;
But first, my frien's, aye bear in mind
It means mair than a place.
It means mair than a shelter, frien's,
To shiel' me an' my dame;
There's mony ither meanin's for
That sweet wee wordie "Hame."

It means the dearest spot on earth,
If love be whaur it should;
It means a blink o' heaven abune,
Whaur a' is bricht an' good.
An' gin it isna that to you
Ye've juist yersel' to blame,
For nocht but love an' brichtness should
Come near that place ca'd "Hame."

It means a spot whaur sin an' strife
Should ne'er get past the door;
It means a spot where jealousy
Should ne'er be kept in store;
It means a spot whaur He should dwell
Whose hands and feet were riven;
In short, it means a resting place
To get prepared for "Heaven."

AULD PETER O'HARE.

'Mang a' the droll bodies I've seen in my day—
An' queer anes I've met 'tween the Tyne an' the Tay—
Auld Peter the packman, that's deid an' awa',
He cow'd a' the creaturs that ever I saw.
That Peter was Irish ye'd ken by his name,
But for that sma' mishap *he* wisna to blame,
Gin he'd lived a' his life in sweet County Clare,
We'd ne'er kenn'd the want o' auld Peter O'Hare.

In summer an' winter he wandered for years,
Wi' a pack fu' o' ferlies, his yairdstick an' sheers,
Ilk cot in the country he aye gaed a ca',
An' ance he sat doon he was sweer to gae 'wa.
The guids in his pack were a sicht for sair een,
The queerest o' nick-nacks that ever were seen ;
An' athing he carried he'd warrant to wear,
For a conscience like 'lastic had Peter O'Hare.

He sell'd sarks an' stockin's, preens, paper, and pens,
An' braw breeks an' jackets, baith laddie's an' men's,
Wi' knives, pipes, an' purses, an' thummles, an' threid,
Crop-combs, an' cozies, an' cools for the head,
Belts, buit-laces, buttons, brass buckles, an' bells,
An' wee keekin' glesses for seein' oorsel's ;
Wi' almanacs, aprons, an' twenty things mair,
Fan' room in the pack o' auld Peter O'Hare.

In dull dreary winter, when roads werena guid,
He'd drink a wee drappy to warm his bluid ;
But ance Peter pree'd it he couldna bide frae't
An' preach as ane like't the carle wid hae't.
He'd spend a' his siller, an' pawn a' his pack,
An' sometimes e'en sell the auld sark aff his back ;
When he couldna pay lodgin's he'd sleep onywere—
Sic a slave to the whusky was Peter O'Hare.

Puir Peter was aye the warst freen' to himsel',
By dippin' ower deep in the bree frae the stell,
An' the consequence was, he aft got "run in,"
But seldom for waur things than makin' a din.
Ae time the auld Shirra gae Peter ten days,
As a kin' o' inducement to alter his ways ;
Quo' he, "I could stand on my heid I declare,
A' that time, Sir, an' still be auld Peter O'Hare."

But driblin' an drinkin' dings mony ane wrang,
An' sae wi' the subject o' this simple sang,

The big iron horse, runnin' 'tween Crieff an' Perth,
Gaed snortin' alang an' dung him to the earth.
An' there his frail body, a' mangled an' torn,
Was fan' on the railway ae cauld winter morn,
An' noo, 'mang the mools, ower at black Tibbermuir,
Lies a' that was mortal o' Peter O'Hare.

H. PATERSON BAYNE,

THE third of that ilk in the present volume, was born in 1868 at the smoky town of Coatbridge—where Janet Hamilton, one of our most gifted poetesses, spent her long and useful life. He comes of a Perthshire family, who were originally known as the Mac-Bains. At school the subject of our sketch was considered a clever and diligent pupil, and he often was rewarded with pennies—and peltings. Like not a few of our poets, he is a great lover of art, and early proved his natural gifts in this line. Though employed as a commercial traveller, his tastes still lie in an artistic direction. He also occasionally tries his hand, with not a little success, in the way of story writing, essays, and short character sketches. Most of his life has been spent in Glasgow, and his brief leisure is devoted to the cultivation of his literary proclivities. He informs us that he has always been fortunate in finding in his friends men of taste, and he believes, as we do, that a love of literature, if encouraged, can do a man great good in our large cities. Mr Bayne began to write verse at a very tender age, and he has contributed to the *Weekly Mail*, *Hamilton Advertiser*, *Weekly News*, *Young Folks*, *Quiz*, &c., as much, in prose and poetry, as would fill a large

volume. His themes are ever happily conceived, full of thrilling fervour, and easy rhythmic flow. His lyrics on the affections and the joys of the homely hearth are calculated to touch the finer feelings of our nature.

LAND OF THE POETS' SONG.

Land of the poets' song,
Home of the brave and strong,
Land of the heather, "the mountain and flood."
Land of the flaming brand,
Land of the patriot band,
We have honoured thy sons who have died to be free.

Land of the mountain keep,
Hanging where waters leap,
Clustering with memories of deeds of the past.
Land of the heath and flood,
Heroes have shed their blood,
And dying, have blest the dear land of their birth.

Land of the kilt and plaid,
Land of the belt and blade,
Land of true heroes and hearts leal and true.
Land of the "Doric lyre,"
Land of the "living fire,"
Burning as bright in thy sons as of yore.

Land of the tales of old,
Land of the martyrs bold,
Land of the "Covenant" our heritage.
Land of the heather hills,
Land of the mountain rills,
Land of the torrents deep, wending along.

Land of the mountain pine,
Long may thy glory shine,
Back from the past, on all our ways.
Land of the brave and free,
We all are proud to be,
Sons of our fatherland grandest on earth.

SWEET BIRD THAT COMES TO FLY AWAY.

Sweet bird that comes to fly away,
Sweet flower that blooms to die,

And snowy cloud that floats above
In yonder azure sky.
Ah, do not, do not die.
Sing on, sing on, sweet bird,
Bloom on, oh beauteous flower,
For life is sweet,
And death is sad.
Ah, snowy cloud in yonder sky,
Ah, do not let me see thee die.

But, ah, the bird shall cease to sing,
The beauteous flower will fade,
The snowy cloud shall pass away
At evening's quiet shade.
But do not fear sweet maid,
The bird has sung for love,
The flower has cheered some heart;
For love is sweet,
And death is fleet.
Ah, maiden, give to love thy heart,
And love and thee will never part.

HAPPINESS.

"I have found it, I have found it,"
Cried the miser with a leer;
"I have found it, I have found it,"
Cried the jester with a jeer;
"I have found it, I have found it,"
Sang the lover with a smile;
"I have missed it, I have missed it,"
Sighed the maid who searched awhile.

But did the miser find it,
Though he hoarded up his gold?
And did he sleep securely
Beside his wealth untold?
No; the miser did not find it,
And one day he cried in vain—
"Take my gold and make me happy,
Let me suffer not this pain."

And was the jester happy
When he sent his jokes around,
And heard the people laughing
At the fool that they had found?
Ah! no, he wept in secret,
In tears his laughter died;

For his weary soul was heavy
With the thought of Death's swift tide.

And did the lover find it
Though he laughed and sang all day,
Though he wandered in the sunshine—
Though she did not say him "Nay?"
Ah! no, his heart was idle,
And he fled from Duty's call;
And so he did not find it,
True happiness, for all.

And the maid who thought she'd missed it,
Ah! she toiled through good and ill,
And she found it—yes, she found it,
At the top of Duty's hill.
For true happiness is found there,
Though the path be dark as night;
But the end of the long journey
With "happiness is bright."

STAR OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Star of the summer night,
Gleaming so softly bright,
Like my love's eyes;
Shine thus for evermore,
Telling of joys in store
For those who love.

Send down to earth thy light,
Making this dark spot bright
With hopeful rays;
Joy on the wanderer cast,
Lead him safe home at last,
Where love abides.

I will look up to thee,
And then my faith shall be
Strong as a rock;
Be thou my guiding star,
When, on life's journey, far,
Far from my home.

A MITHER'S LAMENT.

I feel sad an' eerie,
The nicht's cauld an' dreary,
The win' is a-sighin' an' sabbin' a' roon.

The mune is a-peepin',
The sky is a-weepin',
A-sheddin' big tears in sorrow for me.

Whaur my laddie is lyin'
The win' is a-sighin',
The waves are a-breakin' ower whaur he is laid.

I'm cauld, cauld an' weary,
An' think o' my dearie,
Frae mornin' to e'en o' the drear winter day.

An' noo I'm a-weepin',
His memory I'm keepin',
Sae fair, fresh, an' green wi' the tears that doon fa'.
I wish that the Po'er
That on earth mercies sho'er
Wad kin'ly look on me, an' tak me awa'.

THOMAS ANDERSON.

IN the subject of this sketch we have one of many examples of the untiring perseverance which is so characteristic of Scotia's sons—that devotion to a purpose which has seemed in them a second genius. If untiring effort did not enable Thomas Anderson to command success, in so far as worldly goods are concerned, it certainly leaves one open to say he deserved it; a real sense of success he must have felt, however, disturbed by pecuniary difficulties, in having gained a position of some influence among his fellow-citizens and neighbours.

Thomas was born in the outskirts of the village of Fordyce, Banffshire, about the year 1810. His father died when Tom was a babe, leaving the mother and children in very poor circumstances. The mother toiled

bravely for her little ones' daily bread, and as they grew up did not fail to impress upon them the necessity of conducting themselves wisely. She gave them what education they got, and that was elementary enough, for Thomas used to tell that he was self-educated.

At the age of nine, the little fellow had to take the path the other members of the family had gone before him—the "stick and plaidie"—and became a "herdie." The only part of the fee he handled was the shilling of arles. This he spent on a book, which he read and re-read, and thereafter "troket" with a like-minded acquaintance, for the purpose of extending his knowledge. After spending some years at agricultural work, Tom was apprenticed to a Fordyce shoemaker, under whose care he became a capital tradesman. He next moved to Elgin; wrought there for some time; then returned to Fordyce, and started on his own account. From there he moved to Portsoy, where he stuck to his last for some time longer. But neither his health, nor his inclination suited shoemaking; he gave it up, and we next find him travelling for the *Banffshire Journal*. It was about this time that he composed the collection of "Poems and Songs," (Aberdeen: George and Robert King, 1844). While connected with the *Journal* he picked up the knowledge of printing, &c., which enabled him to launch his next venture. Backed by two friends, he opened a printing office in Portsoy, and published *The Banffshire Reporter*.

Those acquainted with newspaper work will best understand the difficulties of the task Thomas had set himself. In a town of small size, with no local industries, and but little business activity, the number of news items was few, and the circulation of the paper limited; yet the *Reporter* was kept going, for the most part by Thomas and his family, from 1849 till 1884.

"Some twenty odd years ago," says Mr H. W.

Gregor, to whom we are indebted for these details, "when the *Reporter* was 'at its best,' we can remember the advent of a young man into the office to get initiated into the ways of newspaper life, and Thomas has the credit of putting one young man, if no more, upon the rails. The round fresh face and bright hopeful eye was that of Mr A. M. Burgess, then a railway porter at Tillynaught, now Deputy-Minister for the Interior of Canada, and son-in-law to Mr Anderson.

As Thomas got older, and his family moved away from him, the work of the paper and the office—almost all along a struggle with adverse circumstances—he felt less and less able to cope with. In the vigour of manhood he had kept "a stout heart to a stey brae"—cheerful and hopeful when the way was misty enough. The last time we had the pleasure of seeing him when he was upwards of seventy—a hale and vigorous man, with the quiet, sly humour of earlier days still present—he was driving lustily the cylinder of the press turning out his weekly paper."

In 1884 Mr Anderson sold out his printing business and emigrated to Canada, from whence several interesting letters appeared in the local press. There he held a post in connection with the Interior Department till his death, which occurred in January 1888. His volume contains many pieces devoted to the description of old customs and legendary subjects. The author's mind was stored with them, and it was with loving appreciation that he related them. Every link which legend or custom lent to join us on to the life of our forefathers was stored away in a tenacious memory, and the pity for us is that more of them were not preserved.

In our poet's volume we have not only samples of his love of the legend, but also excellent character portraits, without any striving at effect or high colouring, but a quiet blending of real pawkie humour and

good sense. In the short lyric, too, he evinces simplicity and fervour.

WHAUR SHALL I GAE?

Whaur shall I gae when my siller is deen,
My bairns in want—my meal pock teem?
Whaur shall I gae to meet wi' a frien',
Wha'll pity hae on me?

Shall I bend to the gaberlunzie's fate,
An' timidly rap at the rich man's gate?
Ah, na! for that I'm far owre blate,
It winna, winna dee.

Shall I gae to the puir man, fechtin' sair
To bar his door on want an' care?
I ken *he* wad willingly gie me a share;
But 'twad far owre greedy be.

I'll gae to my frien's—my kith—my kin?
Ah, na! I'm puir, I wadna win in;
My frien's wad rather hae my skin,
Than onything gie to me.

When ye hae raff o' houses an' lan',
An' nievefu's o' gowd at your comman',
Ye'll fin' your frien's a' wond'rous blan',
Whan ye them gang to see.

But whan ye are puir an' unco frail,
An' 'neath misfortune's blasts maun quail,
O gangna near them wi' your tale
O' wae an' misery.

Whaur'll I gae?—I'll gae to the man
O' kin'ly heart an' open han',
Wha winna refuse me wi' a ban',
For he has sympathy.

He feels for the poor wi' waes opprest,
Their sorrows sink in his kin'ly breast—
I'm ne'er to him an unwelcome guest,
Whan he has ought to gie.

May heaven its choicest blessin's shower
On him wha drivesna frae his door
The hapless, bleedin'-hearted poor,
But soothes their misery.

Smooth be his life an' calm its close,
Unbroken an' soun' his soul's repose,
In that blest lan' whaur cares nor woes
Disturb eternity !

THE MAN O' CRAIGSTANE.

Air—"The Laird o' Cockpen."

The man o' Craigstane ance was match for a lady,
He'd sic routh o' auld rotticks was left by his daddy ;
His house was weel happit, an' fu' but an' ben,
An' few were mair snug than the man o' Craigstane.

At roups an' at markets the guidman was there,
In his braw *MacIntosh*, boots an' spurs shinin' clear ;
Fouks used whiles to hint—as fouk will do, ye ken—
" He's owre braw for bein' guidman o' Craigstane."

His weddin' came next—how his neighbours did 'maze
To see his young wife comin' hame in a chaise !
Quoth an' auld beardy cummer, " I sanna weird ane
But that couple they winna *chaise* lang at Craigstane."

He feasted the factor, he bous'd wi' the squire—
Was aye first to sit doon, an' the last to retire ;
He was aften abroad—he was seldom at hame ;
An' a'thing began to grow scant at Craigstane.

He's ta'en to the market his wife's tocher coo,
He's sauld her for little, an' gat himsel' fou',
An' he's drunk the last ring o' her ere he came hame—
Wad ye lik'd to hae been the guidwife o' Craigstane ?

She coax'd an' caressed him—he ne'er gaes frae hame,
Now he's waukrif, an' thrifty, an' weel does he fen ;
They hae plenty the but, they hae plenty the ben,
There's few live mair snug than the fouk o' Craigstane.

I REDE YE BEWARE.

I rede ye beware o' the widow wife's e'e,
O' the love-lichtin' beams o' the widow wife's e'e,
For I ne'er in my life found my heart gae agee,
Till assail'd by the glance o' the widow wife's e'e.
The widow she's young, an' the widow she's bonnie—
Has a cheek like the rose, an' a lip sweet as honey ;
Sae if you're a rover an' wish to gae free—
Beware o' the blink o' the widow wife's e'e.

Last night frae the field as I hamewards did rove,
I ca'd in o' the widow—ne'er dreaming o' love;
I dream'd nae o' love, but love dream'd o' me,
An' I o' the glance o' the widow wife's e'e.
The widow has gowd, and the widow has lan',
An' a' thing that's dainty baye at her comman';
But I'm sure for her siller I carena a flee,
Gin it wasna the blink o' her bonnie black e'e.

DOON WHAUR THE ECHO RINGS.

"Doun whaur the echo rings, sweetly the birdie sings,
Lightly the burnie springs o'er the grey linn—
Whaur sports the simmer-bee, neath the green aiken tree
Meet me, dear Jamie, when gloamin' grows dim.

"There on the flow'ry green, neath the moon's silver beam,
I'll on thy bosom lean, dreadin' nae wrang;
Nane shall our meeting see, dear shall our meeting be,
Come, my dear Jamie, an' dinna bide lang!

"What tho' my father frown, what tho' my mither gloom?
I'll meet my laddie adoun i' the grove;
When red is the setting sky, leave the ewes, leave the kye
Haste to my arms, fly, Jamie, my love."

Sae the sweet lassie sang—saftly the echoes rang,
Out frae the bushes sprang Jamie her dear;
See on the flow'ry grass, there in love's fond embrace,
Jamie has clasped his wee Jeanie sae fair.

THE DEAD LARK.

Alas! my bird, nae mair I'll hear
Thy matin sang the morning cheer;
Nae mair thy note salutes my ear—
My bosom warns;
Thou'rt stretch'd upon thy dewy bier,
In death's cauld arms!

Ere yet the snow-drop's early sheen,
Through April's chilly dews were seen,
When scarce the sun lent ae warm gleam
To cheer the day,
Thou joyous speil'd the vault serene,
An' tun'd thy lay.

I mark'd thee raise wi' stealthy care
Thy cosie nest, an' daily share
Wi' fondest joy thy scanty fare
Wi' thy young brood;
Nor toil, nor labour didst thou spare
To find them food.

Who now will tend them air and late,
An' cheer thy hapless mourning mate,
Who lone, an' drear, an' desolate
Sits on the lea?
E'en Him—the arbiter of fate,
An' nane but he!

O man! cruel man! these are thy deeds,
Beneath thy hand creation bleeds;
Destruction—an' thou never heeds—
Lives in thy breath!
O maddest passion thus which leads
Thy hand to death!

Hast thou ne'er felt the chilling hand
When those you lov'd, at Death's command
Were summon'd to that unseen land
Ne'er to return?
Go then, nor let thy wanton brand
Make nature mourn.

JAMES THOMPSON BOYLE.

THE subject of this notice was born at Friockheim in 1849. His father, an operative mason, left Friockheim and settled in Arbroath when James was eight years of age There, and in Forfar, he received a sound English education. After he left school, he served his apprenticeship in a millwright's shop near Inverkeillor. When nineteen years of age he enlisted in the Scots Greys, and served in that gallant regiment, then stationed in Ireland, for a number of years. Our

poet has many pleasant reminiscences of his soldiering career, of the Phœnix Park in Dublin, and the lively proceedings in the Curragh Camp. He, however, left the army at the earnest request of his father, who wished him to lead a civilian life. On leaving Ireland he entered an engineering establishment in Glasgow, from which place he was appointed mechanic at a powerloom factory in Forfar. The confinement of factory life brought on a severe attack of dyspepsia, and he was advised to get out-door employment. He has now been twelve years engaged as a book-deliverer for Forfar and district to a firm of publishers—Messrs Mackenzie & Co., of Glasgow and London.

Mr Boyle's first attempt at versification was on the occasion of the death of a child. He was then twenty-five years of age, and since that time he has contributed many songs and poems to nearly every newspaper in the county. Our author is about to publish a selection of his productions, which, we are sure, will be welcomed by all lovers of the lyric muse. From the specimens we adduce it will be seen that Mr Boyle is a true poet of the affections—tender, pathetic, and happy in his delineations of the joys and sorrows of home life. Some of his longer pieces are on sacred themes, and these, with his martial lays, are powerful and graphic, while several of his ballads are beautifully tender.

THE WEE ORPHAN WEAN.

Oh ! come in-bye, dearie, you're tired-like and weary,
An' hungry an' cauld, my wee mannie, I ken ;
Nae mammie nor daddie hae you, little laddie,
But here you'll be welcome, my wee orphan wean.

Nae mither to tend ye, to guide an' to fend ye,
The hale day you've wandered aboot 'mang the rain ;
Noo sit doon, dearie, an' mak' yoursel' cheerie,
I lo'e ye, wee laddie, the puir orphan wean.

Oh ! haud up yer beadie, tho' ill-aff an' needie,
There's naething I ken o' to mak' ye think shame ;
Your booties are torn, your claes are sair worn,
My he'rt is sair for ye, my wee orphan wean.

Your frien's winna min' ye—they're owre prood to own ye,
Oh ! hard are their hearts to refuse ye a hame ;
We winna misca' them—may nae ill befa' them—
Conscience some day will check them, my wee orphan wean.

But never mind, laddie, ye'll here hae a daddie,
Your bite and sup, laddie, ye'll get wi' my ain ;
Ye'll gang to nae puirhoose but bide aye in oor hoose,
I'll schule ye an' cleed ye, my wee orphan wean.

On ilka nicht, laddie, when snug in your beddie,
Mind aye your wee prayer to your Father abune—
He's ane wha can guide thee, and bless, and provide ye,
He'll sheild ye, my laddie, the wee orphan wean.

WELCOME BACK ROBIN.

We welcome you, robin,
Ance mair here again,
Back noo frae the woodland,
Your green, leafy hame ;
While summer's bricht sunsheen
Mak's nature sae braw,
You ne'er come an' see us,
Blythe robin, ava.

When winter comes round wi'
Its cauld surly blast,
An' birdies are mournin'
Ower days that are past ;
'Tis then, wee red robin,
You mount on the wing,
An' hie tae our hoose-taρ—
There sweetly you sing.

Richt weel yet you mind o'
The auld window sill
Where you aft, last winter,
Your gebbie did fill,
While picking the morsels
Spread doon to you there ;
The wee hand that fed you
Will do sae nae mair.

We welcome you, robin,
Tae oor humble cot,
For his sake, sweet warbler,
You'll no' be forgot;
For want o' the laddie
Oor hearts noo are sair,
By oor ingle-nook there's
A wee empty chair.

He's ta'en awa', robin,
To yon sunny hame—
The wee lad that lo'ed ye
You'll ne'er see again;
But come to the window
When cauld drifts the snaw,
The crumbs will be there, tho'
Your wee friend's awa'.

Hoo aften he spak' o'
Your bonnie red breast,
While wearin' awa' to
The land o' the blest.
When summer's saft breezes
Yon willow tree wave,
Some o' your kin, robin,
May sing ower his grave.

WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN.

The norlan' blast blaws cauld, my love,
Frae ower yon snaw-clad ben,
An' withered, noo, the flooers that grew
Doon Airlie's fairy den,
Whaur you an' I aft met my love,
An' happy 'oors did spen';
But noo nae mair I'll meet you there
Till summer comes again.

CHORUS—Till summer comes again, my love,
Sweet summer comes again;
Nae mair I'll meet you there to greet
Till summer comes again.

The shading beech-tree noo, my love,
Is leafless, bleak, an' bare,
That in the den frae sun an' rain
Gave us twa' shelter there.
An' birdies, too, are tuneless noo
That sang their sweet refrain,

Nae mair they'll raise their notes o' praise
Till summer comes again.

CHORUS—Till summer comes again, my love. &c.

Sae bonnie was the dell, my love,
When Sol went creepin' doon,
His waning rays shed yont the braes
Whaur floories braw did bloom;
He disna shine there noo, my love,
O! dreary looks the den,
An' will be till I'm there wi' thee
When summer comes again.

CHORUS—When summer comes again, my love'
When summer comes again;
I'll meet you there, my only fair,
When summer comes again.

Awa wi' gaudie gardens braw,
Mair pleasin' to my e'e
Is that sweet boo'r at gloamin' oor
Where I did meet wi' thee.
Cauld winter's reign will wear awa',
Sweet spring will busk the den,
An' nature fair shed beauty there
When summer comes again.

CHORUS—When summer comes again, my love, &c.

ELIZABETH RAYMOND BURDEN,

AN occasional writer of thoughtful and melodious verse, is a native of Glasgow. Her father was of Welsh birth, and her mother Scotch. Both parents died when Miss Burden was in her eighth year. With little interruption, she has lived in the Western Metropolis all her life. Like many others we have seen, whose outward lives are chained to a great city—it would almost seem to meet and oppose its over-

exacting claims—her real life is lived with out-door nature, her love of which, in its wildest and most wayward moods, has grown up and flourished just in proportion to the tendency of everyday life to overgrow and stifle it. Miss Burden has contributed a number of beautifully descriptive poems to the columns of the *Christian Leader*, *Weekly Citizen*, *Glasgow Herald*, &c.

GRASS OF PARNASSUS.

From out the mountain marshes whence thou comest
Creep the whispers of the winds that sweep the shore,
And their mournful, mystic cadences thou hummest
To my heart forever more.

For the music of the pines that waved above thee,
'Mong the soft lights of thy misty mountain home,
Mingles with the sigh of ocean winds that love thee
For thy kinship with the foam.

And thy pearl-hued petals drew the love of morning
In rose-diamonds from the bosom of the sky,
And twilight brought, to perfect thine adorning,
Gleams of opal, sweet and shy.

And the sun-god gave, to light thy heart's recesses,
Golden flashes from the glory of his hair,
And the muses made thee pure with their caresses,
And the graces made thee fair.

O, thou callest back the olden mist and fables
From the dusky, twilight fields of Asphodel,
Till our age feels, brought to touch by flowery cables,
The old sweetness of their spell.

O, thou link'st the laughing past with the stern present,
And thou twin'st the earth's emotions with the sky,
Silent-weaving into harmonies most pleasant
World-lights far away and nigh.

Thus thou wear'st a diadem of dual splendour,
Lie two worlds within the circle of its flame—
Yet it may be, shrined in memories more tender,
Hides the secret of thy name.

So comest thou, methinks, in loveliest fashion—
Autumn's farewell smile upon the year's increase,
Clothed with earth's most delicate grace and Heaven's pure passion,
Crowned with messages of peace.

OUR MEDIATOR.

The thought of God is vague and far away—
Of God—the uncreated, infinite—
Our spirits wander, lost and lone, in it
Threading the mazes of eternity—
Through crypts and caverns dark, without a ray,
Through corridors and chancels dimly lit,
Where purple shades o'er golden vistas flit,
Yet never shines the broad, clear light of day;
But Christ—the perfect way, the life, the truth—
Is near us, is our brother and our friend;
The dusky shadows of the world's grey youth,
And all the types we could not comprehend,
Melt in His presence, till in very sooth,
In love and worship, Son and Father blend.

LOCH ECK.

Vision of beauty, waking to the night,
Whose eye looks down with tenderest love upon
Thine emerald cradle, swinging 'twixt its guards,
A doubled row of Titans rough and rude
To all things else save thee; see how their dark
And sullen brows are lowered to a scowl
When the light-winged children of the sky
Rest for a moment on thy throbbing breast;
See how they cast the moonlight-tinted veils
Of mist that would assuage their aspect grim
From their scarred faces with impatient haste
To gaze into thine eyes! Thou need'st not fear
With strength and love to pillow thee, and yet
Even while I speak some strange wind sweeps athwart
Their mirrored forms—a deeper shade than they—
Shaking thy silver shallows and grey deeps;
Some far-off memory, perchance, or dream
That touches thy clear soul. The moon is dim,
The stars scarce glimmer in thy shrinking wave.
Come, tell thy secret to the hills and me!

. . . . .

"I am the daughter of a glacier cold,
Whose awful path through the earth's heart was torn—

I am her last-born, and I saw her die;
For, when her sinuous form had ploughed its way—
A glittering, gleaming serpent, down the vale,
Crushing and carving those she could not crush
With characters which in these rocks proclaim
The fadeless records of a silent world—
She met the sea and vanished. And a voice,
Borne on the wings of a soft sea-wind, came,
Charging the hills with many an anguished prayer,
To watch o'er me, her last-born and best loved;
And still on nights like this, when the moon's step
Is weary with her guiding of the floods,
When the winds sleep and the earth's heart beats low,
My mother's voice calls from the deep to me."

JAMES COGHILL,

AUTHOR of "Poems, Songs, and Sonnets" (Glasgow, Robert L. Holmes, 1890) is one of the latest additions to the song roll of Scottish singers. His father was a stonemason, and a native of Olrig, near Thurso, Caithness-shire, where his ancestors had resided for many generations as crofters, cottars, or small farmers. The ancestral belief, handed down to the poet's father, was that they were of Norse or Danish, and not Celtic, extraction.

James Coghill was born at Edinburgh in 1854. When he was about two years old the family removed to Glasgow, where he attended various schools until 1865. In that year another family removal was made down the Clyde to Ardoch. Until 1868 James attended Cardross Parish School, and was a pupil in the Greek, Latin, and mathematical classes. His great, and in fact his only, source of enjoyment was the country life to which he had previously been a stranger. At Ardoch is found the poetic background to the

sterner realities of his later life. Of that period Mr Coghill writes with the regretful fondness of a poet:—

"Working in the garden, digging, wheeling, dibbling, hoeing, weeding, trimming walks and flower-beds, these were new joys to me; then there was the satisfaction I felt in the harvest-time in being allowed to work with the reapers, making bands, binding sheaves, and bigging stooks; and in being entrusted with a farmer's horse and cart to drive. When tired of work there were the burn, the braes, and the shore at full tide to choose between—the latter, for bathing purposes, being the most frequent choice. Glasgow had never possessed any charms to equal these, and the three years I spent at Ardoch were the happiest of my boyhood. In 1868 the family removed to a small cottage near Dumbarton, and I bade farewell to Ardoch braes with a heavy heart."

Shortly afterwards he began work as an apprentice mason, and on the death of his father in 1869 returned with the family to Glasgow. Having finished his apprenticeship, he acted for a time as clerk to two of his brothers, who were continuing their father's business as master mason. His mother, however, wished him

> "Trained for a priest, for that is still the pride
> And high ambition of the Scottish mother,"

and, his brothers having generously paved the way, he entered Glasgow University in 1873. He studied Latin and Greek at Anderson's College; and in November matriculated at Gilmorehill, where he entered the junior Latin and middle Greek classes. Mr Coghill never became prominent as a student, and for various reasons once and forever he abandoned the maternal dream of a kirk, a stipend, and a manse. He was an omnivorous reader of poetry, from Chaucer to Tennyson, and of fiction from Smollet to George

Eliot. In his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year Mr Coghill began to send songs, some of which have a musical lyrical lilt, to the *Hamilton Advertiser*.

In 1878 he was led by the works of Robert W. Thom to a deeper study of Burns than he had previously made. Of the late Mr Thom our poet has always entertained a sincere admiration, and writes of him with feeling, affection, and esteem. Mr Coghill is versatile, vivacious, and vigorous. He touches with equal skill and effect the low and soft notes of pathos, the thrilling strings of love, and the tender and deeper sounding chords of patriotism. He can, moreover, be both sage in counsel and sharp in satire. He writes both trenchantly, and with all the force of a fearless exponent, of truth and honesty. His love-songs are musical and full of true inspiration. In them, in description and in pathos, his Muse wings her highest and most serene flight.

EAS-A-CRANNAIG'S BONNIE FA'.

Whaur thy waters, Eas-a-Crannaig, fa'in' frae yon dizzy hicht,
Sheet o' silver, gowden-straikit, in the noon-day sun sae bricht,
Wimplin' row, a bonnie burnie, blythe to mingle wi' the sea,
There my winsome Hielan' lassie cuist luve's glamour first owre me.

'Twas ae day in early summer I forsook the busy toon,
Seekin' oot thy bonnie burnie, on a bank I laid me doon
'Neth the branches o' a hazel, hidden frae the sunshine bricht,
Ettlin' there to feast my fancy till the gloamin' brocht the nicht.

Hauf asleep I lay, hauf waukin', heedless o' the 'oors that fled,
By the witchin' wiles o' fancy to some faur-aff kintra led,
Intil future times—faur distant—dreamin' as I gaed alang;
Frae my dreamin' I was wauken't by the ower-come o' a sang.

Tho' the Gaelic words I kentna—'tis a fremit tongue to me—
Yet the waeness o' the music brocht the tear intil my e'e;
'Twas a wail o' deepest sorrow, wrung frae stricken human he'rt,
Gar't me feel amaist as gin I in the grief o't had a pairt.

When the sweet voice o' the maiden dwaum'd awa' upon the wun',
Loupin' to my feet fu' lichtly, oot I stept aneth the sun—

There she stude, a heaven o' beauty, like nae heathen goddess bricht,
But a bonnie Hielan' lassie, sweeter far to Scottish sicht.

Wi' a blush she startit backward, hauf in shame an' hauf in fricht,
When frae 'neth my screen o' hazel forth I stept intil the licht:
Forrit syne she cam' to meet me, an' my he'rt beat fast the while—
"Sir, I hope I didna fash ye," quo' the lassie wi' a smile.

Hoo I stammer't wi' my answer, lookin' straucht intil her e'en!
Hoo the lassie gløw'rt to hear me vow I ne'er afore had seen
Sic a form o' witchin' beauty, perfect a' frae tap to tae –
Wi' her raven locks sae silken, an' her e'e sae like the slae.

Need I tell ye hoo the lassie bade an' crack't wi' me for lang;
Tauld me o' hersel—to please me, sang ance mair her Gaelic sang,
Hoo she creepit closer to me, as the gloamin' roun' us sta',
Whaur we lay to list thy music, Eas-a-Crannaig's bonnie fa'.

Eas-a-Crannaig, Eas-a-Crannaig, dear aye to this he'rt o' mine
Sall thy fa' be, whaur in summer first I met my luve sae kin',
Dear the screen o' hazel branches, but maist dear is she hersel',
Wi' her Gaelic sang sae waefu' Eas-a-Crannaig's Bonnie Bell.

AN AULD MAN'S MEMORIES.

Oh, weel I min' the time, an' 'tis a time I'll ne'er forget,
When I used to gang at e'en to meet my ain, my bonnie Bet;
When I claspit her sae close to me, an' kissed her aye sae fain,
An' wearied for the 'oor to come I'd ca' her a' my ain.

Ay, weel I min' the time, tho' noo 'tis mony years gaen bye,
When aye the blythest o' the blythe were my bonnie Bet an' I:
When we sauntered owre the whinny braes, or doon yon burnie side,
Whase waters lilt sae sweetly as they wimple to the Clyde.

An' tho' 'tis mony years sinsyne, my mem'ry o't's as keen
As gin I had been daffin' wi' my bonnie Bet yestreen:
Oh, the rapture o' the gloamin' tryst, when to my arms she sprang!
That mem'ry's still my chiefest bliss—'twill be my hin'maist sang.

'Tis noo weel on for fifty years since she an' I were wed:
Thrice ten o' them my luve has lain in cauld an' lanely bed;
An' here I sit a hale auld man, an' think owre a' the years:
Her luve shed sunny smiles owre me—her loss brocht blindin tears.

But what is Life but smiles an' tears, but joy an' grief by turns ?
Wi' joyfu' smiles we saunter owre the braes, or doon the burns.
We're happy noo : a moment hence, beset wi' cares an' fears,
Oor joyfu' smiles tak' flicht an' leave us nocht but grief an' tears.

Had I repined, or sat me doon to waste in vain regret,
The time that's flown since I tint her whom I can ne'er forget,
What wad my life ha'e been sinsyne ? Instead o' gleams o' bliss,
My mem'ries a' wad aye ha'e been o' death's unkin'ly kiss.

Tho' sair dooncast at first was I, I've lang been reconciled ;
She's still as dear to me as when she looked on me an' smiled
When first we met, noo fifty years sinsyne, or aiblins mair ;
An' aye to me my Bet has seemed the fairest o' the fair.

Oh, Mem'ry, thou'rt a blesséd friend to him whose heart is pure
In thee he sees his every thought and action mirror'd sure ;
In thee, each day, each hour, I see the lover of my youth,
And love her for her purity, and bless thee for thy truth.

A BAD HARVEST.

The stooks were stackit in the yaird,
The trees an' busses geylies bared,
The chitterin' birdies scrimply fared
For picks o' feedin' ;
The year was growin' siller-hair'd
An' scant o' cleedin'.

For hairst we'd ha'en a langsome wait,
The craps were licht as weel as late,
As gin yon gruesome carlin, Fate,
Or Chance, vile limmer,
To ding us a' clean oot o' date,
Had stown oor summer.

'Twas rain an' win', an' win' an' rain,
The hale year thro', tho' noo an' then
An anteran blink o' sun we'd haen,
As gin to say
He'd juist come roun' oor airt again
To mock oor wae.

IN PRAISE OF THE HOD.

Yez may brag av yer mallet an' chisel,
Your trowel, your plumb-rule and bob ;
By my sowl, but the slings and the shovel
Are the sorest wrought tools on the job.

'Tis the boys 'twixt the trams av the barrow,
Trot-trottin' from mornin' till night
Wid cart-loads av stones for the scaffold—
'Tis them that's a joy to my sight!

Just look at yon big batch av mortar,
How nately and swately it lies—
The hodsman takes half on his showlders,
No wonder yez stare in surprise!
It towers up high o'er the hod, boys,
He trims it as smooth as can be—
Three skids at a stride up the gang, boys,
Lime Larry's the bully for me.

What's hewin', or dressin', or buildin'?
Yez nade but your hands and your eyes,
While the barrow and hod men nade muscle—
Broad showlders and thumpin' big thighs;
'Tis the labourin' min do the work, boys,
While the masons do nothin' but play—
Then, why in the name av the divil
Don't the labourin' min git the pay?

WILLIAM DUNBAR BIRRELL

WAS born a little over twenty-three years ago, (we cannot give the exact date), in the village of Liff, near Dundee, and received his education at the parish school there, and at the school of Fowlis Easter. Leaving his birthplace in 1878, he completed his education in Dundee, and began his apprenticeship in a solicitor's office, where he was only a short time, when his father required his assistance at home. As the occupation was not to his taste—the spirit trade—he, after, to him, four long years, gladly bade it farewell, and secured an appointment as assistant to a registrar. In this calling he remained

other four years, and recently he entered the establishment of a draper and warehouseman as clerk. Mr Birrell has always been an ardent lover of poetry, and while he admires and worships "the Masters," he does not forget the humbler warblers—Thom's "Mitherless Bairn" and Motherwell's "Jeanie Morrison" move him to tears; while Nicoll's "We'll Mak' the Warld Better Yet" stirs him like the blast of a trumpet. In most of his verse he shows that he has a heart that feels keenly for suffering humanity. He longs for the time when strife and misery are unknown. He believes in the words of his favourite, Carlyle, that "Nothing which is unjust can hope to continue in this world. . . That there is verily a 'rights of man,' let no mortal doubt. An ideal of Right more and more developing itself as it is more and more approximated to, that human Society tends and struggles. . . All true men, high and low, each in his sphere, are consciously or unconsciously bringing it to pass; all false and half-true men are fruitlessly spending themselves to hinder it from coming to pass." Mr Birrell's poems and songs have directness of purpose. They possess patriotic fervour, and he ever writes with native affection and genuine feeling. In the compass of a short poem he can tell a homely story of domestic affection and fireside joy, of wretchedness and crime, of oppression and poverty, in which a tender play of fancy is quickened by the force of a strong yet chastened imagination.

OOR AIN AULD MITHER TONGUE.

Oh! twitted, twitted, aft I've been
For stickin' steady till't,
To it—my ain auld mither tongue—
In ilka rhymin' lilt.
Oh! little, little do they ken,
Thae thochtless, twittin' deils,
The spell the "braid auld Doric" throws
Ower Scotland's rhymin' chiels.

They speak the Southron tongue themsel's,
Tho' bred on Scottish soil—
The land o' Wallace, Bruce, an' Scott,
An' him wha sang in Kyle.
They coort the oily, winnin' tongue,
Gif o' their ain ashamed,
Their ain, the hamely an' the true—
The ane that Robin claim'd.

Oh, England! haughty, grasping dame,
Withoot a thocht or swither,
Lang, lang ye've rob't her o' her ain,
Oor "auld, respectit mither";
Withoot a blush upon yer face,
O' mony a thing bereft her,
An' e'en wad tak' oor name, an' dub
Us "English" ever after.

But try, prood dame, yer best or warst,
To droon oor couthie tongue,
Tho' some unto yer ain may tak',
The ane that lang has rung,
That rose, when Bannockburn began,
In simple, earnest prayer,
Will ring as lang as Scotland lifts
Her heid into the air.

There's music in the rugged rhythm,
Ay, music saft an' sweet;
There's music in't to thirl the heart
An' gar it faster beat.
To thirl the heart an' stir the blude,
An' send it pulsin' free;
Yea, music like the ripplin' o'
The river to the sea.

There's music in't to conquer strife,
An' peace keep ever reignin';
There's music in't to banish a'
Oor dullness an' complainin',
To draw the sturdy, honest sons
O' Scotland near an' nearer;
To link her hands in trusty grip,
Whilst foes respect an' fear her.

JOHNNIE FROST.

There's a little auld carl frae the Nor'ard come doon,
An' fu' weel, the wee snipper, we ken him;
Ne'er a towmond gaes by but he's stappin' aroon',
An' he's bauld wha backward wad sen' him.

A cute, pawkie sharper, wha caresna for nane,
Be they auld, be they young, black, or bonnie,
Be they rich, be they puir, be they fat, be they lean,
It's a' ane an' the same to bauld Johnnie.

Prowlin' auld Johnnie, growlin' auld Johnnie,
Think ye ye're nae geyan early?
Grippy auld Johnnie, snippy auld Johnnie,
Wow, but ye mean it, an' sairly.

T'ither mornin' I rase, slippit into my claes,
An' fu' sune then my parritch demolished;
To the lowin' fire held for a meenit my taes,
Syne drapt into my shoon brichtly polished:
Clapt on my twa-snooter, popp't oot to the air,
But, hech! sharp was the halt, an' gude reason,
Ere my nose was weel oot—just an inch an' nae mair,
Bi'—the length o' itsel'—it was freezin'.

Nasty auld Johnnie, hasty auld Johnnie,
Think ye ye're nae geyan early?
Frightfu' auld Johnnie, spitefu' auld Johnnie,
Wow, but ye mean it, an' sairly.

The bodies gaein' by noo gae slouchin' alang,
Wi' their hands in their pooches deep divin';
Their heids turn'd doon, no held up 'mang the thrang,
As they aye ocht to be if they're thrivin'.
Their shuthers shrugg'd up, unco dowie an' sad,
While as lang as—gude kens—are their faces;
Sae waefu', in fact, that I cry—"Johnnie, lad,
But ye mean to put a' thro' their paces."

Shabby auld Johnnie, crabby auld Johnnie,
Think ye ye're nae geyan early?
Musty auld Johnnie, crusty auld Johnnie,
Wow, but ye mean it, an' sairly.

But pleasures he brings, tae, and pleasures fu' rare,
An' ere lang a' the ponds 'ill be bearin';
An' lauchin' an' shoutin' 'ill ring on the air,
Fae the skaters, noo busy preparin'.
Sweet, sweet are the nichts, an' fair fu' o' delichts,
When the mune in the lift's shinin' bonnie;
When, skates merry clinkin', we a' gang a-linkin',
Lood blessin' the frost an' King Johnnie!

Blithe an' bauld carl, lauchin' auld carl,
Welcome gie 'im looder than ony!
Bracin' auld carl, dacent auld carl,
There's lots o' waur birkies than Johnnie!

MY AIN FIRE-EN'.

I havena the pooer ower the Nine that I'd like,
Or my lyre in its praise I'd mair eidently strike ;
But still, tho' my verse may flow weak frae my pen,
It comes true frae my heart, my ain fire-en'.
My ain fire-en', my ain fire-en',
True frae my heart,
My ain fire-en'.

No stylish my hoosie, but canty an' wee,
Juist the hame for an auld workin' body like me ;
An' wark owre for the day, the lang fore-nicht I spen'—
A dainty auld chieldie at my ain fire-en'.
My ain fire-en', my ain fire-en',
A dainty auld chieldie
At my ain fire-en'.

It speaks o' contentment—that best boon o'[a'—
That's fa'in in wi' fu' seldom in hames o' the braw ;
An' thanks be to Him wha looks doon upon men,
There's mair juist the same as my fire-en'.
My ain fire-en', my ain fire-en',
There's mair juist the same
As my ain fire-en'.

Oh ! the years they hae come, and the years they hae gane,
Since my wife an' I crossed the cheery door stane,
An' happy, I ween, were the oors to us when
We crackit awa' at oor ain fire-en'.
Oor ain fire-en', oor ain fire-en',
We crackit awa'
At oor ain fire-en'.

But death, that grim lurker wha's aye on the watch,
Wi' his bony hand streetched for whae'er he can snatch,
Cam' stappin' alang, an' oh ! waes me, for then
I was left a' alane at my ain fire-en'.
My ain fire-en', my ain fire-en',
Left a' alane
At my ain fire-en'.

An' the day 'ill come sune when I'll leave it mysel',
An' awa' to the land o' the future to dwell ;
But, maybe there, wha can tell ? a bit nookie they'll len
That'll keep me in mind o' my ain fire-en'.
My ain fire-en', my ain fire-en',
That'll keep me in mind
O' my ain fire-en'.

GEORGE HOUSTON MOWAT,

THE writer of a number of very thoughtful poems and neatly-conceived songs, is a native of Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire. He was born in 1846, and served an apprenticeship as a tailor in the town of his birth. After working as a journeyman and foreman in several places in Scotland and England, he began business on his own account in Sheffield. Several of Mr Mowat's more lengthy poems, contributed to various newspapers and periodicals, are descriptive of fisher life and scenes with which he was familiar in boyhood. These are eminently reflective, very graphic, and are instinct with real poetic feeling. His shorter poems afford evidence of a cultivated intellect, pleasing powers of expression, manliness of tone, and are evidently the outcome of a true-hearted nature.

HAD I WEALTH, AS I HAVE LOVE.

O had I wealth, as I have love,
And thou my only care,
I'd willingly a spendthrift prove,
That thou may'st share.

In danger's hour I'd face the foe,
Though victim I should fall,
If only but to thwart the blow,
Alarmed by thy call.

And in that hour—the golden hour—
Love beaming in thine eyes,
I'd clasp thee with angelic power,
And hail thee as my prize.

Heaven smiling on thy mild consent,
Made known by look divine,
'Mid ills and ills I'd be content—
With thee who dare repine?

Then come, my darling, with me share,
I love, I love, but thee;
The rose all blushing has a glare
That's dim'd by what I see.

And what I see, and what I feel,
Is just yourself and heart;
It is not guilt when lovers steal
Whom death can only part.

HAPPINESS.

Where is happiness? some one says;
Is it in courts which reign supreme?
Or is it in the poet's lays,
Creations of a heavenly dream?

Or is it in our daily toil,
Where want propels the task?
Or subject to the scornful guile,
Scarce hidden by its mask?

Or is it where oppression deals
His heaviest lash of all—
A tyrant power who only feels
An answer to his call?

Yes! yes! in all the bitter pangs
That life is subject to,
Happiness like curtain hangs,
Obscuring from its view

The mean *pretence*, who seeks repose
In needful want supplied,
Which very want through him arose,
When asked of him denied.

O magic power! excluding force,
Presiding power in beauty—
Simplicity, thy opening course
To further acts of duty.

GIVE ME THE POWER.

Give me the power to cheer and not to weep;
The heart you now consign to sleep
Would have led the way
In a former day,
And done it well—though sad the fate
That placed her in a humble state,
A generation's distance
From her true existence—
Her acts the language which she could not speak.

I've felt such when a child, nor beats it less
At two score years from such caress.
My mother,
None other
Dares intrude upon the scene!
And I wish my lot at home had been
To soothe thy pain,
Perchance restrain
The feeling that 'mong stranger's hands you must depart.

O love! true love, the minister of good,
By thee best known and understood,
Kind was the act,
Material fact
Of Death—best friend of all;
"And I am waiting for his call"—
Three years ago
You told me so:
The climax of a life well spent is joy indeed.

ONWARD.

O for the power which worth creates;
The contact of a nobler life—
Though dead—for years it animates
The present action in the strife.
Onward through the mist we go,
Rearing lights which dimly show.

No mercenary rights demand,
A menial work for fettered gold;
No vassal starts at piped command,
His power of will for ever sold.
Onward, &c.

Bearing scorn of brainless power,
Which mean extent may prize,
And fighting with it every hour,
That from it we may rise.
Onward, &c.

The goal a fixed determined end
Within our power to reach,
And life directed that may tend
Its mysteries to teach.
Onward, &c.

Help we crave for mind to show
That right is right wherever placed ;
The heart that lives and does not know
Is human form disgraced.
Onward, &c.

MARY GRAY,

REGARDING whose volume—"Lyrics and Epigrams after Goethe and other German Poets," (Edinburgh : David Douglas)—the *Scotsman* recently said " rarely does a volume of poetic translations reach us that is more unaffectedly pleasing," was born in 1853 at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, where her father carried on the business of a house carpenter. There (also the birth-place of George MacDonald) she has lived for the greater part of her past life, though she spent several years of her youth in England and Germany. From earliest childhood she has been keenly susceptible to the spell of poetry ; but she makes no claim to original poetic genius. She thinks that her mind is sympathetic and receptive rather than productive, critical rather than creative. In this connection it may be noted that in her seventeenth year she had already a settled distrust of dogma, and throughout early childhood she read with eagerness such works as Emerson, Tyndall, Matthew Arnold, Renan, and Taine as might come her way. Of modern poets she cared most for George MacDonald and Tennyson. She considers that we are yet very far from a due appreciation of the lofty ethical teaching of the former and of his wealth of exquisite imagination. While still very young, she also began to read Goethe ; but, with

youthful immaturity of judgment, she considered the "Faust" to be not nearly so beautiful as Longfellow's imitation of it in the "Golden Legend." The influence of the great German poet was, however, to grow strong upon her in maturer years. Meanwhile she was earning her living as a telegraph clerk in Huntly and afterwards in England. By-and-bye it became practicable for her to fulfil her former purpose of pursuing her studies with a view to the teaching profession. She went abroad in 1876—first to Hanover for study, and afterwards to various parts of Mecklenburg, where she was engaged in teaching until 1880. In that year she returned to Scotland, and has been residing since then in Huntly, occupied chiefly in private tuition and home duties. In 1882 she passed the necessary examinations, and obtained the title of L.L.A. from St Andrews University. She thought it necessary, as a teacher of languages, that she should undergo this test; and this the rather for that her education had been of a somewhat desultory character. Although much of Miss Gray's time and energy are devoted to other matters, she confesses that she has an ever-increasing delight in literature and an ever-growing impulse towards literary utterance. In a review of her "Lyrics and Epigrams" the *Aberdeen Journal* says:—"There are exquisite odes, allegories, songs, sonnets, and ballads brought together here out from among the riches of German poetry. Though Goethe is most largely represented, there are also found the names of Schiller, Heine, Jacobi, Herder, and others of lyric fame. The author has fine poetic instincts, as shown in the selection, and there is a grace, a rhythm, and a warmth in the expression which indicate high pootic taste and culture. As an introduction in its way to some of the finer thoughts and forms of German poetry, this little volume will prove very useful. From the title to the

close every page bears marks of care, and in the notes, &c., there is evidence that the author in the preparation of the volume has found pleasure in the task." With the *Scotsman*, we also think that the "translations are generally free, but the spirit of the original has in nearly every case been faithfully caught, and, as suits the poet and the theme, the lines are full of fire and insight, or of grace and pathos." The translator's hand is seen at its best in the renderings of some of Goethe's best known lyrics into Lowland Scottish of the dialect of the north-eastern counties. The "Todtenhemdchen" of the Austrian poet, Edward Von Bauernfeld, is less familiar, and this free version of it [which we give below] will be read with a pathetic interest.

THE DEAD CHILD.

Lone by day the mither sat;
Through the dreary nicht she grat
Till the mornin' grey.

Ere she sleepit, worn and weary,
Cam' her dawtie, cam' her dearie,
As at dawn o' day.

Stood the bonnie bairnie there,
Laid a wee bit hand ance mair
On her mither's knee.

Said—"Oh, mither, dinna greet;
See my shroudie a' sae weet,
That I canna sleep.

"For, atween the narrow wa's,
Ilka tear upon me fa's,
Mammy, that ye weep."

Said the bairn, and disappears,
And the mither dried her tears.

A CRADLE SONG.

(Jacobi—born 1740, died 1814.)

Dear, my bairnie, close thine e'e ;
Sleep, and I will sing to thee
O' the licht o' sun and moon,
O' the woods and flowers o' June,
Gently, dear, in slumber fa',
By and bye, thou'll see it a'.

See the day dawn in the sky,
And the sun mount up on high
Ower the meadows fresh and fair,
Ower the gowans bloomin' there,
I will crown my bairn, and then
Lift her to my he'rt again.

Nestled there, sae blythe and gay,
Wi' the morning wind thou'll play ;
Laverocks will sing above ;
All around is praise and love ;
Burnie's lilt and sough o' tree
Mingle wi' my song to thee.

Dear, my bairnie, close thine e'e ;
Thou the setting sun shalt see
Sink below the gowden west,
While the birdie seeks its nest :
Syne the gowd and crimson fade ;
Comes the gloamin', comes the shade.

Sleeps the birdie in its nook,
And the moon comes out to look
On my bairn so kindly doon ;
And the gowans fold their croon ;
And I fold thy hands, my dear—
Little maiden, God is here !

In the starlicht, and below,
In the little flowers that blow,
God is in the birdie's song,
In my love to make it strong ;
Everywhere, I'll tell thee, dear—
Little angel, God is here !

THE VIOLET.

(Goethe. From "Elwin und Elmire."

It grew upon the lea alane,
Half-hidden, shy, and kent to nane,
The sweetest wee bit blossom.
There cam' a happy country lass,
Wi' springy step, upon the grass
Blythe liltin' ower the lea;
A posy at her bosom.

Ah, thocht the violet, could I be
The fairest flooer upon the lea,
(Waes me, a paltry blossom!)
So micht the bonnie maiden tak' me,
And pairt o' some sweet posy mak' me,
What bliss it were to me
To lie upon her bosom!

Alas! alas! the heedless maid
Cam' trippin' on and never stayed,
But trod the wee bit blossom.
It sank, and wi' its fragrant breath,
"Oh, sweet," it said, "is sic a death,
Through her, through her I dee."
Alack the bonnie blossom!

"THE WORLD IS FAIR."

Upriseth the lark, an embodied lay,
That heavenward is mounting, away, away,
And this is the song flung abroad up there:
"The world is fair."

The dawn of the morn awaketh the flower,
Who opens her cup in that holy hour;
And her incense breathes through the morning air;
"The world is fair."

The waves of the brooklet ripple and run
Like liquid silver beneath the sun;
And their voices the self-same burden bear:
"The world is fair."

Then, oh, child of man! why art thou distressed?
And why wilt thou grope in thine own dark breast?
Look up and abroad, and forget thy care.
The world is fair.

SPRINGTIME.

The mould of my border grows loose, and it swells ;
And to ring in the Spring come nodding snow-bells.

And crocus upreareth his helmet so bold,
With a flash here of sapphire, and there of red gold.

And saucy prim cowslips stand stiff in a row ;
While roguish wee violets furtively blow.

But, whatever their names, all that stir and peep out ;
Enough, the Spring weaveth around and about.

II.

But the flowers of my garden, most rich and most fair,
Bloom all from the heart of my lady there.

Which bears to me daily kind glances that cheer,
And songs that encourage, and words that endear.

A heart ever open, whose May is ne'er done ;
And kind is her earnest, and guileless her fun.

And though Summer with roses and lilies is nigh,
To rival my lady he never need try.

NECESSITY.

(Anagke.)

All is according to High Fate's decree—
  Necessity and law ; and our own choosing
Is but a willing of what needs must be,
  Nor is there room for censure, nor accusing.
We dream, while bending to Necessity,
  That ours the power of taking or refusing,
Until at last we learn, as years pass o'er us,
That, bounded like the past, the future lies before us.

J. J. HALDANE BURGESS, M.A.,

WHOSE prose sketches, as well as his poetry, are of great value to all who make a study of the variations of the Scottish dialect and local habits and characteristics, was born at Lerwick in 1862. While being educated at the Anderson Institute, Lerwick, he studied for the Glasgow University Local Examination (senior certificate), and took the highest place of all candidates of his year—winning the prize of £10. Mr Burgess went to Edinburgh University in 1886, and graduated there in 1889. We regret to have to add that his eyesight failed during his first session, and that since then he has been unable to read. For some time the subject of our sketch has been engaged in private teaching, and he has also done much excellent literary work for several magazines and periodicals, including *Chambers's Journal*, *People's Friend*, &c.—most of his work being first committed to paper by means of a type-writer.

In 1886 Mr Burgess published a little volume, consisting of a sketch full of fine pawkie humour, entitled "A Nicht in Tammy Scolla's But-End," in which were also several of his songs and a prose poem "Laama Deep." This was followed in 1886 by "Shetland Sketches and Poems"—Lerwick: H. Morrison—in which the small book referred to was incorporated. A neat volume came from his pen during 1891—"Rasmie's Büddie: Poems in the Shetlandic" (Lerwick: T. & J. Manson, *Shetland News* Office). The thoughtful reader will find no great difficulty in understanding the vernacular; and when, after a little perseverance and patience, this is achieved, he will be struck with the poet's vivid pictures of humble life in a corner of the world where, as one of his reviewers says, "men and women still keep their individuality."

The tales and poems are full of playful humour, and the endearing diminutives are felicitous and striking. Many of his verses evince a warm love of nature in its quiet as well as in its sterner aspects, while his English poems show delicate poetic feeling and refined thought. In such poems the more subtle effects of nature—the quiet greys of dawn and the poetic mystery of twilight—are treated in a manner that is calculated to appeal to the higher faculties. We give only one specimen of these, preferring to devote our available space to the curious Shetlandic, which will be new to most of our readers. As we have hinted, at first sight the poems do not look attractive—the spelling reminding us of what Artemus Ward said of Chaucer: "Mr Chaucer had talent, but he could not spell; he was the worst speller I ever knew." The quaint turns of expression peculiar to the islanders and the rugged tenderness of the following selection will, however, be greatly relished.

LOVE.

Youthful love is like a torrent,
  Leaping down the crags of life,
With a mad, resistless current,
  Headlong, hasting into strife.
Years will roll, and craggy mountains
  Will give place to peaceful plains,
Where, among soft-playing fountains,
  Love, a still, deep stream, remains.
Flowing on, with calmer motion,
  Till a vast and mighty river
Falls into the shoreless ocean,
  Flowing back to God, the Giver.

BAABBIE GAIR.

Oh! Baabie Gair, mi hert wis sair,
  An' fu' o' duil an' sorrow,
Fur touchts o' dee pat sleep frae me,
  I soucht de fur mi morrow.

Yae, bi mi sang, 'twis very wrang
  Fur dee ta be sae sassy,
An' doo'll repent whin a' is kent
  Doo will in faith, my lassie.

Wi' Kirsty Blance I hed a chance,
I geed wi' her twa winters,
Bit dy black een cam' in atween,
An' laid mi sowl in splinters.

Whin I wis saft, dan doo wis daft,
An' widna bide ta listen,
Noo I'm awa' for guid an' a,
An' dee I'm never missin'.

Fur Nannie Green hae's bricht blue een,
An' cheeks as red as roses.
Oh! frail man mak's mony a plan,
Bit, sees doo? Guid disposes;

Fur shü hae's gear (no' 'at I care),
An' kye, baith milk an' forrow,
So Guid caa dee as he laeds me,
An' da deil tak' care an' sorrow.

MAMLISS.

Jüst at ta door, ipo da bass,
I fann a peerie mootie lass;
Her bits o stervin ploots wis bare,
An shü, pür ting! wis greetin sair.

"Noo, noo! what ails dee, jewl?" I said,
An straekit dan da boanie head
'At muckle needit saep an kaem,
"Is it no time 'at du wis haem?

Will mammie no be tinkin lang,
An winderin an oucht be wrang?"
"Na, na, nae faer o dat," shü said,
"A mam is what I never hed."

"Hedno a mam, joy! Foo is dat?"
Da answer cam baid plain an plat,
As t'o frae dis ye couldna budge her,
"Mi antie hed me till a ludger."

TANGLE BELLS.

I' da mermaids' booer hingin,
Doon ita crystal sea,
Aft an aft I hear ye ringin,
An da soond is sad ta me.

Ringin, ringin, saftly ringin,
Bells 'at bit da sowl can hear,

I' da deeps ye're swingin, swingin
Ower da faces lost an dear.

See I no da simmer ocean
Wi its tinklin tings o waves,
Bit a winter sea in motion
Brakkin ower da nameliss graves.

Bells 'at ring wi tingled cadence,
Raeffled notes o love an pain;
Ta da greetin wives an maidens
Ring da lost eans back again.

Nazarene! 'at stilled da billows
O da Galilean lake,
Wi new faith an hopp ta fill 'is,
Is Dy michty haand sae waek?

Na, I hear da sweet bells ringin,
An da soond is whick an gled,
Back agen da lost eans bringin,
An da Sea gies up her dead;

No da pür, caald, lifeless metter
Frae da black an cruel tide,
Bit ita dat Laand 'at's Better,
Leevin' speerits, glorified.

DA PAIRTIN.

Whin Jonie eence wi Jeanie met,
Dey toucht dey wid be mairried,
An so ta Lerrik aff dey set,
Nor bi da wy dey tairried;

Aa for ta buy da weddin needs,
For bridal haste wis on it—
A weddin goon o mony breids,
A jaakit, an a bonnit.

An whin dey cam inta da toon,
Dan dey wir baid designin
'At Jonie wis ta buy da goon,
An Jeanie buy da linin.

An sae da goon wis boucht an med,
An dey geed haem ta Whandal,
Bit jüst whin dey wir ta be wed
Cam oot som clash an scandal.

An heth ! dey pairted dan richt doon,
Wi wraeth an sma repinin,
An Jonie he got back his goon,
An Jeanie got her linin.

An süne dey baid wir mairried fast
As dey could be ta idders,
Wi Jonie first, an Jeanie last,
Ta cüshins o dir midders.

An oot among da neebor folk
It med a spaekalation ;
Dey wirna gotten sic a shock,
Na, no sin da creation.

But here comes in da mysterie
O life an aa connekit,
Dir pairtners dee'd, an' dey wir free,
Jist whin dey laest expekit.

My lamb ! dey met. Ipo dir croon
Da sun o love wis shinin,
An Jonie he brocht oot his goon,
An Jeanie fann her linin.

An dan dey mairried efter aa,
So feth ! I'se end mi' story,
An we'll awaytan lave da twa
Alaen in a dir glory.

ROBERT MATHESON,

WHO writes under the *nom-de-plume* of "Corvichen," was born at a farm of that name, near Huntly, Aberdeenshire, in 1837. He began to rhyme at the age of eight or nine, and ever since has continued more or less to "strictly meditate the thankless muse." Mr Matheson's parents were both of the earnest Puritan stamp, and the deep and indelible effects of their influence appear in some of

his verses. He has contributed a number of "Cradle Songs," chiefly in Aberdeenshire English, to the *Weekly Free Press*, whose able editor, Dr William Alexander, the author of "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk" and "Wee Maggie," is the only one hitherto who has used the north-eastern dialect with purity and power, fully showing its resources, and the great treasure of thought and feeling it contains, especially (like other Scotch) in regard to humour, pathos, and pithy remark. Mr Matheson is equally master of the dialect, and uses it with equal purity. These "Cradle Songs" will be published in a volume, under the title of "Cradle Songs for Mothers and All Others"—their subjects embracing human nature in general. Among other recent literary pursuits, Mr Matheson has been engaged in preparing a most careful and elaborate edition of the proverbs of Scotland. On hearing of his intention, Mr John Wordie, of Glasgow—whose celebrated private library is probably second only to that of Stirling of Keir in rare works of proverb lore, and contains valuable unpublished manuscript collections of Scottish proverbs—most generously placed the whole treasure at his disposal. He has also got permission, by the courtesy of Mrs Maxwell Scott, to make use of a manuscript collection at Abbotsford; and, with the help of a large number of unpublished proverbs and significant proverbial phrases collected by himself since boyhood, his edition may be expected to be well-nigh exhaustive. We are glad to hear also that the proverbs, when "dark sayings," are to be explained, and (where seemingly advisable) literary illustrations given.

A PARABLE.

(From an unpublished "Epistle to Two Young Emigrants")

A small slender sapling beside a high wall
Is planted, and, daily advancing

Its thin thready rootlets, grows thicker and tall
In earth and air mightily branching,

Till seen from a hill, like a little green lake,
Encroaching on all that environ—
Then woe to the wall that its ploughing roots shake,
When its bark and its roots are like iron!

The dead stony neighbour stands stiff, while below
The living roots, bolder and bolder,
From moment to moment insensibly grow,
And the trunk leans its weight like a shoulder.

At last from foundation to cope there's a crack,
Then a bulge, until, passer-by calling
To passers, all look at the imminent wrack,
When the masonry totters to falling:

They gaze with surprise; for who ever had guessed
That so stony ground had been arable,
Till the tree undertook it and put it to test?
But here I propound you a parable:

Like a sapling that slender and tender appears,
Though you may not seem much, there's no knowing,
If, with all of your hours and your days and your years,
You give yourselves only to growing,

What you yet may accomplish, and men with surprise
May look at the height and the girth of ye,
Call others to look, and stand widening their eyes
With amaze at the work and the worth of ye.

STUMPYSTOOSIE.

Awake already! Both arms free!
Pleads with his eyes! Refuse him?
Wants to be danced upon my knee,
And dandled in my bosom?

Well, come, you wee bit morsel, come!
Up, Stumpystoosie! Uppie!
Say *goo, goo, goo.* Is baby dumb?
Up up, up, up, up, uppie!

Though Stumpystoosie now but creeps,
Who knows what we may see yet?

It's in the Providential Deeps—
  The thing that is to be yet.

Who knows? On you may yet be bent
  The eyes of all beholders.
Who knows what weight of government
  May yet be on these shoulders?

These lips that *goo, goo, goo* but pass,
  Inspired, the spirit rushing,
May from them yet a glorious mass
  Of golden word send gushing.

If you, in History's zodiac,
  From your high station shining,
Through time's long night looked sweetly back,
  Exalting and refining

Men's souls, would I grudge grief? Ah me!
  Though many a dilettante
Was merry in old Florence, we
  Admire the fate of Dante.

The strife, the grief, the pain are o'er,
  And his the palm of glory,
The influence bright forevermore
  On human life and story.

THE MAN I' THE MEEN.

See! yonner's the mannie—
  He's richt plain the nicht—
An' aye leukin' fae him:
  Fat's meetin' his sicht?
See! yonner's his chinnie,
  His nosie, an' een—
He sees far aboot him,
  The man i' the meen!

He's eene o' oor human
  Ain fowk, as they say,
But eence in a widdie,
  Eh! ae Sabbath day
He gether't a birnie—
  Fat sudna be deene—
An' Gweed sent him yonner,
  The man i' the meen!

A birnie o' stickies—
  I think I can see't—

Na—ay—or the eyn' o't—
I div ! Div *ye* dee't !
But ae nicht, fan awfu',
Wi' list'nin' sae keen,
My lugs rung, I h'ard him,
The man i' the meen !

"Gin yer bairds be owre stibbly
For Sabbath day's sicht,
They sud aye be teen aff
On Setterday nicht,
An' a'thing made ready—
Yer beets an' yer sheen ;
An' min' fat I'm sayin',
The man i' the meen."

SIR ROBIN REDBREAST.

Oh, there's Sir Robin Redbreast,
The knight of fair Woodhall !
See ! baby, where he's sitting,
And never thinks of flitting,
Though we go near, befitting
Great heart in bosom small.
Such confidence becomes him,
With heart so kind and good.
His name is great in England,
Like that of Robin Hood.

In autumn and in winter
He is our welcome guest.
What ruined man e'er lighter
Of heart? Frosts come, and whiter
Snows fall—Could he bear brighter
Love's colour on his breast !
Cry, "Welcome now, Sir Robin,
To shelter and to food."
His name is great in England,
Like that of Robin Hood.

And surely he is worthy
The welcome he receives.
When others passed by, starlings,
No doubt, and linnets, yarlings,
Sir Robin saw the darlings,
And covered them with leaves ;
And for his pious kindness
To those babes in the wood,
His name is great in England,
Like that of Robin Hood.

Ah! had he found the uncle
  In country or in town,
And been with good sword buckled,
He never would have truckled—
With weapon firmly knuckled,
  He would have cleft his crown.
Like stags at bay, the gentle,
  When roused to angry mood!—
His name is great in England,
  Like that of Robin Hood.

He knows what we are saying,
  See how he holds his head!
But hush! He now is singing,
The plaintive music flinging
Abroad, that once went ringing
  No doubt above the Dead.
With that sweet dirge he honoured
  The babes as best he could.
His name is great in England,
  Like that of Robin Hood.

One of his noble kinsmen,
  To public spirit dear,
When all his friends were sighing
At that great hour, so trying,
One leg legated, dying,
  To mend the bridge of Weir,
To mend Tay bridge the other.
  His model will gave joy!
His name is great in Scotland,
  Like that of brave Rob Roy.

Oh, welcome, dear Sir Robin!
  Be free your heart from care,
Beloved by babes and mothers,
And fathers, too, and brothers,
Their sisters, and all others,
  Till spring your hall repair,
And you withdraw for summer
  To rear your pious brood—
You, famed in Britain's ballads,
  Like Roy and Robin Hood!

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

Prejudge you not my future hand
  From what I do to-day:
God sees the opal in the sand,
  The sapphire in the clay!

PEACE.

Be not misled by words: there are two kinds of peace, my friend;
Or shall we call it peace, indeed, where things in silence rot?
'Tis peace where things in silence grow. True peace, the aim and end
Of war, can never be, I think, where life and growth are not.

THE POET ON HIMSELF.

One born to sing, with little thanks
At first, but not in vain
Perhaps at last, beside the banks
Of primrosed fairy Thain,
Whose silver stream, unknown to fame,
Flows fair to Bogie on,
To grace the bride, before her name
Is changed to Deveron.

MALCOLM M'LACHLAN HARPER,

EDITOR of "Bards of Galloway," &c., is a native of Castle-Douglas, where he has resided all his life, having been for many years accountant in the British Linen Company's Bank in that town, and was lately appointed agent. In his biographical notes to "The Bards of Galloway," one of his most popular works (Dalbeattie: Thomas Fraser) he speaks of himself as being "a notched and cropt scrivener, one that sucks his sustenance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill." He states that he has no early or late reminiscences interesting to the public. As a boy he had artistic tastes, and, as far back as he can remember, has "daubed with the brush"—on one occasion, we are informed, getting over the fingers at

school for drawing on his slate a portrait of the dominie. He has always been an admirer of fine scenery, and passionately fond of Nature in "a' her shows and forms," and as an amateur artist has by perseverance and study attained to such proficiency that his pictures have frequently been well placed—not only in local exhibitions, but in those of our cities representative of Scottish art. From his artistic leanings, and the interest he has always taken in the success of the artists of his native county, he was some years ago unanimously elected Vice-President of the Kirkcudbrightshire Fine Art Association, an institution which, by its exhibitions and otherwise, has done a great deal to foster in the district a taste for art, with its elevating and refining influences. That office he still holds—Mr John Faed, R.S.A., the eminent artist, and also a native of Galloway, and one of "our poets," being president.

Mr Harper's early prose sketches and poems were for the most part published in the *Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser*, his literary efforts being encouraged by the late Mr J. H. Maxwell, the gifted and versatile editor of that paper. Our poet's patriotism and love of country found vent in his joining, when a young man, the ranks of the Castle Douglas Company Rifle Volunteers. He has always been an enthusiastic volunteer, and now holds the rank of Major and Quartermaster in the Galloway Battalion.

As an author, Mr Harper is perhaps best known through his "Rambles in Galloway" (published in Edinburgh in 1876), a book which has deservedly taken a high place among the local literature of the time. It has been for several years out of print, and is now described in catalogues of second-hand books as "scarce." In 1878 he edited an edition of the "Poetical Works of William Nicholson, the Packman-Poet of Galloway," to which he also contributed an exceedingly well-written memoir. In 1889 was pub-

lished his "Bards of Galloway," already mentioned, being a collection of poems, songs, and ballads by natives of Galloway. The work is prefaced by an able and comprehensive historical and biographical introduction. The brief and succinct notes on the lives of the various poets in the volume are also from the pen of the genial editor. Mr Harper's latest work—also published by Mr Thomas Fraser, to whom the public is indebted for many choice and excellently-got-up books—is "Maggie o' the Moss, and other Poems, by the late Robert Kerr," author of "The Pedlar's Pack," and other well-known poems. In all these works, as well as in his own poetry, we can discern in the subject of our notice the hand of the literary artist—that gift which can crystallise thought into clear-cut utterances, with a delicate sense of the exact weight of a word or phrase, just as he can make a vivid picture in which there is no strong outline to be found. With him art is on the same level as poetry. He can not only depict to us the beauty of our earthly dwelling, but he also shows, in its highest forms, that beauty is linked with other truths—aspects of mystery, and of joy and sadness. And is it not the case that we esteem the poet, just as we admire the painter, by the range of the moods of feeling he can address, or the lessons he can gather or inspire for us—lessons of simple cheerfulness, of solemn comfort, of noblest hope.

TEENIE.

The sun's gaen down langsyne, Teenie,
Ayont the hills o' Dee;
An', in Dundrennan's wuds, the birds
Hae ceased their minstrelsie;
Lang hae I tarried in the loan
Beside the murmurin' sea,
An' thocht in ilka soun' I heard
Your fit-fa' on the lea.

For lang the mavis in the glen
Piped his sweet e'enin' sang,
And cushies coo'd their am'rous lays
The fir tree shades amang;
The bonnie wild rose, wat wi' dew,
Look'd buskit braw this e'en,
An' a' fair nature seemed to hae
A welcome for my Teen.

O! why no' keep your tryst, Teenie!—
The tryst ye made this morn,
To meet me in the lanely loan
Beside the auld grey thorn;
The auld thorn aye sae dear, Teenie,
'Twas there, wi' beamin' e'e,
An' han' in mine, ye smilin' said
That ye'd loe nane but me.

The sun's gane down langsyne, Teenie,
Time flees wi' leaden wings,
The westlan' wuns ha'e eerie sugh,
The wee burn mournfu' sings;
Wee stars are gleamin' in the lift,
In the wuds the hoolets mane,
On Bengairn's tap lie drumlie clouds,
As I sit here alane.

O! weary, weary is the nicht!
My heart is throbbin' sair,
The thocht that my love fause could be
Is mair than I can bear;
O! heavy, heavy is the thocht,
Here happy could I dee,
Did I but ken that Teenie still
Had love for nane but me.

LILY O' THE GLEN.

The lark has tuned its e'enin' hymn,
An' sought the dewy lea,
An' the wee lintie in the whins
Has shut its bonnie e'e;
The settin' sun red-tinted streaks
The moorlan' flow an' fen,
As Tam strays oot to meet his love—
Fair Lily o' the Glen.

The cushies in the Gelston wuds
Are cooin' amorouslie,

An' the wee burn 'mang rocky knowes
Rins croonin' to the sea,
An' southlan' win's blaw saftly thro'
The daisy-studded den,
As at the trystin' tree Tam waits
Fair Lily o' the Glen.

In the bricht silvery cloud he sees
Her form sae jimp an' fair,
An' in the sunset's gowden gleam
He sees her yellow hair;
An' the wee stars that shine on high,
Sae far beyond oor ken,
Bring visions o' the sparklin' e'en
O' Lily o' the Glen.

But O! as owre the rocky heicht
He casts a langin' e'e,
An' sees his bricht-ee'd fairy love
Come trippin' owre the lea,
His heart is flutt'rin' wi' delicht,
An' fu' o' love as when
They met an' breathed their first fond vows
In Kirklan's hazel glen.

The moon noo shines thro' siller clouds
'Boon Bengairn's rocky steep,
An' in the twilight's sacred hour
A' Nature seems asleep;
An' O! forgot's the cares o' life,
An' sordid ways o' men,
As at the trystin' thorn Tam meets
Wi' Lily o' the Glen.

THE COCK E'E.*

(A CURLING SONG.)

We often hail the Spring with joy,
And often gaze with pride,
Upon the Summer's blossoms fair
That clothe the mountain side;
But never do our spirits flow
So joyous and so free,
As when we meet, a jolly band
Around the rink cock e'e.

* COCK E'E.—The circles which surround the "Tee" or mark played at in Curling.—Mactaggart's "Gallovidian Ency."

Chorus.—Then fill a bumper up, my boys,
And drink, with three times three,
Success to Scotia's darling game—
The rink and its cock e'e.

We've seen the Autumn's golden fruits
Beneck the smiling plain,
And met around the festive board
At storing of the grain;
But never did we see abound
Such mirth and social glee,
As at the marshalling of the men
Around the rink cock e'e.

Then fill a bumper, &c.

When curlers on the icy board,
As true friends meet again,
The ills of life are cast aside
By broom and channel stane;
And rank and titles are forgot,
In joke and repartee,
Which pass so playfully around
The witching rink cock e'e.

Then fill a bumper, &c.

Speak not to us of carpet bowls
And billiard tables gay;
We've tried them all; no pleasure's like
The healthful roaring play;
Where 'mid the plaudits of the throng,
Joy sparkles in the e'e
Of him who makes a lucky shot—
An in-ring to the tee.

Then fill a bumper, &c.

Then let us to the loch repair
And join the roaring game,
And man to man and rink to rink
Strive to uphold our name.
And meeting round the social board,
May curlers there be free
From wordly care and pride, as when
Around the rink cock e'e.

Then fill a bumper, &c.,

WILLIE, THE WEE CABIN BOY.

In my lanely cot by the shore the nicht,
I'm sittin' my leefu' lane,
As the howlin' win's an' the soughin' sea
Are makin' a weary mane ;
An' frae the auld wa's on the Castle hill
I hear the hoolets moanin',
An' the corby's eerie croak in the wuds
Doun in the Kirkdale loanin.'

An' fearsome's the glare o' the licht'nin's flash
Frae the dark and gruesome sky,
That looms owre the cliffs o' the Raven's Ha',
Where the sea-maws wildly cry ;
An' dowie an' wae at the hearth the nicht
I sit in the auld airm chair :
The tears are bedimmin' my sleepless e'e,
An' my heart is throbbin' sair.

An' it's no' for my auld gudeman in his grave,
Or wee Annie by his side,
In the lanely yird on the breist o' the brae
Beside Cree's silvery tide ;
But it's for wee Willie I lo'ed sae weel
As my auld heart's only joy,
That's gane awa in a sloop frae the bay,
To serve as a cabin boy.

Wee Willie, that cam' when his faither de'd,
An' sorrows wi' me were rife,
Like a wee bricht star in a winter's sky,
To cheer my gloamin' o' life,
To shed roun' the ingle a heartsome glow,
In the winter nichts sae lang,
An' to cheer my heart in the simmer days,
Mair than the birdie's sang.

Oh ! my heart is wae when I think he's oot
In the awsome ragin' blast,
May-be noo clingin', a' droukit wi' spray,
To the high an' dizzy mast ;
An' shiverin' sair in the pitiless storm,
Wi' his face baith wan an' pale,
'Bune the tempest's roar an' the moanin' sea
He cries wi' a feeble wail.

For, the day, as I wauner'd roun' the shore,
In a kin' o' a waukrife swoon,

I thocht I heard cries of despair frae a ship
In the howe o' a wave gaun doun;
An' the nicht, wi' the sea-maw's eerie cry,
An' the dashin' snawy faem,
Oh! wae is my weary heart as I pray
That Willie was safely hame.

JAMES RAE.

WE are generally inclined to feel that with the highest forms of poetry the spirit of fun has little to do, though our best poets have had a "twinkle in the eye" at times, and produced quite as humorous literature as many of their prose brethren. Gifted in many ways, the subject of our present notice—who is better known as the author of the rich and racy sketches of Scottish life and character, entitled "The Jeems Papers"—is the writer of numerous sweetly melodious songs, showing that he possesses the tenderness and feeling of the true poet, as well as the cheerful heart of the pawky humorist.

James Rae was born at Dennyloanhead, Stirlingshire, in 1842. His father removed from hence to the village of Causewayhead while "Jeems" was still a child, and carried on the business of a cartwright for seven or eight years under the shade of the Abbey Craig. Here our poet received his early education—his teacher being a man who had to be carried to the schoolroom by the village blacksmith, as he was unable to walk. This, we are told, did not prevent him from keeping the scholars "in terror of the tawse. The old schoolhouse stands yet, with its low walls and mud floor; and the blacksmith still pursues his calling under the title of Provost Bean." Mr Rae next removed with his family to the village of Carse Mill,

about one mile east from Stirling, where he remained till his death. He was a good musician, and filled the post of precentor in Logie Parish Church for a number of years. His eldest son (the subject of our notice) attended Allan's School in Stirling for some time, and latterly he was educated at the Academy in Bannockburn, under Mr Wilson. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to a Stirling coachmaker, but things did not go smoothly with master and apprentice. The result was that James went to Glasgow, where he continued his trade in the employment of Mr John Robertson, now one of the largest coachbuilders in Scotland, with whom he remained for sixteen years. While in Mr Robertson's service the practical nature of Mr Rae's ingenuity was evidenced by the manner in which many of his inventions were received. Here he first "committed the sin of rhyming." Our poet's next position was manager of the coachbuilding works of the Glasgow Tramway and Omnibus Company, where he had general charge of the buildings and plant. In this situation he continued for sixteen years, and during that time took out many patents for mechanical appliances, which have made his name well known in the mechanical world.

Mr Rae is, however, as we have said, more widely known under the *nom-de-plume* of "Jeems," as a songwriter, and also as the author of the sprightly-written "Jeems Papers"—originally contributed by him to the *Stirling Journal* and other newspapers, but afterwards appearing in three profusely and cleverly illustrated shilling volumes. He has also published in book form "Prose and Rhyme o' Leisure Time," "Jubilee Collection of Songs and Music"; also "Songs and Ballads"—a beautifully got-up work, with music to most of the songs, and an excellent portrait of the author. He studied music at the Glasgow Mechanics' Institute under the late Samuel Barr, and

many of his songs, for which he composed the music, have met with wido favour in sheet form. Mr Rae is a Fellow of the Society of Science and Art (London). He was President of the Banks Burns Club, Glasgow, and on leaving that city for his native town the members presented him with a gold medal and chain. After being engaged for a time in a business ill-suited to his tastes—but which gave him a greater knowledge of life and character—he resolved to devote himself entirely to literary work, scarcely a week passing without something strong and vigorous appearing from his facile pen. As *The Bailie* says—"Mr Rae is altogether a man of wecht, and in more than one reading of the phrase." We have seen that he has come to the front in such varied ways as an inventor of some note, as a composer of vocal and instrumental music, as a clear and incisive speaker, and as an author of many smart but good-natured squibs and lampoons in the couthie Doric, and in which he shows a keen appreciation of the ridiculous, and the gift of quiet, pawkie humour. We are now to prove that he can, in the heart-reaching vernacular, tune his lyre to the happiest of love-lilts and the tenderest of homely pictures. He possesses the clear vision, the fine feeling of rhythm, the playful fancy, the genuine touches of deep pathos, and the occasional irrepressible drollery that enables him, as in his prose, to paint with spirit, and to amuse without vulgarity.

THE WORLD GAED VERY WEEL THEN.

Why do we want ev'rything to be new?
Wi' auld things we noo canna fen,
Tho' things gaed as weel as e'en they dae noo;
Yes, the world gaed very weel then.

Chorus.—O, the world gaed very weel then;
Yes, the world gaed very weel then;
I'll no gi'e the auld in exchange for the new,
For the world gaed very weel then.

I mind auld grannie aye gaed to the kirk
On Sabbaths, come drouth or come rain,
Wi' shawl ower head, and new pipit mutch,
And the world gaed very weel then.

O, the world, &c.

We fed on parritch and guid butter-m lk,
And o' bairns there wis eight or ten;
Nae ailments had we, but happy as bees,
For the world gaed very weel then.

O, the world, &c.

My grannie's lang dead, my mither is auld,
And the youngsters hae a' grown men;
My heart warms up when I think o' oor youth,
For the world gaed very weel then.

O, the world, &c.

Mither's a grannie, and keeps a bit coo,
And bides in a snug but-and-ben;
She'll no gi'e the auld in change for the new,
For the world gaed very weel then.

O, the world, &c.

THE AULD HOOSE.

Dae ye mind the auld hoose,
The auld clay biggin' o't?
Dae ye mind the auld hoose,
The auld strae riggin' o't?
O weel I mind the auld hoose,
I helpit at the biggin' o't;
And hurl'd the clay to mak' the wa's,
And sticks to mak' the riggin' o't.

Weel I mind the auld hoose,
Jean was at the biggin' o't;
Hurl'd strae to thack the roof,
The auld strae riggin' o't.
Weel I mind the auld hoose,
For Jean and I were buckled there;
Forty years ha'e past and gane,
Yes, forty years o' family care.

Weel I mind the auld hoose,
The bairns were a' born there;

Sons that noo ha'e grown men,
Dochters grown women fair.
The auld hoose has served its day,
Ye canna see whaur it was noo ;
It's lang since levelled wi' the grun',
It's lang since furrowed by the plough.

OOR WEE HOOSE.

There are mony odds and ends
In oor wee hoose,
And pleasures nae ane kens
In oor wee hoose.
There is a little wife,
The joy of all my life,
We keep oorsel's frae strife
In oor wee hoose.

There are branches of the vine
In oor wee hoose ;
They are like golden mine,
In oor wee hoose.
The sisters and the brithers
Rin helpin' yin anither,
And the bairn's awfu' clever,
In oor wee hoose.

It rins and rugs their hair.
In oor wee hoose ;
And tumbles ower a chair,
In oor wee hoose.
And then ye'll hear a roar,
I've to gang and steek the door,
While she yells upon the floor,
In oor wee hoose.

She comes rinin' to me greetin',
Oor ain wee moose ;
She's roarin' when she's speakin',
Oor ain wee moose.
She then begins to fret,
And says she's dada's pet.
And she keeps the puddin' het,
In oor wee hoose.

Then I lift her on her feet,
Oor ain wee moose ;
And tell her no' to greet,
Oor ain wee moose.

And buy her a nice doll,
An' ca' it Auntie Poll,
But she howks in it a hole,
Does oor wee moose.

BIRKENSHAW.

Ye ken whaur Avon water rins
Alang thy glen wi' pride,
And meanders o'er thy rocky bed
To join the bonnie Clyde?
The trees they meet on ilka side,
The bonniest e'er I saw,
There never was a fairy glen
Like bonnie Birkenshaw.

Chorus.—O bonnie, bonnie Birkenshaw,
My bonnie Birkenshaw,
There never was a fairy glen
Like bonnie Birkenshaw.

The birdies sing among the boughs,
The trout loup frae the linn;
The rabbits gambol on the knowes,
And thro' the brushwood rin.
The pheasants in thy fastness roost,
And on thy rocks the daw,
While wand'ring in thy fairy glen,
O bonnie Birkenshaw.

O bonnie, bonnie, &c.

The lovers, too, they seek thy quiet
To tell the oft-told tale,
And breathe out tender words of love
In thy sweet-scented vale.
And mony vow's been pledged in thee,
And mony a tear let fa',
While wand'ring in thy fairy glen,
O bonnie Birkenshaw.

O bonnie, bonnie, &c.

BONNIE MARY.

The bootree hangs abune the burn,
That wimples by sae clearly;
Whaur oft I've sat, in loving chat,
Wi' her I lo'ed sae dearly.

I've pu'd the berries frae the tree,
And deck'd her like a fairy ;
Entwin'd wi' leaves her auburn hair,
My ain, my bonnie Mary.

Her skin is white as driven snaw,
Her cheeks are red as roses ;
And aft I've kissed her cherry mou'
As gloaming daylight closes.

But autumn strips the bootree leaves,
And bares it o' its berry :
Sae death has nipt my ain true love,
My ain, my bonnie Mary.

MATTHEW COYLE,

ALTHOUGH born, in 1862, in Arva, County Cavan, Ireland, has lived in Scotland ever since he was a few months old. He received his humble education in Port Glasgow, which he calls "a snug little hive of industry, whose shores resound with the music of the waters of the Clyde, blended with the joyous harmony of thousands of hammers emanating from the shipyards that adorn its banks." His school days ended, he was apprenticed to the blacksmith trade, in which line he still continues to work.

When at school, Matthew was much given to reading and reciting poetry, and his schoolmates frequently gathered around him and listened to his "interpretations" of the poems with which the walls were embellished. This love of poetry grew with him as he grew in years, and he took to verse-writing, his first production being printed in the *Greenock Herald* in 1875. Since then he has

regularly contributed to several of the Glasgow, Greenock, and Dundee newspapers, as well as to the *Port Glasgow Observer*, the *Hamilton Advertiser*, and the *Belfast Examiner*—many of his songs having been quoted in the American and Australian journals. The themes of his muse afford evidence that his poems have been composed in the quietude of his cheery fireside—often when straying amidst the beauties of nature, of which he is an intelligent admirer—the rippling of the brook, the sighing of the trees, the humming of the bees, and the singing of the birds inspiring some of his most felicitous utterances; while not a few of his thoughts have received poetical clothing at the anvil—

> While toiling hard, 'midst hiss of steam,
> Where sparks anon do start and gleam,
> And spreading blazes upward stream.

Mr Coyle adopted the *nom-de-plume* of "The Smiddy Muse" for the first time in the *Glasgow Weekly Mail* in 1880, and has continued to write under this cognomen ever since. He has not as yet published in book form, but the following specimens of thoughtful and melodious verse will show that should he resolve to do so his poems and songs are such as would brighten and comfort many a humble fireside. They are clearly the production of a mind that is imbued with the divine afflatus, and while he can paint nature with power and correctness, he can also tickle to laughter by his touches of humour.

MAY THE MOUSE NE'ER LEAVE YER MEAL POKE.

Should fortune's sky be overcast wi' cluds o' darkest hue,
An' snell win's o' adversity are like to pierce ye thro',
Ne'er deviate frae honour's path, but shun the sinfu' way,
Walk hand in hand with virtue, and ye'll never go astray.
To-day ye may be puir eneuch, yet don't let doon yer he'rt,
Wha kens before the sun has set what guid may come yer airt?

I hope a' will hae plenty in this year o' auchty-three—
"May the mouse ne'er leave yer meal poke wi' a sad tear in its e'e."

Attention never pay to those wha try to rin ye doon,
For he wha wags a slanderous tongue is naething but a loon,
He isna worth the heeding, though his words be gey severe,
Ye're sure to conquer him gin you in silence persevere.
Do not despise yer fellowman though he's possessed o' wealth,
Ye've nae need to be discontent as lang's ye hae yer health;
Be always wise and diligent, mak' dull care tak' its flee—
"May the mouse ne'er leave yer meal poke wi' a sad tear in its e'e."

Tak' counsel and ca' cannie, too, ne'er spend yer hard-earned cash,
For mind the day will come ye'll rue gin ye dae things ower rash;
The best freen that ye ever had, or e'er may hae again,
Is a shilling in yer pocket, gin ye can ca't yer ain.
Aye put dependence in yersel' as on thro' life ye go,
For him ye deem yer dearest freen may be a bitter foe;
Avoid ill-feeling gin ye can, 'mang God's elect to be—
"May the mouse ne'er leave yer meal poke wi' a sad tear in its e'e."

Life's like a tiny vessel launched upon an ocean wild,
Its tossed upon the billow's crest, as helpless as a child;
Its occupants gey aften, though they're hardy, strong, and brave,
In spite o' a' resistance, meet wi' an untimely grave.
But yet we're not to sit and mope, and idly spend oor life,
We should exert oor every nerve to triumph in the strife,
And when the battle's over, joy and pleasure ye will pree—
"May the mouse ne'er leave yer meal poke wi' a sad tear in its e'e."

OOR BONNIE WEE BAIRN.

Noo, Meg, my guidwife, we maun cease to repine
And try to submit to the *fiat* divine;
And while we are here let us work weel to earn
A hame up abune wi' oor bonnie wee bairn.

Since God has seen't fittin' to tak him awa'
To dwell in a land where there's nae frost nor snaw,
We'll believe, for we canna the future discern,
That He's done what is best wi' oor bonnie wee bairn.

Put by his wee trumpet, his horse, and his bell,
His peerie, and ba', and his wee wooden mell ;
For the sicht o' his toys mak's my heart vainly yearn
For a kiss frae the lips o' my bonnie wee bairn.

Nae mair I will gaze on his wee smiling face,
I'll miss every nicht his fond kiss and embrace :
His mammie nae mair his wee stories will learn,
For cauld 'neath the yird lies oor bonnie wee bairn.

Sweet flowers are blooming and birds gaily sing,
But nae joy or pleasure to me they can bring,
Their fragrance or music gie's me nae concern,
My heart's in the grave wi' my bonnie wee bairn.

But let us remember oor Saviour's decree—
Suffer wee bairnies to come unto Me.—
He's free frae life's sorrows, baith rugged and stern,
He's better in heaven, oor bonnie wee bairn.

"INSULA SANCTORUM."

"Insula Sanctorum !" with heartfelt emotion
We look to the future, so fruitful and bright ;
Our hearts cling to thee with the fondest devotion,
The hope of our freedom fills us with delight ;
Though ages of sorrow and sore tribulation
Have bound thee, and kept thee in misery's chain,
The day's not far distant when thou, as a nation,
Will drive away sorrow and flourish again.

Thy children with patience are still persevering
In every land that the sun shines upon ;
The goal of their freedom each day they are nearing,
The struggle for liberty stead'ly goes on.
No ! never before were thy sons so united.
No ! never before did thy chance look so bright,
Although that the cynics our efforts have slighted,
Our zeal becomes stronger to battle for right.
Now soon will thy green flag in triumph be waving,
And Liberty's breeze will embrace it galore ;

Instead of coercion and famine wild raving,
Contentment and joy will replace them once more.
A host of thy sons in the struggle have perished,
And others sprung up who have not been afraid;
And soon will the hope which thy children have cherished
In brightness be realised, never to fade.

KEEP OOT O' THE GLAUR.

As lang's ye're combined in the combat o' life,
And designed to encounter its turmoil and strife,
Aye do yer endeavour and work wi' a will,
And soon ye'll ascend to the tap o' the hill.
While there's life there's hope, ne'er be dowie and sad,
Ye ken we maun a' tak' the guid wi' the bad;
Ne'er sigh nor complain, or ye'll juist mak' life waur,
But aye try and keep yersel' oot o' the glaur.

If misfortune assails ye, wi' sorrow and grief,
Some unforeseen joy may bring timely relief,
So hae patience, and never once meddle wi' care,
As ye ken weel its burden is gey hard to bear,
But still persevere, never grumble or fret—
Prosperity's sun it will shine on ye yet;
So ne'er be disheartened should ye get a scaur,
But aye try and keep yersel' oot o' the glaur.

ALEXANDER E. W. JEFFRYES,

A YOUTHFUL poet of much promise, residing in Pathhead, Kirkcaldy, is a year younger than his gifted friend, Lewis Grant, noticed in our Twelfth Series. He was born in Dysart, Fifeshire, in 1874, and having received but a very elementary educational training at the East Parish School, Kirkcaldy, he was apprenticed to the trade of a house-painter, at which calling he is already giving

evidence of abnormal taste and cleverness. He previously attended during several years a half-time school at Sinclairtown. When our readers learn that he wrote several lengthy poems, full of delicate fancy and keen imagination, ere he reached his fifteenth year—notably "An Ocean Reverie," which we regret is too long for giving here in full—it will readily be believed that if he continues as he has begun, there are ample signs that he will write verse that will live.

Mr Jeffryes devotes much of his leisure time to study and writing. Being of a shy, retiring nature, and rather modest, it was only after repeated efforts that we could get his consent to allow the selection we give "to appear in print." "The Ruined Castle" was written ere he had reached his fifteenth year, and "The Fire of Inspiration" was composed after reading in our Twelfth Series Lewis Grant's "Gift of Agony." In his more lengthy poems two gifts are manifest—an ear for melody, almost always true; and a keen consciousness of the realities of life. Graceful fancy and apt similes make even his shortest poems suggestive of strength and completeness. There is no apparent effort to polish, and his thoughts seem to flow smoothly and uninterruptedly. His mind is evidently clear, and his power of poetical expression is, for one of his years, vigorous and true.

THE RUINED CASTLE.

When dreary forests briskly waved and bowed,
Amid both wintry blasts and summer sighs,
In yonder vale that, stretching, meets the cloud,
Where now a city's spires and domes arise,
And upward tower toward the peaceful skies,
Glittering 'neath cloudless moon and twinkling star;
Bright as that beam the watchful sailor spies,
Showing where danger lurks while yet afar,
Or falchion's sudden flash o'er the bold ranks of war.

How strong and massive were thy towering walls,
By many a waving banner gaily crowned;

How lofty, wide, and long thy vaulted halls,
Decked o'er with curious carvings all around ;
Then by thy trembling drawbridge might be found
Some faithful warder with his bugle horn,
The warning summons loud and long to sound,
Should there upon his wakeful ear be borne
The sound of foeman's tread from parting day till morn.

How oft, as dreary evening closed around
Thy roof, and walls that seemed to mock at foes
Retained the soft, the faint, and dying sound
That from the harp's low, melting strings arose,
Hushing the weary warrior to repose,
Who might have seen the early dawn to peep
Before his heavy eyelids sought to close,
Or troubled bosom rest in slumbers deep,
Had these soft lulling sounds ne'er soothed his breast in sleep.

Beneath the carvings that adorned thy halls
Full many a warriors' blood-stained weapon hung ;
The axe and broadsword garnished forth thy walls
That stalwart arm had oft in battle swung.
Spear, glittering crest, and heavy mail were flung
Across thy polished floor of massive oak ;
Target and thirsty lance that fierce had rung,
Obedient to the bugler's blast awoke,
And fierce and loud the swell of bloody battle broke.

Nor failed the hermit old (who chanced to stray
Beneath thy gloomy form so bold and strong,
As dreary evening stole the light away,
And stilled in slumbers deep the noisy throng)
To hear the sounds of dancing and of song,
The lively thrumming of the light guitar,
The bugle's strains, resounding loud and long ;
Then as the changeful breezes fainting far,
Tinging the warrior's cheek at thought of raging war.

But yonder glowing moon (that oftimes flung
Upon thy bannered walls its glances pale,
When high o'er all thy form majestic sprung
As the bold monarch of the peaceful dale)
Now sadly views thy ruined walls so frail,
No longer bearing flag or turret high,
But sorely dreading ev'ry strengthening gale,
Lest their mossed forms in utter ruin lie,
When tempests sink again, and peace dawns in the sky.

The faithful guardian of thine entrance grave
No longer by thy frowning gateway keeps

Safe watchful guard, while ev'ry inmate brave
Beneath thy awful form in safety sleeps.
The earliest beam of eastern light that peeps
Is hailed alone by thy deserted halls,
The envious ivy twig that fondly creeps
O'er the rude carvings of thy roofless walls,
And thy unguarded bridge, that now no longer falls.

No longer, as dark evening folds her wings
O'er bustling life and city's noisy crowds,
Steal from thy walls the harp's faint murmurings,
Or its triumphant notes resounding loud
(Save when the lofty pine is waved and bowed,
And whispers with each breeze's gentle sigh,
Or when the moon steals from the shadowing cloud,
Is heard the moping owl's complaining cry),
A death-like stillness reigns o'er thy dark form so high.

Now heaps of ruin lie confused across
Thy floors, where once the spear and helmet shone;
Patches of withered turf and velvet moss
Fringe thy grey walls the broadsword gleamed upon;
Now music, mirth, and life—they all have gone,
As melting snows or life's fast fleeting hour,
And left thy walls, deserted and alone,
To crumble under Time's subduing power,
Till mould'ring dusts disclose where once thy walls did tower.

THE FIRE OF INSPIRATION.

Is it thou, O, ray celestial, thou angelic child of air,
That my soul from sphere terrestrial dost on golden pinions bear,
Where no grief doth ever dim the glory of the seraphim,
Purer than Olympian snows—evermore?

I have felt thy presence nearing, and have heard thy gentle flight,
Ere the morning sun appearing filled the chambers of the night
With a flood of golden splendour; and would'st thou, O, seraph, render
Portion of that heavenly fire—evermore.

Lofty is the theme I covet, yet my spirit sinketh tame,
And the soul wherewith I love it needeth portion of that flame;
For the fire is now within me quenchëd thou had'st rooted in me,
And my breast hath lost its rapture—evermore.

From my canopy hung lofty o'er me in my curtained room,
Came an angel's voice, all softly breathing through the shadowy gloom,

"God, in whom thy spirit liveth, of that fire a portion giveth,
That thy craving soul be filled—evermore.

"Come, thou sp'rit, to Heaven inclining, from thy clay ascending flee
To the realms all fair and shining, where that portion waiteth thee,
Of the fire which groweth ever brighter, and consumeth never,
For that flame unquenchèd burneth—evermore."

Now my spirit, upward soaring (where bright hosts of angels bore
Golden harps, in worship glorying), deeply quaffed that heavenly lore,
Till that raptured soul waxed stronger, which was mine, yet mine no longer,
Since to Heaven its flight is taken—evermore.

AN OCEAN REVERIE.

. . . . . .

The sea! the far expanding sea, it held
Ever for me a charm; it holds it still,
And it shall hold it, while my breast is swelled
With aught that gladdens, aught that seeks to fill
The heart with joy. How changeless is its will;
I love its constancy. I fain would roam
Far o'er its watery wastes; I love it till
I could not love it more. The very foam
That tops the waves I love, where tides adversely come.

I hear wild music blending with its roar,
Hoarse and incessant. Seem the sounds still glad?
Or are they sounds of melancholy, more
Deep than the heart may feel? there is nought sad
In nature; naught to human woe to add;
Man's grief is of himself: the sea's loud noise
Is ever joyful; surely they have had
Wrong fancies, who in grief e'er made a choice
Of wandering by the sea, and listening to its voice.

It rolls with endless roll, as is the will of Him
Who formed the boundless chambers, in whose hand
Are held controlled their waters; in the storm,
As in the calm: and the long line of sand,
Low bordering betwixt the sea and land,
Its tides fast hastening landward may not roll
Beyond, though far the heaving wastes expand.
God's matchless might extends from pole to pole,
And all creation moves beneath His high control.

And, O, my heart, deem'st thou that this poor earth,
Which man hath marked with city and with grange,
Emblems the worlds above, the worlds of mirth
And joyfulness, where neither grief nor change
Were ever known? Art thou to reason strange?
Nay, nay, my heart; not emblem hast thou known
Of heaven's changelessness, beyond the range
Of ocean—lovelier—who fills the throne
Above, its constancy bade image forth His own.

. . . . . .

And thou, O Time! what thy dark, care-worn eye
Hath seen surpasseth man to know, whose brief
Existence seems of autumn's breath a sigh,
To which the tree casts its untimely leaf,
As if 'twould part with all—sorrow-in-chief—
Since it must mourn the summer's last decay,
Nor see a distant shadow of relief,
Nought save dark autumn chasing life away,
And the wild gloomy months of winter on the way.

The pangs and sorrows of six thousand years
Have written on thy brow deep lines; have heaved
With many a sigh thy bosom, when the tears
Gathered, yet would not flow, and unrelieved
Remained thy heart; of many a child relieved,
Hast thou with faltering steps still plodded on
Through generations long, nor ought received
To soothe thy wounded spirit—no! nor one
To pity thee, or share thy sorrows with their own.

On all Creation hast thou laid thy hand,
And wrought thy great and changeful will; the womb
Of generations hast thou opened, and
Led forth thy children in their lovely bloom,
And scattered them throughout the world's wide room;
Thou'st raised great kingdoms, cities hast thou built,
And nations formed to bless or to consume;
Some have in goodness grown, some sunk in guilt—
What wonders hast thou done, and do thou ever wilt!

Thou hast deep planted in thy children's breast
A love of liberty, a love to seek
And to maintain; and nations sore oppressed
Thou hast raised proudly up, their wrath to speak
In the wild hideous roar, and groan, and shriek
Of raging conflict, and their rights restore;
When stronger empires over-ruled the weak,
And rose the weak like eagle's rapturous soar,
Vowing to drag the chains of tyranny no more.

For thus the spirit of vengeance shall arise,
And, kindling ever in its wild career,
Fill the bold heart—for liberty that cries,
With sternest bravery, mingled not with fear;
And in the warrior's breast, renewing cheer,
Still aid him on, his arm again to raise,
When wasted in his strength, and, with a tear,
He, lagging, drops his blood-stained sword, and lays
His hand on his worn brow to shade his painful gaze.

And thou hast followed them unto the field,
Where wild the reeling hosts of battle swayed,
And the fierce clang of armour, sword, and shield,
And roar, and desperate shout, loud mingling, made
A noise like sudden thunder's angry raid,
When the huge jaws of the broad tempest-cloud
Engulf the sun, and throwing their black shade
Against the earth—like torrents foaming loud—
Pour down the sheeted rains upon the world's dark shroud.

And as thou'st watched the generations glide
Swiftly away, and youth and manhood fade,
And wearying age at length to rest subside—
Churchyards have marked the earth where thou hast strayed
And cemeteries wide, where have been laid
Unnumbered millions, and Cathedrals old,
'Neath whose dark aisles have mouldered bones that stayed
Warriors in fields of fight—the foreheads bold—
Once bound with laurels, or bedight with crowns of gold.

And yet O wondrous Time, howe'er so great,
Ne'er were thine age-marks seen beyond the land:
Though nought on earth thy power might emulate,
'Twas ever bounded by the ocean sand;
And further mightst thou ne'er extend thy hand,
Nor work thy changes on the rolling deep,
Where, all unbound, the watery wastes expand,
Nor at thy will the changeless ocean keep,
Nor with the drowsy world soothe its rough breast in sleep.

. . . . .

And love I still to linger by the shore,
When thou, O Time! hast moulded to thy will
All of creation thy hand stretcheth o'er;
To linger, and to list when all is still,
And peace unbroken, night's dark chambers fill,
Unbroken—save by the glad waves' wild play,
Which doth unchanged remain, and shall, until
Thy cumb'rous burden drops, and thou dost lay
Thee down in peace to rest, where ends thy weary way.

Pure, joyous, boundless, and unchangeable ;
O ! image of the Everlasting King,
O ! likeness of the regions beautiful,
O ! emblem of th' Almighty's throne, where sing
The angels glorified, and loudly ring
Heav'n's mansions wide with one eternal song ;
As clung it ever, so my heart doth cling
To ocean still, that, lovely, rolls along,
Haunted with harmonies that live the waves among.

JAMES KINLAY

WAS born at Cupar Fife in 1838, and for over thirty years has carried on the business of house-painter in Pathhead, Kirkcaldy. Until 1883 he had very little literary experience, but in that year his energetic action against certain public grievances of long standing brought to the light dormant powers, and he became the successful hero of the day, and many of his poetical effusions, as well as his prose articles and sketches in the public prints, were full of caustic satire, and enjoyed wide popularity. Since then he has entered on his third term as a Town Councillor, and has proved himself a much-valued and useful public servant. Lewis Grant's first rhyming effort, and the persecution he was subjected to therefrom, drew from Mr Kinlay a vigorous "Defence," which proved almost prophetic in its "estimate," and brought him the close friendship of the young and rising bard. Our poet was also the first to encourage and bring under our notice the remarkable productions of Mr Jeffryes—the subject of the foregoing sketch. Mr

Kinlay's muse is vigorous, and is keenly sarcastic when handling oppression and wrong. His patriotism is robust, and when dealing with the fair scenes of Nature he proves the truth that poetry and painting is the media through which our sense of the beautiful has been most successfully developed.

OUR DARLING.

And hast thou left us here to mourn,
Our much loved boy?
Have angels thy bright spirit borne
To land of joy?
We thought it hard that thou shouldst leave
The home thou lighted up; we grieve
For thee, and sighs our bosoms heave,
Our darling.

Yet, why lament?—if thou art called
To sweetly rest
A little lamb, safe in the fold,
On Jesus' breast.
Thy journey has gone quickly past,
No earthly cares thy mind harassed;
O, safely thou art home at last,
Our darling.

O when we view thy morning life—
Those happy days!
How free from envy and from strife
Thy childish plays;
Gentle and innocent thou wert,
The merry laugh from joyous heart!
O, sad it was from thee to part,
Our darling.

Thou wert thy mother's darling, too;
She lov'd thee well
Ere yet she took her last adieu
In heaven to dwell
Soon, soon, alas! the summons came
To call thee home: a higher claim
Our God preferred—blest be His name!
Our darling.

PREJUDICE.

How fiercely hath grim Prejudice held sway,
That darkens with its gloom the light of day,
And, in our midst with stern blindfolded eyes,
Would fain insist—no sun was in the skies,
Because, forsooth, its optic's stubborn spark
For want of power or want of will keeps dark!
This enemy of progress aye has striven
To blot our sun from out the vault of heaven—
That sun of Truth which, by its genial ray,
Doth ever tend to drive our mists away.
Alas! stern Prejudice is loath to yield,
Its pigmy hosts would fain retain the field,
Its pigmy standards set to circumscribe,
What pigmy truths it's managed to imbibe;
And, if on further search one fain would venture,
It strives to block the road itself won't enter,
But, Time moves on with steady silent tread,
And with it, slow yet sure, Truth rears its head,
And as its rays increase to perfect day,
The mists of Prejudice shall melt away;
Long persecuted Truth, with flag unfurled,
Shall then victorious reign o'er all the world!

SCOTIA VERSUS LUNNON.

The Scotch hae proved a hardy race,
An' lang held high ascendance,
For ages past they've kept their place
Wi' sturdy independence;
An' yet at times ilk Southron King
(His features stampt wi' cunnin',)
Made vain attempts our land to bring
In servitude to Lunnon.

Chorus—That awfu' tyrant Lunnon,
That greedy vampire Lunnon,
It seems sae queer we daurna steer
Without consent o' Lunnon!

Sax hunner years an' mair hae gaen
Sin' guid King Sandy left us,
An' bitter cause we'd to bemain
The Royal life bereft us.
This cloud that darkened Scotia's gloom,
Was only the beginnin'
O mony mair that 'gan to come
Frae proud imperious Lunnon.

That awfu' tyrant Lunnon, &c.

King Neddie then, wi' pride puffed up,
Cuist envious een upon her ;
He struggled hard the prize to grip
Wi' clutches void o' honour ;
He saw her hapless widowed state,
Sae wi' his hosts cam' rinnin'
To wrench frae her her Royal Seat
An' bear it aff to Lunnon.

That awfu' tyrant Lunnon, &c.

He ettled hard to seize her croon
To croon his bold invasion,
An' tried his best to crush her doon
Whaur he could find occasion ;
He made his victims smart fu' sore,
His blows fell hard an' stunnin'
Till he garred her bleed at every pore,
A sacrifice to Lunnon.

That awfa' tyrant Lunnon, &c.

Ah ! weel ye ken the upshot o't,
Hoo Bruce an' Wallace faced him,
An' finally the tyrant got
A thrust that clean disgraced him ;
His hosts were driven frae our soil
Like peeries southward spinnin',
They left ahent them a' their spoil,
An' toddled hame to Lunnon.

That awfu' tyrant Lunnon, &c.

Weel ! since that time nae mair they've tried
To fecht us wi' sic armour,
A bettter plan they've noo espied,
An' played the pairt o' charmer ;
They've gulled us ower wi' siren sangs,
An' gained their end wi cunnin',
Yes, they've wiled puir Scotia in their fangs
An' tackled her to Lunnon.

That awfu' tyrant Lunnon, &c.

ROBERT DUTHIE.

POETRY, more in the way of description than definition, has been described as love—pure, refined affection for the beautiful forms of the material universe, for the beautiful affections of the human soul, for the beautiful passages of the history of the past, for the beautiful prospects which expand before us in the future. Such love burning to passion, attired in imagery, and speaking in music, is the essence of the soul of poetry. Purity, refinement, and affection are noteworthy features in the poems and songs by the subject of this short sketch. He was born in 1826 at Stonehaven, Kincardineshire, where his father, who was a baker, died at an early age, leaving his widow to conduct the business and bring up his young family—a task she industriously and carefully fulfilled. Robert had for some time been a schoolmaster, but on his father's death he relinquished that profession in order to assist his mother. In such duties (says the writer of a brief memoir appended to his volume of "Poems and Songs"—Stonehaven: John Taylor, 1866), "he passed his early years, diversified only by those amusements and little episodes which generally make up the every-day life in small towns of young men who, from manners and kindliness of heart, are favourites. Scarcely a merry-making, marriage, christening, or pic-nic could be considered complete without his presence; yet he continued to acquire a large fund of information on many of the popular subjects of the day, to become well acquainted with the antiquarian lore of the district, and occasionally to write poetry." In the prosecution of his antiquarian researches, he collected a small museum of interesting objects, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to exhibit and describe them. Fond of

his native town, our poet gathered together an immense number of facts connected with the historical associations of the district, but he was taken away ere they could be prepared for publication. Mr Duthie held the office of Town-Clerk at the time of his death. Hitherto his life had been occupied in writing poetry, essays, and tales for newspapers, attending to his business, aided by his mother's experience and personal attention. Never of a strong constitution, the confined nature of his employment and incessant application to business, proved too much for his frame, and he gradually sunk of consumption. He died in 1865, leaving a widow and three children—one son and two daughters. The youngest drew its first breath just as her father's soul winged its flight to inherit immortality. In this respect there is a parallel with Burns, whose youngest child was born on the day of her father's funeral.

BLIND ALICE.

Upon her lidded eyes so calm and still,
The hard set seal of everlasting night ;
She murmur'd not, for in her heart of hearts
Contentment dwelt : but when a passer by,
In kindly speech, would mourn her sad defect,
And say, perchance, "a pity 'twas, that one
So passing fair, should languish thus alone,
Shut, in, alas ! in cheerless solitude ;
Shut out from all the glorious scenes of earth."
Then would she give expression to her thoughts,
And thus exalt her own peculiar joys.

They speak to me of beauteous things
That deck the earth and gem the distant skies ;—
Of that which to mine unawaken'd eyes
A barren pleasure brings :
Why only speak of these ? Why make to me
This limit of their kindly sympathy ?

They speak of flowers that bloom
Of every hue and every depth of shade ;
Of stars upon the brow of heaven display'd
To cheer the midnight gloom ;—
Of fiery meteors swiftly flitting by ;
Of streamers shimmering in the northern sky.

They speak of breezy hills,
Whose crests, out-peering from their misty shrouds,
Tower up the blue among the flying clouds ;—
Of valleys, lakes, and rills ;
Of level fields and undulating leas ;
Of quiet glades among the whispering trees.

They speak of storm and calm ;—
Of shade and sunshine on the mighty sea ;
Of waves that leap to the wild melody
Of ocean shell and shawm
By storm-fiends blown with cold and dewy breath ;
Grim minstrels they, who lead the dance of death.

They speak of these, but why
So slow to speak of what I love to hear ?
The mingled voices of this happy sphere,
Streams of delight supply
To all my sentient being—brightening up
The brimming joys of life's Elysian cup.

O ! I would list the strains
Which make the echoes of the woodland ring ;—
Would list awhile the lark on fluttering wing,
Poised in those airy plains
He maketh vocal with his merry lay,
From early dawn until the close of day.

And I would hear the wind
Go blustering by ; would hear the surging noise
Of stormy waves, and the loud thunder's noise
Volum'd and uncontined,
Pealing afar, or crashing over-head,
Loud as the trump, which yet shall wake the dead.

But most of all, I love
To hear the cadences of speech and song
Which to the human voice alone belong ;
For these are they that move
The sweet emotions of the raptur'd soul,
Beyond the point where reason would control.

And what tho' blindness bars
God's outer works from my weak sense of sight?
My inward eye can dissipate the night;—
Can fill the heaven with stars,
The earth with flowers and creatures animate:
Yea, can, in fancy, fairest worlds create!

O! I have lived in dreams
A denizen of brighter worlds than this;
O! I have tasted of a purer bliss,
Than that which freely teems
From grosser founts in our more lowly sphere;
Yet of that bliss ours is a foretaste here.

Then why should I repine
At Heaven's afflictive hand? I yet am left
The powers of speech and hearing, and the gift
Of reason still is mine;
Why should I murmur? many have them not:
I think of these and bless my happier lot.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR HEART.

Here's a health to the friends of our heart—
To the friends that are chosen and few;
Here's a health to the friends of our heart—
To the trusted, the faithful, and true;
For their friendship is more than a name,
Or a blazon of empty parade;
It is honest and pure, as it's stable and sure,
In the midst of the sunshine or shade.

Here's a health to the friends of our heart,
And their friendships that "never say die;"
For the solace and aid they impart
Will the brunt of misfortune defy;
They will bear us above our distress;
They will whisper sweet peace to the mind;
And to them we will cling, for the blessings they'll bring
In our hearts shall be ever enshrined.

Here's a health to the friends of our heart,
Who are ever from flattery free,
And the praises bequeathing a smart,
Which we hate both in kind and degree;
For the heart-spoken truth we admire,
Be it strung with a sigh or a smile;
'Tis the truth of a friend, and the truth to the end,
Of a bosom untainted with guile.

Here's a health to the friends of our heart,
Whom we hold of the nearest the near;
Here's a health to the friends of our heart,
Whom we hold of the dearest the dear:
Of all that are faithful and true,
And by deeds would their faithfulness prove,
They're the best of the good in the whole sisterhood—
Then a health to the hearts that we love.

JOHN DICKIE,

AUTHOR of several beautiful hymns, was born at Irvine in 1823. At an early period he developed studious habits, and cherished ardent longings to become a minister. By means of teaching he earned the wherewithal to pursue his studies at College. About the close of his first session in the Hall, symptoms of pulmonary consumption began to make their appearance, and, notwithstanding the unfavourable verdict of the local doctors, hope urged him to seek advice and treatment elsewhere. But the same judgment was pronounced by the most eminent physicians of Glasgow and London, and he was given to understand that there was absolutely no hope of his surviving for another year. He, however, studied his own constitution, and adopted a system of dietetics which he believed was suited to it, and lived a life of extreme abstemiousness, but of no small usefulness to his fellow creatures for the long period of forty years. Being compelled by the state of his health to discontinue his studies with a view to the ministry, he became, after a short cessation from mental and physical labour, a missionary in Irvine He subsequently laboured for a considerable time in the same capacity

in Kilmarnock. His labours there were not in vain. God gave him many trophies of grace, not the least remarkable of which was the blacksmith, Philip Sharkey. The tract he published of Philip's conversion was a great favourite with the late Professor Sir James Simpson, who called it "my tract," and who used to distribute it by hundreds. While serving the cause of his Master by teaching publicly, and from house to house, he laboured not less diligently with the pen. For this he was well qualified both by natural gifts and by extensive and judicious reading and observation. He contributed for the *Family Treasury* an interesting serial story. For the same periodical he wrote "The Legend of the Golden Month," a serial treating of the life, labours, and times of Chrysostom. He had in Nelson & Sons' hands a very important and elaborate work at the time that the establishment of that publishing firm was destroyed by fire. The loss of this he greatly regretted, as, owing to physical weakness, he was unable to reproduce it. Mr Dickie contributed also several important tracts and booklets to the Dublin Tract Society, which were highly appreciated, and obtained a wide circulation. Besides prose, he wrote many beautiful poems, hymns, and sonnets, some of which were greatly admired by competent judges, both in this country and America. He also contributed to the *Christian Treasury* and other magazines under the signature "J. D." During the last months of his residence in Kilmarnock he was very weak, and he was removed to Irvine, where he spent the closing period of his life in the home of loving relatives, by whom he was carefully tended till his death, which took place in January 1891.

LOWLY SERVICE.

I am not sent a pilgrim here
My heart with earth to fill;

But I am here God's grace to learn,
And serve God's sovereign will.

He leads me on through smiles and tears,
Grief follows gladness still;
But let me welcome both alike,
Since both work out His will.

The strong man's strength to toil for Christ,
The fervent preacher's skill,
I sometimes wish—but better far
To be just what God will.

I know not how this languid life
May life's vast ends fulfil:
He knows; and that life is not lost
That answers well His will.

No service in itself is small,
None great, though earth it fill;
But that is small that seeks its own,
And great that seeks God's will.

Then hold my hand, most gracious Lord!
Guide all my goings still;
And let this be my life's one aim—
To do, or bear Thy will.

A LOWLY LIFE-PSALM.

All gone, all gone, for this life gone,
My days of health and strength;
Wearied and worthless, glad were I
To welcome home at length:
And yet I'm happier far in truth
Than e'er I was in buoyant youth;
For, Jesus, Thou art more to me
Than health and strength and youth could be.

All gone, all gone, for this life gone,
Dear hopes most fondly nursed;
They glittered long around my path,
Till each bright bubble burst.
I wept; but oh! the blest despair
Has led me heaven's own joys to share;
For, Jesus, thou art more to me
Than Hope's fond dreams fulfilled could be.

All gone, all gone, for this life gone,
My soul's elastic spring ;
Of vigour stript, I shrink aside—
A crushed and useless thing.
Yet this is gain, for thus I prove
Far more His patient, pitying love,
And sweeter, safer this to me
Than self-reliant strength could be.

And going fast, while most are gone,
Lov'd friends of early days ;
The world grows stranger year by year ;
I lose, but not replace.
'Tis well ! I'm cast the more on One ;
Stars scarce are missed while shines the Sun ;
And, Jesus, Thou art more to me
Than lov'd and loving hearts could be.

Dear Lord, I thankfully kiss the hand
That gently stripped me bare,
And laid me on Thy tender breast,
To lose my sorrow there.
'Twas anguish when earth's cup was spill'd,
But now with Thee 'tis overfilled ;
For, Jesus, Thou art more to me
Than all earth's brimming cups could be.

What grace ! to show a soul so vile
Thy more than mother's care,
And lead through wreck of earth's poor joys
Thy joys with Thee to share.
What grace ! that Thou to such hast given
The foretaste now of feast in heaven ;
The foretaste even now to me
More than a thousand worlds would be.

NO! NOT DESPAIRINGLY.

No ! not despairingly
Come I to Thee ;
No ! not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea—
Jesus hath died.

Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin :
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been.

Purge then my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
Lord, make me clean.

Then all is peace and light
This soul within ;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved Unseen ;
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

ROBERT HOUSTON.

ROBERT HOUSTON was born at Aberdeen in 1860, and was the elder son of the late Robert S. Houston, a well-known engraver in that city. He was educated at the Town's School and at Robert Gordon's Hospital (now Gordon's College), and on leaving the latter institution was apprenticed, in 1875, to Sir Alexander Anderson, advocate, an ex-Lord Provost of Aberdeen. In the winter of 1889 Mr Houston developed signs of phthisis, and in the spring of the following year he went out to Natal, in the hope that a warm climate might restore him. At first he seemed to derive some benefit from the change, but he rapidly sank under successive attacks of hemorrhage, and died in October 1890. He was well known and esteemed in literary circles, being a frequent contributor both in prose and verse to all the local papers, where his signature "R. H." was well and favourably known. Some of his poems show fine culture, and are deeply reflective. They are generally characterised by liveliness of fancy and vigour of expression, with occasional touches of quiet, rich humour.

NEVER FORGET.

Never forget! May the clouds never come
'Twixt the gazer's eye and the dream above;
Oh! ne'er may your heart to my pleadings be dumb,
Or fail to respond to my message of love.
Ne'er be that forehead enveloped with care
That over thy life shall its sorrows beset;
May the fragrance of memory ever be there,
Oh! never forget, love, never forget.

Birds build their nests where they built them last year,
The young love the places long hallowed by old,
And longing is deeper and love is more dear
Where memory's river does never run cold.
Oh! look to the sun at the dawn or the setting,
Bask in the beams that its course beget;
Then, though all life may be doomed to regretting,
Oh! never forget, love, never forget.

JOHNNIE'S NEW BREEKS.

Oor Johnnie's noo's as proud's a prince,
An' hauds his head as high,
There's nane maun dare to chaff him since
He's been awa' up bye.
He's felt himsel' a man for lang,
An' maist for twa-three weeks;
An' sae he thocht it fairly wrang
He shouldna yet hae breeks.

But noo his greatest hope's put richt,
An' Johnnie's weel nigh crack—
The man o' shears cam' ower last nicht
Wi' something in his pack
That made young Johnnie's heart gae quick,
As in the pack he keeks—
For there he spies, a' span an' spick,
A gran' new pair o' breeks.

When we were anxious to be tall,
When big, be wee again,
When young we're wantin' to be auld,
When auld to youth we're fain;
But 'mangst the milestanes that we pass,
An' hills wi' towering peaks,
We aften see, as in a glass,
Oor first new pair o' breeks.

GORDON'S HOSPITAL.

The auld hoose! the auld hoose!
What though the wa's are there,
The faces that we kent langsyne
Now haunt the place nae mair;
For time an' pace hae set their mark
On things that used to be;
But whiles we grudge the changing han'
We canna help but see.

There's memories at ilka turn
O' playgrun', room, an' wa',
An' faces kent look doon the years
Where'er your feet may fa';
There's faces at the windows there
We hinna seen for years,
An' some sigh through their weary smiles,
An' some smile through their tears.

There's nae a room or corner yet
O' playgrun' or o' ha'
But blin'-fold I could get at ance,
Though time has changed them a';
There's nae a face I kent afore
I couldna ca' to min',
But, oh! I dinna ken them noo
As weel's I kent them syne.

For north and south they've wandered far,
An' east an' west they've gane,
To seek fair fortune's favoured smile,
An' the auld hoose stan's alane.
The maisters an' the scholars baith
Are gane ower life an' line—
There's mony new-come faces there
Sin' them o' auld langsyne.

The auld hoose! the auld hoose!
When years are dwindlin' doon,
We'll closer keep the memories
Its wa's that circle roon'.
The lads we kent when a' were young,
Though young nae mair we be,
We'll keep in min' for sake o' days
That here nae mair we'll see.

WILLIAM GORDON.

WE have given examples of several gifted modern Scottish poets who at one time filled humble, though responsible, positions on the railway. William Gordon, author of a number of truly pathetic ballads and very melodious songs, is a native of the parish of Bourtie, Aberdeenshire, and was born in 1857. When four years of age he was sent to the parish school—the teacher being his maternal grand-uncle, the late Rev. James Mearns, who, as the title indicates, belonged to the old class of parochial schoolmasters, qualified to preach as well as to teach. This relative took a warm interest in the lad, and our poet cherishes the greatest respect for his memory. On reaching the age of eleven, stern necessity demanded that he should begin to do something towards earning his own livelihood. Accordingly he was hired out as a "herd laddie" to a small farmer. From that time until he was eighteen he continued, with only two breaks, "at service oot amang the farmers roun." These intervals were winter seasons spent at school, during which he evidently made good use of his time, for we learn that at the end of the second term he was specially proficient in arithmetic and English grammar, and "knew a little of Latin." In his nineteenth year he entered the service of the Caledonian Railway Company as a porter at Bridge-of-Dun Station, and afterwards he acted in the same capacity at Brechin. Ultimately, on the opening of the Friockheim Fork for traffic, in 1878, he was appointed signalman at Glasterlaw Junction, which situation he holds at the time we write.

Mr Gordon has always had a liking for literature; he has ever been a great reader; and he is familar with the works of many of the best authors—ancient and

modern. Early in life he began to have the ambition to be able to commit his thoughts to paper, and with this end in view he studied composition and practised essay-writing in his brief leisure moments. His progress, however, was not what he would have liked, and his attention having been drawn in the *People's Friend* to the correspondence classes conducted in connection with Queen Margaret College, Glasgow, he felt that in these he had the desired opportunity for improving his education. He joined the classes during the winter, and studied the prescribed subjects—working hard and sitting late; and though his time was limited, he struggled on, managing to perform the set task in the allotted time. In the second session his diligence and perseverance were rewarded by his gaining a certificate of proficiency in English.

It was not until he was about twenty-four years of age that our poet attempted rhyming. His first production—a humorous reading entitled "The Lazy Wife"—appeared in the *People's Friend*; and it is sufficient proof of its merits to mention that the editor of that popular miscellany has included Mr Gordon's contribution in one of his excellent compilations—"Readings—Pithy and Pawky." Since then he has also contributed essays, prose sketches, and humorous poems, ballads, and songs, at intervals to the *People's Journal*, *Evening Telegraph*, *Weekly News*, and *Arbroath Herald*. In a competition in connection with the first-mentioned newspaper he had the honour of gaining the first prize (a watch) out of a host of competitors for the best verse in continuation or completion of the song "John Anderson, my Jo":—

John Anderson, my jo, John,
If I'm ta'en first awa',
Ye'll no' lat doon yer he'rt, John,
But calmly wait yer ca';

Tho' here we've lo'ed sae weel, John,
A richer love we'll know
When we forgaither 'yont the grave,
John Anderson, my jo.

Quiet humour permeates most of his writings, yet, when he is in the more reflective or sympathetic vein, he evinces much power of imagination and tender gracefulness; and he pictures with great simplicity and felicity the feelings and fancies of childhood.

THE ORPHAN FISHER LASSIE.

"It's a cauld day, guidwife, will ye buy ony fish—
Bonnie smokies, as cheap as they're clean;
I've been trudgin' sin' mornin' the country aroond,
An' I scarcely white silier hae seen.

Dinna turn noo awa' wi' a look o' disdain—
Come an' help me to empty my creel;
Is yer hairt like the mony's as hard as the flint?
Can ye no' for the parentless feel?

I'm an orphan bit lass; I've to fend for mysel',
An' I've twa little brithers at hame
That I try to support, too, the best wye I can,
Tho' nae credit for that wid I claim.

Ye wid hear hoo I cam' by the loss o' my fouk?
Weel, the story is no' very lang;
Yet I canna be tellin't in a'body's hoose,
For it sends thro' my bosom a pang.

But ye're anxious to hear't; very weel, then, ye shall—
My dear father wis skipper, ye ken,
O' the boatie he fondly had named aifter me—
A guid boat that wis feckly his ain.

She had danced o'er the billows in mony a storm,
Little heedin' the sea's angry faem;
But at last, in a terrible gale she wis swamped,
When in sicht o' the land an' o' hame.

She wis swamp'd, an' my kind-hairtit faither wis drooned
Wi' my braw strappin' brither an' a',
While my mither stood wringin' her hands on the beach,
For she widna be keepit awa'.

Ay, she saw them a' droon—ilk ane o' the crew ;
An' when ower wis the heart-rendin' scene,
Frae her lips there cam' only ae lang, wailin' shriek,
Syne she stood as if turn'd intae stane.

Oh, that piteous wail o' the bitterest woe !
I can hear't in my lug even yet ;
An' the look o' despair that I saw in her een
Wis a sicht that I winna forget.

Sune the freendly guidwives cam' an' guidit us hame—
To a hame to be mirthfu' nae mair ;
An' I grat till my hairt was amaist like to burst,
An' my een were baith bloodshot an' sair.

But tho' ill is oor plicht wi' the tears gushin' doon
As we drink oot o' sorrow's black cup,
Yet far deeper that grief is which scorches the hairt
Till the fount o' ane's tears is dried up.

Deep as this, deep as this, wis my puir mither's grief,
Ne'er a tear trickled doon her white cheek ;
An' except that at times she wid mutter a prayer,
No' a wird did she offer to speak.

But this couldna gang on very lang, ye may ken,
As ane's nerves canna bear sic a strain—
Sune the fever had gotten her intae its grips,
An' afire wis the puir throbbin' brain.

Ye will guess what's to come—afore lang had gane by
Her sweet rest my dear mither had faund ;
An' my brithers an' I, weeping orphans, were left
To the care of a Heavenly Hand.

Ah, kindly guidwife, but fu' aft like to brak'
Is the back that maun cairry the creel ;
An' it's cairried by mony a ane mair than mysel'
Wi' a hairt at the brakin' as weel.

Ye're tae buy frae me noo—weel, I'm thankfu' o' that,
Ye've been touched by my story, I see ;
An' ye winna again e'er be harsh or unkind
To a fish-sellin' lassie like me.

Ever think o' the puir fisher fouk wi' respect ;
They are honest, an' toil unco sair ;
An' tho' queer i' their ways an' sae odd i' their claes,
O' life's sorrows they wantna their share."

MITHER AND BAIRN.

Oh, dearie me! what will I dae?
  But this does a'thing croon—
The bairn waukened up again
  Ere yét he's lang laid doon;
And here's the hoose no' hauf redd up,
  'Twad ony ane provoke—
And a' 'cause Sis, the idle ted,
  The cradle winna rock.

Ay, here's the wyte, an' fain I'd flyte,
  But Sissy, truth to tell,
Altho' she's a' the nurse I hae,
  Micht be the bairn hersel';
Sae doon I sit, and start to croon
  A lullaby sae sweet—
Oh, hushie lonnie, hushie ba,
  Lie doon and dinna greet.

But what's the use? the waukrife moose!
  He winna close an e'e,
Sae I'm obleeg'd to tak' him up,
  And jump him on my knee;
I cuddle at him till he's gude,
  Syne kiss his tears awa',
And bore my heid in his wee breist
  To gaur him lauch and craw.

I tie his shoon, I set him doon,
  And watch him for a wee,
As, chasin' pussy through the hoose,
  He's screechin' in his glee;
There's something that I'm waitin' for,
  I'll get it by-and-by—
A certain blink o' his blue een.
  A glance sae fond and sly.

The little doo! I've got it noo,
  And, oh, it's sweet to me!
It pictures weel his daddie's look
  When humour's in his e'e—
A look o' mingled mirth and love,
  It thrills this hairt o' mine,
Which answers aye the magic poo'er
  That won its love langsyne.

But up I get, and aff I set
  To hurry wi' my wark;
That glance has sweetened a' my thochts,
  And I'm as blythe's a lark;

It's soothin' balm for a' my cares,
It's honey to my hairt,
To think my bairn, gin he be spared,
Will play his father's pairt.

BONNIE IS THE LAND O' GARIOCH.

Bonnie is the land o' Garioch,
Bonnie when the summer sun
Glitters on its braes and woodlan's,
Glints through howes where burnies run.
Green the haughs where Don and Ury
Jow and gurgle fu' o' glee,
And o'er a', like queen presidin',
Sits in grandeur Bennachie.

North o' Don and wast o' Ury
There it stretches gracefully—
Purple breastit, rocky crestit,
Craggy, queenly Bennachie.

Bennachie, frae aff thy summit
There's a view the heart to cheer—
Reekin' lums o' peacefu' dwallin's
Dottit thickly far and near,
Here a toon and there a village,
Hamlets mony meet the e'e,
A' sae cosy, trig, and hame-like,
Nestlin' near thee, Bennachie.

North o' Don, &c.

Bonnie, bonnie land o' Gairioch,
Fain wad I in thee abide,
Where the laverock sings its sweetest
By the bonnie Ury's side,
Where the fouk are a' sae blythesome,
An' as kind as kind can be ;
Ah ! it's ill to meet the marrow
O' the fouk roon' Bennachie.

North o' Don, &c.

Hame o' worth and independence,
Nane can lo'e ye mair than I—
Tho' thy sons and daughters never
Quit thy boonds withoot a sigh ;
And where will ye get Gairioch native—
Where, at hame or o'er the sea,
Wha disna cherish fond affection
For the Hill o' Bennachie ?

North o' Don, &c.

JAMES DINGWALL WALKER

WAS born in the Windmill Brae, Aberdeen, in 1839. His father was a handloom weaver of marked character and individuality, and of sufficient eminence in his craft to be selected about the year 1848, to give evidence before an abortive Royal Commission anent the condition of textile manufactures in Scotland. Indeed, we have good reason to believe that he is the typical "knight of the shuttle" sketched in his younger son's "Bards of Bonaccord" (p. 397), and that he nurtured in his sons that love for learning and literature which has marked their subsequent careers. The subject of our sketch was educated at the Grammar School of Aberdeen, but was prevented from passing to the University by a breakdown in health, resulting from severe study and a naturally delicate constitution. He began life as a clerk, but continued his studies, mostly in modern languages, at the evening classes of the Mechanics' Institute. English literature was a pet subject, and the admirable library of that Institution supplied abundant material for extensive reading therein; while the private libraries of gentlemen whose friendship he had secured supplied those literary rarities in connection with early Scottish writers, in the knowledge of which he ultimately became a specialist. When little over twenty he went to Edinburgh, determined to take to literature and journalism as a profession—a bold and hazardous venture. He became acquainted with Mr Russel of the *Scotsman*, and Mr David Laing of the Signet Library; and miscellaneous hackwork of one kind and another came to him in fits and starts from both of these, who soon recognised his accurate scholarship and literary faculty.

After six years residence in Edinburgh, Mr Walker

went to Glasgow, having obtained an appointment on the *Glasgow News*, then being started. He afterwards joined the literary staff of Messrs Blackie & Sons, in whose employment he spent the last fourteen years of his life, rendering invaluable assistance to Dr Annandale in the preparation of "The Imperial Dictionary," "The Students' Dictionary," "The Modern Encyclopædia," and the large five-volume edition of Burns. In the last two of these some of his best work was given, his knowledge of matters pertaining to Scotland and things Scottish being exceptionally extensive and minute.

In addition to the large amount of unrecognised work which falls to the lot of a publisher's editor, he found leisure to contribute from time to time stories, sketches, verse, theatrical and art notes, to the *Aberdeen Weekly Free Press*, *Scottish Leader*, and other newspapers. The most noteworthy of these are a series of articles on the Scottish antiquities brought together in the Bishop's Palace of the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888. He also co-operated with his brother—Mr William Walker, Aberdeen—in the production of "The Bards of Bonaccord" (1887)—a volume of deep interest, evincing fine literary taste—acting not merely as collaborator, but contributing the following articles:—"William Meston," "Mussel-mou'd-Charlie," "Ross of Lochlee," "John Skinner," "Ewan Maclauchlan," "Peter Buchan," "Dr John Longmuir," "John Imlah," "William Anderson," "William Forsyth," and "William Knight." Indeed, the similiarity of taste and general habit of life as students and collectors in the field of Scottish history, antiquities, and literature, enabled these gifted brothers to work together as one, to the eminent advantage of both, and to those who follow in their lines of study.

Specimens of Mr Walker's muse found their way from time to time to the press, but the majority of his

verses remain in manuscript, and are now in possession of his brother. At the time of his death, which took place on 25th April 1891, a writer in the *Weekly Free Press* said:—"In all he wrote, whether in prose or verse (and in Mr Walker there was a true lyric vein) there was an evidence of an intimate acquaintanceship with the history and antiquities of Scotland, while the products of his pen revealed a delicate literary style which gave a charm to all that he wrote." To this it is only necessary for us to add that, from the samples of Mr Walker's "song-gift" we have seen, there is clear evidence of a vigorous mind and true power of expression, and while happy in unfolding shades of character or developing them in action, he seems to have been even more at home in reflection or description. An ever-present dignified tone, and a harmony and correctness of versification show that the author possessed, in a high degree, some of the most essential qualifications of the poet.

DIED AT HIS LOOM.

[An old man named Wm. Lattimer, a hand-loom weaver, residing at 121 Green Street, Calton, died suddenly there this morning. He was in the habit of working by the candle-light at his loom and not going to bed until late in the night. A man who stayed in the house with him thought he was remaining too long, and rose out of bed about one o'clock and went to the loom, where he found old Lattimer dead, with his hand on the shuttle. He was 80 years of age.—*Glasgow Evening Times.*]

Why has the click of the cheery loom
Grown suddenly silent to-night,
While yet the dull candle illumines the gloom,
Like a spectral corpse-light over a tomb,
With eery, flickering light?

The man's head is bent o'er the old *breast-beam*;
The hand on the shuttle is cold;
On the half-finished pattern his white hairs gleam—
Is he dead, or merely away in a dream?
Yes, dead, and eighty years old!

The loom is rickety, old, and frail ;
The man is worn and lean ;
They have aged together, 'mid joy and wail,
Through the sultry heat and wintry gale ;
They have both become one machine.

The world might rush on its restless way,
And people might live or die ;
But his feet sought the *treadles*, his hand the *lay*,
And life took its colour, or sad or gay,
As the pattern grew to his eye.

Habit, with grip like an iron band,
Bound him and his loom in one ;
They fitted each other like glove to hand,
While fast through Time's glass fell the trickling sand,
And years piled on years are done.

No long, lingering sunset ending in gloom
Led him back to the ultimate fold ;
His labour a habit—a joy, not a doom—
The last quivering heart-beat vibrates on his loom—
He is dead, and eighty years old !

IN ROTHESAY KIRKYARD.

This little laughing island of the West
Has here its peaceful city of the dead ;
'Neath smiling sky, and air that breathes of rest—
'Mid flowers and solemn yew trees softly laid,
The silent dead are sleeping.

Around the house of God where erst they sang,
And prayed to Heaven for help in earthly strife,
And eased their souls of many a weary pang
That tore their bosoms in this fevered life
That comes and goes with weeping—

They now lie level—scholar, peasant, lord—
Beneath a coverlet of daisied sod ;
The sinful weakling mourned, the saint ador'd,
The child that wearied to get back to God,
All side by side lie sleeping.

Aye, even here, in "beauty-breathing Bute,"
Quiet as the lazy waves o' th' Western Sea,
Comes Death, to cut the strings of man's life-lute,
And ope the awful door of the To Be,
In spite of all our weeping.

But, 'tween God's acre and the dark Barone,
Loch Fad's calm shimmering water mirrors Heaven,
While on the silent hills, and valleys lone,
And Arran peaks—so gaunt, so grey, and riven—
The drowsy sun is sleeping.

These lift our thoughts beyond this troubled dream,
And from the solemn graveyard on the brae,
To where our true home lies beyond the stream,
Whose waves drown worry, care, and earthly fray,
And where there's no more weeping.

THE AULD CORBIE WELL.

Nigh twenty springs, wi' fresh'ning show'rs,
Hae raised the daisy's heid,
An' wi' their fresh an' balmy breath
Gi'en life where a' was deid ;
Nigh twenty years has flow'ry June
Begemm'd the banks o' Dee,
An' scented a' the balmy air
Frae mountain source to sea ;
Nigh twenty times hae autumn leaves
Hung quivering ere they fell,
Since I hae quaffed a brimmin' cup
At the auld Corbie Well.

Since then I've wandered Scotland o'er,
Whiles dowie an' whiles cheery ;
I've dreamt beside St Anton's Well,
Sighed by the Wells o' Weary ;
I've linger'd lovingly amang
Auld haunted wa's sae hoary,
I've gloried in my Scottish birth
On fields renown'd in story ;
But aye at fa' o' summer's eve,
When tolls the curfew bell,
My mem'ry strays to Bonaccord,
And the auld Corbie Well.

Aft times I've played by Well o' Spa
Before its virtues failed,
Where bourochs o' ill-trickit loons
Met when the schools were skail'd ;
On gibbery cakes I've feasted aft
At Powis Firhill Spring,
On summer eve when sweethearts fond
Sat round it in a ring,

And listened to the gibbery wife
Her wondrous stories tell ;
But aye my heart was leal an' true
To the auld Corbie Well.

When saftly fell the evening dews
We slippit o'er the burn,
To smoke our cutties, hear the news,
An' tak' our drink in turn ;
Or joke wi' bonnie lasses there,
Sae caller, clean, an' trig,
While the siller moon cam' glintin' o'er
The gawsie Union Brig.
Oh, happy days and happy nichts,
Hoo happy nane can tell !
When langsyne we jogg't doon at een
To the auld Corbie Well.

The lyart pow an' egg-doup mutch
Met couthie o'er a crack,
An' through the shortened weary years
They blythely lookèd back
To the days when on the bleaching green
Wi' love their hearts grew big,
An' the laddies jeered them lad an' lass
At the auld Bow Brig ;
Though they've seen mony a sad, sair day,
Fand sorrow dour and snell,
They were canty there at evening,
At the auld Corbie Well.

I dinna think that noo-a-days
The stars shine near so bricht
As long ago they used to beam
When linger'd doon the nicht ;
When the Denburn woodie's swaying boughs
Soughed out its evening sang,
And sweetly frae St Nicholas tower
The pealing chimes out rang ;
The lasses noo are nae sae fair—
Hoo't is I canna tell—
As they appeared in my young days
At the auld Corbie Well.

But, ah ! I'm tell't that changes great
Hae rowed in like a tide—
That railway trains and gardens fine
Usurp the auld Burnside ;
That Schoolhill and the Mutton Brae
Hae noo an altered look ;

That brigs, an' stairs, an' viaducts
Hae changed the weel-kent nook ;
But yet I'm glad they hae preserved
A corner to itsel'—
My mem'ry-hauntin', langsyne frien',
The dear auld Corbie Well.

WILLIAM MACKARSIE,

WHOSE muse the late Dr Charles Rogers, of the "Scottish Minstrel," described as pure, temperate, generous, and loving, was born at Falkland in 1821. At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to the molecatching business, which he prosecuted until he was enabled to "take" a few acres of land. These he successfully farmed for a number of years until attacked by ill-health. His first poetical efforts were written during a period of two years when he was confined to bed, and for many years he has been so weak as to be scarcely ever able to leave his room. "Long confined to the sick chamber," says Dr Rogers, "he has there cultivated the virtues which bring to his compositions a leading charm—patience, contentment, and faith. Under this affliction he has descried the star of hope. Among fields that he can no longer survey, he discovers a rich and abundant garniture, and he recalls with fervour his former rambles among the hills. In delineating historic scenes he is a master. He recalls the illustrious of the past with a patriotic pride, and under the cloud of her trials he is willing to forget that Mary Stuart was other than an angel. He rejoices that the short-lived Michael Bruce was of his neighbourhood, and

justly praises Mr Draper, who has set forth his virtues. He does not write for the public eye, but rather to relieve the monotony of confinement (though ever happy and cheerful) under a protracted ailment. This explanation, so far as concerns the quality of his verse, might have been omitted, for Mr Mackarsie is most certainly a poet, and he writes with smoothness, energy, and grace. He is eminently in earnest, and, in depicting the beauties of Nature, emphatically recognises and devotionally sets forth the Divine original."

In 1886 Mackarsie issued a little volume—"Hamely Rhymes on Hamely Subjects" (Cupar-Fife: W. Westwood & Son), which was succeeded in the following year by a larger work—"A Confab with Burns and Other Poems," by the same publishers. The latter is in many respects a most interesting volume, while "The Names of Burns' Songs put into Verse" is ingenious, and full of original and pleasing fancy.

THE TWA HERDS.

Come, Robin, now let's tak' a tour
Out owre the burn and 'cross the moor,
An' spend wi' yon twa herds an 'oor
In social crack;
Wha kens but we may mak' them freends
Ere we come back.

It is a pity thus to see
Twa neebour herds sae disagree
About what may or may not be
Some New Licht Creed;
Far better in the old paths tread,
And be agreed.

And tend yer flocks baith morn and night,
To see that a' wi' them is right,
An' carefu' strive wi' a your might
The waifs and crocks
To bring within the common fold
O' baith yer flocks.

And see that ye aye feed them weel
On gospel food at every meal,
An' teach them no' to rive an' steal
At grass or corn,
When they may be out of the fold
At night or morn.

An' teach them a' frae first to last
That when the gospel horn ye blast
They gather may frae east to wast
Unto the fold;
That you may see that a' is right
Wi' young and old.

Wi' care examine every cloot,
To see that there be nae fit rot,
Or canker scab, or Romish blot
Amang them a'";
An' see that a' be hale an' sound,
Baith great and sma'.

And study marks on ilka place,
But specially 'bout the hornstan' face,
That you may able be to trace'
Sheep o' yer ain;
That tho' they stray 'mang flocks that's foul,
You may them ken.

Then common sense, that snarlin' cur,
May hae nae cause ae fit to stir,
To go to France and there to wirr,
But stay at hame;
And bark wi' curs just like himsel'
O' meikle fame.

Now, Robin, we've gi'en our advice,
An' think they'll tak' it if they're wise;
But schemes, ye say, o' men and mice
Gang aft aglee;
So our weel-meant advice may yet
Be set ajee.

But we hae stayed a gey lang 'oor
So hame again we now maun scoor,
Wi' nimble fit across the moor,
And owre the burn';
I hope they will baith be agreed
Ere we return.

THE NETTLE AND THISTLE.

Ye nasty hairy prickly thing,
What gar'd ye gie me sic a sting?
Ye've made my very een to blink
In lootin' doon to get a drink
Oot o' the ditch;
And made me scart an' claw my han's
As wi' the itch.

I've wonder'd often why a nettle
Was a' sae prickly round the petal,
Unless ye gie't a birse an' thraw,
Ye canna get it touch'd ava
But what it stings;
Ane needs tak' tent near dyke or ditch
For sic like things.

Anither plant stings like the nettle,
Altho' awee o' harder metal,
They grow sae very close thegither,
Nae doubt they're freends to ane anither—
'Tis the thistle!
Auld Scotia's much-lov'd national badge
Seen mony a tussle!

And proodly does the thistle wave
In Scotland yet, land of the brave;
And at its name fond hearts doth warm,
And in their ears sounds like a charm
The thistle braw!
To mony a ane in foreign lands
Richt far awa'.

And now it is my aim an' ettle
To tell you mair aboot the nettle;
How that I've heard in bygone days
The clachan wives speak in its praise
For makin' kail;
They said o' a' thing else, for that
It was the wale.

They tauld how mony a sturdy chield
Wi' strength o' arm a blade to wield,
Wi' gude pease bread an' sowans were fed,
Richt wholesome food, the auld wives said,
Wi' milk an' meal:
These made men strong, an' clean'd their bluid—
Gude nettle kail.

When I was young mysel,' I kenn'd
Twa wives that liv'd in oor gate-end,
They were baith noted for their zeal
In bein' fond o' nettle kail,
Wi' bannocks gude ;
They said they made to young an' auld
Baith flesh an' bluid.

And tho' baith plants may bite an' sting,
Auld Scotia's bards their praises sing,
And that her sons wore tartan hose,
And were fed up wi' milk an' brose
O' gude aitmeal,
And ither things that made them strong,
And nettle kail.

Nae doot the men langsyne were wicht,
And auld wives thocht that a' was richt
If that they had aye milk and meal
And gude pease bannocks to their kail,
Which made men stoot ;
An' what wi' cakes an' whangs o' cheese
Were dealt aboot.

Thy stalwart sons, O ! Scotia dear !
No tyrant foe did ever fear,
But nobly to the charge did stand,
To guard their much-lov'd native land
With courage great ;
While national airs in martial strains
Did them elate.

And tho' their numbers oft were few,
Were not dismayed—their hearts beat true—
And by undaunted courage steel'd,
Oft made their foes succumb and yield ;
And from the sod
On bended knees their voices rose
In prayer to God—
That He upon the battlefield
Might be their Guardian and their Shield,
If justice in their cause were found,
That they with victory might be crown'd.

LOCHLEVEN.

How pleasant to walk by the banks of Lochleven,
When flowers are blooming and rich in perfume ;
And hear the skylark, when high overhead soaring,
Melodiously singing his sweet matin tune.

When loud, loud is heard the shrill note of the blackbird
On some shelter'd bough in the dark plantin' shade ;
And sweet, sweet the voice of the grey, mellow mavis
From yon birken bush in the neighbouring glade.

How pure are thy waters, thou lovely Lochleven,
In this dewy morning so calm and serene ;
The sun breaking through the dull mist as its rises
With glowing effulgence doth brighten the scene.
And sweet is the voice of yon light-hearted milkmaid,
As she to their pastures her cows bring again ;
And fond, fond her heart is to meet in the gloamin',
In some shady bower, her leal-hearted swain.

Oh ! lovely Lochleven, how chang'd are the scenes now
On one of thy islets, where still there are seen
The walls of that ancient baronial castle
Which once was the prison of Scotland's fair Queen.
No masquerade rioting, no music and dancing,
Within its fair halls now are there to be seen ;
No sound now is heard there to break the night stillness,
Save cries of the howlet, which reigns lord and king.

Oh ! poor lovely Mary, her beauty was wasting—
In yon castle keep she was foreed to remain ;
But once more her charms again did befriend her,
And love filled the breast of a gallant young swain,
Who stole the keep-keys out from some inner chamber,
And hastily opened her small prison door ;
And, when all were sleeping, he open'd the gate,
And gain'd lovely Mary her freedom once more.

Oh ! lovely Lochleven, how smooth are thy waters,
On this summer evening no ripple or flow,
Thy wood-crested islets and objects around thee
In thy glassy waters are mirror'd below.
The glories of sunset the scene all adorning,
The hills and the valleys are tinged as with gold,
And no sound is heard near, disturbing the stillness,
Save the bleating of lambs from some distant fold.

Thou lovely fair lake how oft I admire thee,
And think of the time when young Bruce roam'd thy shore,
But long time it is since his wand'rings ceas'd round thee
Or sweetly did sing of " Lochleven no more."
And often with pleasure myself I have wandered
Upon thy green banks and thy fair sunny shore ;
But now I must bid thee a farewell for ever,
For on thy green banks all my wanderings are o'er.

JAMES CHRISTIE ECKFORD,

AUTHOR of the following poem, which has the genuine ring of Doric melody, is the only son of the late Rev. John Eckford, United Presbyterian Church minister of Newbigging, Forfarshire. His mother's name was Margaret Christie, youngest daughter of James Christie of Pitgorno, Strathmiglo, Fifeshire. She died at Newbigging in 1847. Our poet was born there in 1840, and, along with the rest of the family, went to Canada in 1851, where they rejoined their father, who had gone abroad shortly after the mother's death. The subject of this brief sketch is now living near Dunkeld, Ontario—a successful farmer, in comfortable circumstances. The pressure of Colonial life seems, however, to have driven poetry out of his mind in later years, for we learn that, until the poem was handed to us, he had forgotten all about it, and he has not preserved any of his verse It is to be regretted that he forsook his first love of the muses in the ardour of his conquest of nature in the great Dominion. Certainly the pen that could put on paper "The Schule Laddies' Holiday," with its vivid portraiture and incisive Scottish phrase, could do greater things. We are fortunate in being able to preserve this unique specimen of Doric idylls, the author having long ago sent a copy to a maternal aunt in the Howe of Fife, and the poem was copied by successive hands till it reached us. The meagre details concerning such a son of song must be credited to the modesty of the author, from whom, however, we have full permission to publish his poem. This graphic picture shows that he is gifted with a keen sense of humour, a facile pen, and an observant eye :—

THE SCHULE LADDIES' HOLIDAY.

See yon lot o' laddies
  Rinnin' doon the lane;
See their happy faces,
  Hear their merry strain.

See yon little burnie,
  Hear its gleefu' noise,
Ye canna tell wha's merrier—
  The burnie or the boys.

Merry are the laddies,
  Nae tawse to fear the day,
Buiks and sclates are a' at hame,
  And they hae got the play.

Their wee bit scartit feeties
  Rin on wi' micht and main,
Up the burn, amang the howfs,
  That only laddies ken.

Whiles rinnin' and whiles stannin',
  Till secrets are confest,
Some ken o' a rabbit's hole,
  An' some a lav'rock's nest.

See yon ane lyin' on the bank,
  He's tryin' trouts to gump,
Anither haudin' by his feet,
  For fear he in shou'd plump.

He's gruppin' at ane by the tail—
  Eh! there it's sclidder't oot;
Hoo mony o' oor dearest hopes
  Are like the laddie's trout.

Yon ither, farrer doon the burn,
  His crooket preen and threed,
The spreckled little sillerbacks
  Hae little cause to dreed.

Puir wee bit artless laddie,
  A lordlin' or a king,
Has nae sic pridefu' treasure—
  Three minnens on a string.

Yon ither toddlin' rascal,
  His bonnet on his thoom—

Nae doot ye're catchin' bummel bees
Frae aff the heather bloom.

In yon clay hole some twa-three mair
Are makin' pies like wud,
Their strippit sarks and riven breeks
A' plaistert owre wi' mud.

Some busy plouterin' in the dubs,
See horse hairs turn to eels;
An' some are busy makin' mills,
Clay dams, and turnip wheels.

Merry are the laddies,
Merrily they play:
New joys come on as others fail,
Till e'enin' close the day.

Haste ye, rin awa' laddies,
Happily rin hame;
The sun's wearin' doon the lift,
An' nicht will come amain.

I ken a' yer sports, laddies,
We played at a' yer plays;
They bring the happy days o' youth
To memory's wistfu' gaze.

If spared to win to men, laddies,
For gear to scrape and scart,
God grant that ye may hae, laddies,
Through life a laddie's heart.

WILLIAM GORDON GALL,

AUTHOR of "The Enchanted Island" and other poetical works, was born in Aberdeen in 1831, and is a brother of the poet who graces the opening pages of the first volume of this work. His father was senior partner in the well-known firm of Gall & Bird,

merchant tailors, in the Granite City. He was a man of wide culture, and could think and write deeply, though he left school at the tender age of nine to work on a rope-maker's walk. His volumes on astronomy—in prose and verse—created much interest many years ago, and were well spoken of by high authorities as very suggestive and gracefully-written works. These were "On the Origin, Organisation, and Decomposition of the Solar System," (Aberdeen: W. Bennet, 1859); and "The Solar System, Paraphrased," (Aberdeen: T. Menzies, 1855.) Had space permitted we would have given samples of his verse.

But to return to the subject under notice. When a boy at school, William gave evidence of a talent for drawing, and, with the view of "making him an artist," he was, at the age of thirteen, placed for two quarters under a master to get instruction in pencil and water-colour sketching. A year after, he was placed under the tuition of a house and ship painter in Peterhead, who was also a fair portrait-painter and a good carver of figure heads. Here, for two years, his chief occupation was painting boats and whale ships, with occasional turns at house painting, graining, and paper hanging. He was next apprenticed to a decorator in Aberdeen, and while "serving his time" much of his scant leisure was devoted to landscape painting in oil. His first notable attempt was a large ambitious work entitled "The Spirit of the Iron Age," which was exhibited in a window in Market Street. It attracted so large a crowd that, on the second day it was shown, the traffic was interfered with, and it had to be withdrawn from view. The picture was a moonlight scene by the shore—a large steamer in full blast and a train running along the coast line, belching out fire and smoke, to symbolise the Iron Age. In the foreground a young man was kneeling, with outstretched hands, addressing a spirit, which the

artist describes as "a marvellous production, or creation, like the ghost of Hamlet's father clad in complete steel, revisiting the glimpses of the moon, and making night hideous."

About the age of eighteen the subject of our sketch began to write verse, beginning with love ditties, odes to Spring, and to the May Queen. In a short time the infant flights of his muse found various resting-places in the poet's corner of the local press—chiefly the *North of Scotland Gazette* and several London periodicals. His first publication was a small volume of poems, published by George Stevenson, Aberdeen.

After a short residence in Edinburgh, he, with his family, removed to Glasgow, where he was very successful, and was soon promoted to a foremanship—painting landscapes during his evening hours and selling them at good prices. But London was the El Dorado in his mind, and he migrated to the great city some thirty years ago. Knowing no one, and without an introduction, he walked the crowded streets seeking employment. Fortunately he was not penniless, for he had some silver and a Scotch pound note in his pocket, which he was soon obliged to part with for 19s 6d. Keeping in mind that he had a young wife and several children to make a home for, he was willing to do anything for an honest living. He thought of scene-painting, but the pay was miserable. One day he saw the notice in a photographer's window —"Operators Wanted." He had done a little in this way in Aberdeen; and therefore applied for the situation, was taken on trial, worked well and satisfactorily during the remainder of the day, and at night was offered such a paltry wage that made him tell his employers that he would return if he got nothing better "than a glass of stout and biscuit and cheese" for a day's work. In a short time he got employment under one of the leading decorators in London; and

we next find him foreman to a large firm in Maidstone. He spent six very happy years in the heart of the "Garden of England," and on returning again to the Metropolis, he secured the responsible position of managing foreman to the painters and decorators employed by one of the most extensive builders of mansions in South Kensington. For the past twelve years Mr Gall has been in business on his own account, which does not allow him much time for literary pursuits. "Although," as he informs us, "I cannot paint pictures while at work, I often endeavour to compose a sonnet; indeed I have cultivated this habit so much that I find it difficult to sit down quietly and write—I must be always busily employed. Most of my works have been composed in this way, and committed to paper in the evening." The result of these efforts is that he is author of over one thousand sonnets, as well as miscellaneous poems and songs—many of which have appeared in magazines and periodicals—besides a number of tragedies and comedies that have been highly spoken of by the late Samuel Phelps and other dramatic critics and theatrical managers. At the outset we referred to his "Enchanted Island," which has been widely and favourably reviewed, although most of the reviewers failed to note a vital point in the poem—that there is an indefinable and subtle feeling that Sage Mentor is not expected to speak to anyone except the Prince, and while the Prince is alone with Mentor he is in reality by himself, and communing with his better part. The better part of every one is visible at times, although not personified; nor is Talemachus aware even to the last that the Goddess of Wisdom is watching over him in the tangible form of his guardian Mentor. Mr Gall's poetical pieces—both those of a more ambitious nature, and his shorter verses, are the production of an intelligent and cultivated mind. He delights in subjects that give scope

at once to the speculative and the imaginative powers, and the result of his musing is presented to the reader in the form of thoughtful verse, full of tender and natural feeling.

SAILING HOME.

Our ship, my love, is sailing, sailing
Over and over the sea,
Black the sky, and the wind is wailing,
Wailing for you and for me;
But the cloud, sweetheart, has a lining
Of silver, the sun on it shining,
And when it rolls by our ship we will spy
On a bright blue sea!
Sailing home, sailing home,
Sailing home, love, for you and for me!

"This is the ghost of a ship," you say,
"That sails o'er a phantom sea";
Fear not, my love, it will come some day,
Better for you and for me,
To think that the cloud has a lining
Of silver, the sun on it shining,
And when it rolls by our ship we will spy
On a bright blue sea!
Sailing home, sailing home,
Sailing home, love, for you and for me

"This ship never comes," you whisper low,
"Never comes over the sea,
The tide may ebb and the tide may flow"—
Oh, whisper not thus to me;
For life's darkest cloud has a lining
Of silver, the sun on it shining,
And when it rolls by our ship we will spy
On a bright blue sea!
Sailing home, sailing home,
Sailing home, love, for you and for me!

THE DEAR OLD DAYS.

Love, our day is on the wane,
And the night will come ere long;
Never mind, my good wife Jane,
Sing to me that pretty song
Of the days, the dear old days,
The days when we were young.

We are growing old and frail—
Summer time will come no more ;
Still 'tis sweet in thought to dwell
On the sunny days of yore—
On the days, the dear old days,
The days when we were young.

Bald my pate, and grey your hair,
Day is short and night is long ;
Winter comes with branches bare,
Still I listen to your song
Of the days, the dear old days,
The days when we were young.

Now, as in the days gone by,
In Life's vineyard youth is toiling,
Till the night is drawing nigh,
Then like us the time beguiling—
Sing they of the dear old days,
The days when we were young.

Love, our day is waning fast—
Evening shadows creep along ;
Sweet to muse on summer past,
Sweet to listen to your song
Of the days, the dear old days,
The days when we were young.

THE DEWDROP AND THE ROSE.

As round the garden walk I strayed,
One summer eve at twilight hour,
When day with night
Holds brief discourse in deep'ning shade,
I 'spied a gem upon a flower,
Like diamond bright !

Lightly within a full-blown rose,
That glittering jewel embosom'd lay
In petal'd cup.
O crystal drop, I pri'thee disclose
Why thou hast not been bore away
And wafted up

To that ethereal sphere of bliss,
Where airy forms unseen may glide—
The azure sky ;
Where zephyr woos the sunbeam's kiss,
And with it gambols side by side,
Sportive on high !

That drop of dew, with liquid voice,
Replied in soft and dulcet strain,
In language meet,
A language of its own pure choice—
Oh, how I wish my feeble pen
Could write as sweet!

"O, fickle man, think'st thou I'd range,
And, like thyself, inconstant prove?
Though storms may lower
And ruffle me, they'll ne'er estrange
My tiny orb, which clings in love
To this chaste flower!

"I am a tear-drop from the eye
Of pitying angel, which was shed
Upon this rose,
As this fair earth she hover'd nigh,
Which man—capricious man—has made
So full of woes!

"This rose will die at dawn of day,
Then its pure spirit shall with mine
On viewless wings
Soar upward—onward—far away,
Exhaled in ectasies divine,
Like heavenly things!"

That dewdrop is a type of love,
That rose an emblem of the soul;
When both are pure,
Then love through life will constant prove,
And after death they seek their goal,
United sure.

EMBALMED THOUGHTS.

Oh, there are thoughts embalmed in memory,
Thoughts that lie dormant in the secret cells,
Buried from sight, entranc'd by mystic spells;
Thoughts that for years in death-like slumber lie,
Until some chord is struck, some quivering chord,
Which like a flash recalls to life again
The thoughts that long ago illum'd the brain,
And shine once more, as if by magic word.
A resurrection strange it is but true—
The thoughts at present passing through the mind
Will oftentimes impressions leave behind—
Impressions deep, although concealed from view—
And unsuspected there for years will lie
Till some bright flash illumes the memory.

STANZAS ON PAINTING.

Fair Painting, charming, soft and free,
Mute sister to sweet Poesy ;
Silent, yet most eloquent,
  Through the eye into the heart
Flashing lofty sentiment.
  Pleased with thy enchanting art
We gaze, and gazing feel a glow
  Of inspiration lift the mind
Above the site of worldly woe.
  Thought and feeling more refined,
  Grace and beauty both combined.

Paintings from poetic themes,
Realising raptured dreams ;
Drawn by youth or hoary sage,
  Stirring scenes that we have read
In the poet's glowing page.
  On the canvas are portray'd
Vividly and beautiful
  Faces full of shade and light,
Groups that might inspire the dull,
  Fanciful, fantastic, bright,
  To charm, to captivate the sight.

Paintings of a bygone age,
From historian's graphic page,
Pictures full of life-like scenes ;
  Forms and faces long since dead,
Heroes, statesmen, kings and queens
  Play the parts that once they played.
Noble deeds done in the past,
  On the canvas are enshrined,
And from age to age shall last,—
  Creations of the gifted mind,
  Priceless treasures to mankind.

NEIL MACDONALD,

JOURNALIST, was born in Port Glasgow in 1846. He attended school in his native town, and when seven years of age accompanied his parents

to Canada. The family settled in the County of Grey, where his father engaged in farming. He attended the country and village school, and when seventeen years of age he secured a first-class certificate as a teacher, and afterwards taught for four years. Mr Macdonald subsequently matriculated at Queen's University, Kingston, and studied medicine in the Royal College of that city, but did not graduate there. He graduated from the Royal Military School, Kingston, and ultimately removed to New York and engaged in journalism. After a residence of seven years in New York he returned to Canada, and passed seven years at his old home. During a short period of this time he was a special writer on the *Toronto Globe*. Returning to New York about eight years ago, he resumed his profession of journalism in the American metropolis. Since then he has edited the *New York Scotsman* (now superseded by the *Scottish World*). He was a special writer on the *Brooklyn Eagle*, editorial writer on *Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, one of the editorial writers on Appleton's "Encyclopædia of American Biography" (having special charge of the Canadian department). Our poet is also a contributor to the magazines, and a writer for Harper's periodicals. About the end of April, 1889, he left New York for Scotland, where he spent about four months—was for seven months in London, and was for a short time in Paris. While in Edinburgh he wrote over a score of biographical sketches of prominent Canadians for Chambers's Revised Encyclopædia, including Sir John A. Macdonald, the Marquis de Montcalm, Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, etc. He is a Gaelic scholar, the language having been acquired, though his parents were both Highland. Mr Mackenzie has also a smattering of Sanskrit and other languages, and is fond of philological studies. On his return to New York in 1890, he resumed his journalistic labours.

It might be stated that, previous to leaving college,

with the exception of letters, he scarcely attempted any other species of writing than verse. When he arrived in New York, he had numerous compositions of this kind, including a tragedy, patriotic, religious, and other songs, none of which he had published, and all of them, together with the trunk containing them, were lost soon after his arrival, and were never recovered. Since then, he has not written much in the form of poetry, though many of his prose compositions are truly poetical in style. He has frequently lit his torch in the ballad flame. In such efforts he has admirably caught the simplicity and spirit of the "olden time." In his miscellaneous effusions, he is frequently plaintive and sad; but his descriptive pieces are beautifully graphic, while heart-thrilling feeling and tender pathos are linked into almost every line.

A HIGHLAND LEGEND.

Age had laid its weakening finger upon the brave old man,
No more in fray or foray could he lead his gallant clan;
But his eye retained its brightness, and his spirit was untamed;
Though the will, not the power, to do was all that now remained.

Of his sons so leal and brave there was left him now but one,
The others fell in battle ere their course had well begun;
And the love the father felt for his boys that had been slain
Was now centred in their brother, his hope, his joy, and pain.

And he sadly clasped his boy to his still undaunted heart,
And prayed that God would shield him from the malice and the art
Of his foes, now so eager, for they thought the time had come
When they'd treat the grim old chief as he had them when he won.

But the Lord of Eilean Donan, loth to risk attack alone,
Prevailed upon the neighbouring chiefs to make his cause their own,
And so wrought upon their fears, and such hatred did instill,
That they swore to rout the raven from his eyrie on the hill.

There were mustering of Mackenzies and clansmen of Kintail,
Swift messengers with fiery cross speeding o'er hill and dale,
There were dreams of fray and foray, of vengeance now for scorn,
Of the spoiler soon despoiled, of returns for wrongs they'd borne.

The old chieftain of Glengarry sat despairing in his hall,
As he saw impending ruin on his race about to fall,
And he thought of other days when he ever led the van,
But always in a battle from which the foemen ran.

Hailing his son unto him he implored the youth with tears,
To save himself by instant flight and thus allay his fears.
To stand against their enemies he said was only vain ;
He must preserve Glengarry's line by flying o'er the main.

His clansmen next approached him, stern of aspect, grim of brow,
And their frown became more lurid as he freed them from their vow;
But never did the Highland pride more haughty seem or bold,
Than when he counselled them to leave the land they could not hold.

" Did we ever fail thee in the hour when battle pressed thee sore
Or stain with cowardice the name our honoured fathers bore?
Desert thee in thy hour of need ! There is not of thy clan
Or honoured name could act a part so foreign to a man !"

Thus nobly to their grand old chief the clansmen made reply,
The son stood mute with folded arms, proud daring in his eye :
And he bade his sire farewell with affectionate embrace,
Then left the hall amidst the jeers and scoffings of his race.

There was conclave of the chieftains in Eilean Donan hall,
And plannings of the ruin on their foe about to fall ;
How his land would be divided, with other spoils of war,
When they chas'd the proud Macdonalds from hill and dale and scaur.

Who is he that walks so boldly into the council hall ?
With fearless step, and haughty mien, and glance so stern at all?
Mackenzie's tartan o'er his breast, a boy still yet in years,
But boy of such heroic mould few men have been his peers.

He to the leader of the league hied with unhastened pace,
And flushed with noble ardour was the stripling's fearless face.
Quickly he grasped the chieftain's throat, out flashed his dagger keen,
And death was poised above his heart with steely fatal sheen.

Then uttered loud the gallant youth, " I pierce thee to the heart
Should any of the chieftans here attempt to take thy part ;
And by the God that made us both, a widow soon shall moan
Unless you take a solemn oath to leave my kin alone.

Now swear by ship and salmon, also by the bloody hand,
To never set a hostile foot upon Glengarry's land ;

And final pledge I ask of thee, that safe from here I hie,
Or, proud lord of Eilean Donan, thou shalt this moment die.

The oath prescribed was taken, and such solemn promise given,
As highlander could never break, and leave him hope of heaven;
His father saved, his clan secure, the boy would then depart,
But they urged him to remain, for his courage won each heart.

Gaily passed the night in feasting, a foe became a friend,
On the morn he fitting escort, would with the hero send;
And the oath that he had taken, the promises he gave
Were kept while living, and when dead were written on his grave.

SUMMER.

It does not move to rapture as in the years gone by,
When life was in its morning and sorrow came not nigh,
When hope was part fruition and thought of might-have-beens
Threw no shadow backward on the texture of my dreams.

The world is just as lovely as in May-tides before,
Flowers as gay and landscapes bright as in the days of yore;
But the glory now has gone from the fair scenes of earth,
And the past years have left me but the longings and the dearth.

Could I hail thee with the joy and hopes of twenty-five,
And the thrilling sympathy with everything alive!
When the murmur of the wind through needles of the pine
To me seemed but an echo of a symphony divine.

I hear the murmur yet, but there's sadness in its tone,
Adagio notes down-wafted from ages that have flown—
Music sadly plaintive, as if sighed amidst the tears
Shed by man so ceaselessly o'er graves of all the years.

The voices now are silent that cheered me on my way,
The faces dimmed by distance that brighten the summer day;
The hands I clasped are cold, and memory's sad refrain
Has left naught of the season but the shadow and the rain.

R. ADAMSON SCOTT, M.A.,

A DELIGHTFULLY tender and truly sympathetic poet, was born in Aberdeen in 1860. His father, who was a building contractor, left the "Granite city," and went abroad in 1887 The subject under notice having been educated in several of the best schools in the town—during which period he developed his natural gift for drawing and an unusual fondness for old ballads, stories, &c.—the last year of the usual course of study as a pupil teacher was sacrificed to be devoted to a thorough "coaching" at the hands of a private tutor. He entered Aberdeen University at the age of eighteen, and passing with much credit through the usual Arts curriculum he graduated Master of Arts. While meditating entering the ministry—to which step he was also urged by a number of his friends—he was appointed English assistant in Montrose Academy, where he had also the superintendence of the intermediate department. Here he remained for two years, when he became English master in a higher class School in Elgin, after which he was appointed to a similar charge in Gordon's College, Aberdeen, and subsequently, in 1887, he became headmaster of the Tenements Schools, Brechin, where he still remains, a successful and much esteemed teacher of the largest school in that city.

Mr Scott has read widely and deeply in "English Literature"—with him a study that grows stronger as he grows in years. He also possesses a fine musical taste, and has an intimate knowledge of the theory of music. These gifts, united to the sister art of painting—in which he evinces marked ability—are evident in the melodious, clear, crisp, and suggestive lyrics he occasionally contributes to *Chambers's Journal*, the *People's Friend*, *Aberdeen Weekly Free Press*, &c.

Several of his lengthy and more ambitious pieces have been much admired, and two of them—"Grace Darling" and "The Massacre of Glencoe"—have been secured by Messrs M'Dougall & Co., publishers, Edinburgh, for a series of educational works. Mr Scott has apparently great ease in versification, and he can use the couthie auld Doric with correct purpose, and in a singularly beautiful, touching, and tender manner His short lyrics are pure, sweet, and simple in thought and tone, while his ballads and lengthy poems possess much that is individual and earnest in treatment, while fresh and happy epithet and touches of genuine pathos or force frequently arrest and secure the interest of the reader.

THOU ART DEAR UNTO ME.

O! summer is dear to the swallow,
The blossom is dear to the bee,
Sunshine is dear to the flower,
And thou art dear unto me,
Marie!
Thou art dear unto me.

O! freedom is dear to the captive,
And home to the sailor at sea,
Pleasure is dear to the youthful,
And thou art dear unto me,
Marie!
Thou art dear to me!

O! hope is dear to the helpless,
And mirth to the babe at the knee,
Beauty is dear to the maiden,
And thou art dear unto me,
Marie!
Thou art dear unto me.

O! sleep is dear unto sorrow,
And songs to the spirit in glee,
Sweet rest is dear to the weary,
And thou art dear unto me,
Marie!
Thou art dear unto me.

O ! love is dear to the lonely,
And time to the happy and free,
Mercy is dear to the sinner,
And thou art dear unto me,
Marie !
Thou art dear unto me.

The baby is dear to the mother,
And Spring to the lambs on the lea,
Youth and Life and Heaven to all,
And thou art dear unto me,
Marie !
Thou art near unto me.

COSY LAMB IN COSY FOLD¶

Slumbering softly on her pillow,
See ! my dimpled darling lies,
With the silky fringes falling
O'er the depths of dark blue eyes ;
Round her brow the clustering curls
Fall in wavy links of gold—
Slumber sweetly, O, my baby !
Cosy lamb in cosy fold !

See the rosy tinges stealing
O'er her cheeks so soft and warm,
As the fleecy drap'ry falling
Shows the rounded, baby arm ;
Shows a peep of snowy bosom
Pure as dewy rose unrolled—
Slumber sweetly, O. my baby !
Cosy lamb in cosy fold !

See yon smile so softly rippling
O'er her face with sunny gleam,
Curving rosy lips—and fleeting,
Fleeting as an angel dream ;
Fading now the melting dimples,
Smooth as summer clouds unfold ;
Slumber sweetly, O, my baby !
Cosy lamb in cosy fold !

Slumber softly, dreaming darling,
Slumber through the darkling hours ;
All the warbling birds are sleeping,
Sleeping all the drooping flowers.
Stars in heaven are gleaming brightly,
Angel wings are round thee rolled—
Slumber sweetly, O, my baby !
Cosy lamb in cosy fold !

Slumber softly on thy pillow,
Snowy white and pure as thou,
Ere the griefs that lie before thee
Leave their traces on thy brow.
Mother kneels beside thee, darling—
O, the hopes and prayers untold!
Slumber sweetly, O, my baby!
Little lamb from God's own fold!

OUR LITTLE BABY SLEEPS.

Oh! empty now my darling's bed
Where oft she laid her nestling head,
And sorrow's tears are vainly shed—
Our little baby sleeps!

No more I'll watch her slumbers light,
No more I'll kiss her wakening bright,
My sorrowing soul is dark as night—
Our little baby sleeps!

Closed, closed, alas! my darling's eyes,
Once sunny as the summer skies,
For death's cold hand upon them lies—
Our little baby sleeps!

Those winning smiles are faded now,
That chased dull sorrow from my brow!—
Oh God! tis hard, 'tis hard to bow,
And let our baby sleep!

No more her prattling words I'll hear—
Heaven's music to a mother's ear,—
Oh! silent now her dead lips dear,
Our little baby sleeps!

No more, no more, at set of sun,
When father comes, and labour's done,
Her tiny patt'ring feet shall run—
Our little baby sleeps!

No more her rosy lips I'll press,
No more I'll feel her soft caress!
Would God! would God! I'd loved her less—
Our little baby sleeps!

It *must* be! but I cannot still
The stinging pain of Sorrow's thrill;
Oh! help me bow to Thy great will,
And let our baby sleep!

THE WIDOW'S WAIL.

Oh ! sair is my he'rt to leave the auld hame,
  Sae fondly I ance thocht my ain ;
But frail a' the forms o' the Future we frame,
  An' the Past has aye plenty o' pain !
Oh ! sair are the sorrows some folk ha'e to bear,
  An' nane ken the reason but God ;
An' 'twer'na the faith in His a'-lovin' care,
  The he'rt wad sink doon 'neath the load.

I entered the door a blushin' young bride—
  A leal-he'rted lass in my teens,
Wi' a bridegroom as strong as an oak at my side,
  An' the hame-comin' welcome o' frien's.
Oh ! bricht was the licht in oor een as we cross'd
  Ower the ha' o' oor first bridal hame,
An' his love melted mine as the sun melts the frost—
  For tears are aye twined wi' Love s flame

Oh ! blythely and lichtsome the days flew awa
  On joy-tippit, love-laden wings,
An' peace an' content filled the he'rts o' us a',
  Wi' the happiness Love only brings.
Nae thocht o' the oncomin' trials had we ;
  The future look'd bricht as the dawn—
But it's weel for us a' that the e'e canna see
  How the seed is to grow when it's sawn.

Twa bonnie wee bairnies were gien to us there—
  Oh ! lood rang the hoose wi' their glee ;
But they baith dwin'd awa an' left it sae bare,
  To lie doon by yon auld willow tree.
An' syne cam' anither, whase een never saw
  The faither, wha followed the lave.
But God sent his angels to bear me thro' a',
  Or I had been laid in my grave.

Noo frien'less an' lonely I stand at the door
  An' greet wi' the ane left o' a' ;
But folk aye maun face what their fate has in store,
  Tho' the he'rt be maist burstin' in twa.
The brichter the sunsheen, the blacker the shade,
  An' life is a' shadow to me ;
The fairer the floo'rs the faster they fade,
  An' wae is the weird I maun dree,

GRACE DARLING; OR, THE WRECK ON THE FARNE ISLANDS.

Wild and fierce the lowering storm
Broke from the blackening sky:
The waves like heaving mountains ran,
Foam-crested, seething high:
The heavens were rent with the lightning's flash,
The thunder's deafening peal;
And the crippled ship, 'mid the hissing spray,
Bravely battling her onward way,
Shivered from pennon to keel.

Tossed on the sea's tumultuous breast,
Like a feather she rose and fell,
Till the roar of the surf on the rocks ahead
Made the bravest hearts grow chill with dread,
And Hope sunk down like the heaving lead
At the sound of the ship's death-knell.
The warning gleam of the Longstone light
Shone bright as the gates of heaven,
But, alas! too late to avert the fate
'Gainst which she had bravely striven—
For heedless then of her broken helm
She drove to her dreary doom,
And each man feared ere dawn of day
The sea might be his tomb.

Crash!—she struck on the iron rocks
With a sound of thunder riven,
And, helpless 'mid the tempest's roar,
Each shrieked for help from Heaven;
The women wept and wrung their hands,
Or clung in mute despair,
And many a cry with terror fraught
Rose high through the murky air;
With furious force the waves swept on,
And smashed the reeling wreck,
Till shivering masts and creaking spars
Went crashing through the deck.

With frantic haste a boat is lowered,
She rides the foaming main,
Some leap for life and bound aboard,
Some leap, but leap in vain;
Away she sweeps, with her fear-filled freight,
To toss on the stormy wave,
Through the darksome night till morning light
Bring Heaven-sent ship to save;

And the men, death-doomed on the dismal wreck,
In agony wait and pray—
"Oh, God! for help in this hour of need,
Oh, God! for the light of day."

Despair is stamped on every face,
Hope dies with quivering breath,
As hours, like weary years, drag on,
And still they gaze on Death.
But, faint and dim in the leaden sky,
Like the light of an angel's face,
The new-born dawn moves o'er the deep,
And slowly night gives place.

With eager eyes from the Lighthouse tower
Grace Darling scans the sea—
A maiden slight, with beauty bright,
And a heart as strong as the tempest's might,
The keeper's daughter she.
'Mid dashing wave and driving spray
She sees the storm-rent wreck,
As the hapless souls, with anguish torn,
Cling close to the sea-swept deck;
With straining eyes and sinking hearts
They gaze o'er the seething main,
Scarce daring to hope that help may come,
They hope—and gaze again;
All through that darkly dismal night,
With weary, woful moan,
'Mid the thunder's crash and the waves' wild dash,
Some hand would slip with a sickening splash,
And sink with a gurgling groan.

With yearning love in her anxious heart,
And tears in her tender eyes,
A mother watched her twin-born babes,
And soothed their piteous cries;
Close to her breast, from the freezing blast,
And the icy, drenching spray,
She tenderly clasped her darlings cold
Till the dawn of that longed-for day;
Faint and chill on the wreck she lay
When help at last was given,
But the souls of her babes had passed away
To their home with God in heaven.

"Oh, father, haste," Grace Darling cries,
"Oh, father, launch, the boat;
We'll breast the wave these souls to save
As long as a plank will float,"

But, grieved and sad, the keeper sighed,
And a tear stole from his eye—
"'Tis Heaven alone can save them, child,
No human help may try."
"Oh, let us dare," the maid implores,
"Oh, father let us dare"—
But the keeper turned his face away,
And heeded not her prayer.
Though a fearless man and a sailor bold,
With the white waves whirling wild,
He felt 'twas a well-nigh hopeless task
For the strength of himself and child.
So he shook his head and turned away—
"No, no, my little Grace;
Too wild the sea, too weak the boat
That fearful risk to face."

But still the maid, with eager words,
Her yielding parent pressed
To trust in God, and launch the boat
On the angry ocean's breast.
Her daring will and dauntless words
O'ercame her father's fears;
"Heaven's will be done; we can but die"—
He said, as he scanned the sea and sky,
And she dashed away her tears.

"God guide you both," sobbed the keeper's wife,
"And bless your errand brave,"
As lightly the boat, like an ocean bird,
Is tossed on the terrible wave.
She rides on the ridge of the rising swell,
She sinks in the gulf between;
But on she speeds on her perilous way,
Half-filled with clouds of blinding spray,
Right on to the wreck—a league away—
And now she nears the scene.

Oh, sweet the thrill of rising hope
That stirred that dreary wreck!
As the boat pressed on 'mid the yeasty foam
Each felt that life, and wife, and home
Hung round that distant speck.

She nears the rocks—the peril is great,
The firmest nerve might quail;
"Will she dash on the reef and find a grave
In the surf with the souls she sailed to save?'
Was the weary sailors' wail.

God guides the oar and nerves the arm
Of the sailor and his child,
And one by one each soul is saved
From the wreck on the ocean wild.
Bravely again, with grateful heart,
They pull through the frothing foam,
Snatched from a grave in the death-dealing wave—
They land at the lighthouse home.

Oh, gallant boat! oh, sailor bold!
Oh, maiden, true as steel,
Your noble deed shall never die
While human hearts can feel,
But blazing still, a beacon light,
Bright flaming to the sky,
Its tongue shall fire each British heart
To dare—or, daring, die;
And, stirring still each thrilling soul
To feats of glorious fame,
Undimmed and deathless shall it roll
Round brave Grace Darling's name.

F. MARY COLQUHOUN, AND THE COLQUHOUN FAMILY.

IN the Eleventh Series of "Modern Scottish Poets" we give selections from the poems of Mrs Flora Maitland Macrae, a daughter of the late Mr John Colquhoun, the well-known author of the famous work entitled "The Moor and the Loch," particulars of whose interesting life will be found in a little volume, "The Christian Sportsman," by the Rev. P. Anton (one of our poets, sketched in Twelfth Series). Details of Mr John Colquhoun's career, as well as of the distinguished family of which he was a worthy representative, are also given on pages 404-405 of Eleventh Series. Miss F. M. Colquhoun is another member of this highly gifted family, and a sister of Mrs Macrae.

She is the writer of several works, including "A Bit of the Tartan, or Two Fragments of Romance," "A sketch of "The Author of 'The Moor and the Loch,'" "Saint Kessog and His Home," "The Communion Afternoon," &c. She has also edited "Songs of Christian Warfare" (Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot), which volume contains several of her thoughtful poems. Miss Colquhoun, who has thus made her lasting mark in the literary world, is president of St Kessog's Home, Edinburgh, a most important and much-appreciated institution devoted to the treatment of women's diseases.

Before giving selections from Miss Colquhoun's beautiful poems, our readers will be interested to learn something of the earlier members of her family. From the excellent work we have repeatedly referred to—"Poets and Poetry of the Lennox," by Donald Macleod—we learn that Lady Janet Colquhoun, who was born in 1781, and died in 1852, was a lady of strongly-marked character. She was the daughter of the eminent Sir John Sinclair, Bart., and her mother dying early, she, along with a sister, was taken to Thurso Castle, the home of their ancestors, and there placed under the guardianship of their paternal grandmother, Lady Janet Sinclair. In her nineteenth year she was united in marriage to Sir James Colquhoun. Her influence on her family and on her generation by means of her exemplary Christian conduct and religious writings was great. It is evidently from Lady Janet, the good lady Colquhoun, that the late Sir James, her grandson the present Sir James, and her granddaughters descended from her second son John, author of "The Moor and the Loch," take much of their talent for poetry and general literature. Here is a specimen of her muse :—

KISS THE SUN.

Unthinking mortals, who despise
Emmanuel's costly sacrifice,
Prepare to feel the torturing weight
Of woes unutterably great.

Consigned to darkness and despair,
Summon your strength the load to bear,
Of hopeless years in anguish passed,
Through ages that for ever last.

Yet while life spins its brittle thread,
Ere wrath is poured upon thy head,
When for repentance there is place
Oh ! seek a Saviour's offered grace.

For you the great Redeemer died,
For you the pow'rs of hell defied,
To purchase life that never ends—
A bliss that thought itself transcends ;

A joy no heart on earth hath known,
A seat around the eternal throne,
Incomprehensible the boon,
To loftiest strains your praises tune.

Lady Colquhoun did not often indulge in the pastime of weaving verse. She achieved distinction in the word of letters by her numerous publications on religious subjects. Her eldest son, Sir James Colquhoun, eleventh baronet of Colquhoun and Luss, was born in Edinburgh in 1804. After a life of honoured usefulness, spent chiefly for the good of the people entrusted to his care, he, in 1873, was drowned on his own Lochlomond (the estates which the family has held for 700 years) on his return passage from Inch Conachan, where he had gone with his keepers to shoot his annual present of deer for the poor. Had it not been for the little book concerning Sir James, which was issued by his son after the baronet's lamented decease, and published by MacNeur & Bryden, Helensburgh, few would have dreamt that he indulged in verse-making. He has, however, written several poems, one of which we give :—

ON LOCHLOMOND.

On Lomond's fair sequestered scene,
  Where broadly spreads its lake of blue,
My early days as blest have been
  As poet's fancy ever drew.

Blithe May is blooming fresh and young,
  And songsters chant their pleasing note,
Concealed the branches green among—
  For love hath tuned each warbler's throat.

From surface of the lake serene,
  Unruffled by a passing sigh,
Reflected as from mirror's sheen
  The landscape's semblance meets the eye.

Now seems a voice to whisper peace—
  So soothing in its vernal sway—
And headstrong passion's rule must cease
  Before creation's fair array.

Can e'er again that season bloom—
  Those halcyon days when life was new—
And dissipate the wintry gloom
  That saddens all that meets the view.

Yes! May will bloom, but not again
  Returns youth's joyous, happy days;
The blissful visions I had then
  Have vanished like the morning's haze.

Yet He this wondrous world who framed,
  With dulcet music for the ear,
And beauty for the eye, proclaimed,
  For those His word who keep and fear,

That there are mansions lovelier far
  Than heart conceived or eye doth see;
Where sorrow's tears shall never mar
  The joys of changed humanity.

Then cease thy plaint; there is a spring
  Which once begun shall ne'er decay—
The Resurrection shall but bring
  The dawn of an unending day.

Sir James Colquhoun, twelfth baronet of Colquhoun and Luss, only child of his father, was born in 1844.

He was educated—first by private tutors and latterly at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. He grew up a thoughtful, meditative lad, of simple, pure tastes, thus following in the footsteps of his forebears. In 1873, while travelling in Egypt, he learned that his father was no more. From that time he became the chief of the Colquhouns, and owner of the largest and most picturesque estates in the West Highlands. He is author of several prose works of a devotional character, and also of a few hymns and some sacred poetry:—

OUR TEMPLE.

Is it a corner of our sleeping-place
Wherein with reverence meet we do retire
Within ourselves, before our God and Maker meekly place
Ourselves in adoration—where we trace
A little Bethel—where the fire
Of the blest Spirit lights the flame
Upon the altar of our heart?
What precious recollections cling around
That chair, that table, all that well-known spot,
Where we so often have the Saviour found
Our very present help! He failed us not
Of any good we asked through Him.

. . . . .

Is it beneath a tree on a hill-side bleak and lone,
Where from the crowded cottage to "Our Father" we have gone;
A prayer-house of Nature, there to speak to Nature's God,
Who has formed the earth we live in, and the ocean, and the flood?—
Let us not forget redemption while Creation's works we scan,
Let us not forget the Saviour, who has done so much for man.

. . . . .

Is it in the village temple, with God's acre lying round,
That we offer our petitions? Is it there of God we found
An audience, an answer? Have we often there returned
Yet again in hopes to find Him? He has never, never spurned
The weakest who have come to Him—the simplest—all are blest
In the coming, in the asking; yes, in Him they find their Rest,
Their Counsellor, their Guide, and their Father, and their Friend,
A Friend who fails them never, but endures unto the end.

. . . . .

Is it in the quiet shade of a city's worship-place,
Whither, from the crowded court or room—the teeming human race—
We have turned our steps aside, there a little while to muse
On all our Father's dealings, and his records to peruse?
We have found Him. He has sent us to our labour and our pain
With some token of His presence. Yes, our resting there was gain.

. . . . .

Is it under the vast columns, the huge towers, or the dome
Of some great cathedral's precincts, for our audience we have come,
And when kneeling midst its vastness to our Father we did pray?
Oh, has he e'er denied us? oh, has he said us, nay?
No, every place is hallowed, and from any we can send
Our confessions, cries, and prayers to "Our Father." He'll attend
And answer. He has promised; yes, His mercy-seat is free
To the humblest, to the vilest, reader; yes to you and me.
Let us thank Him for His favour, let us thank Him for His grace!
And often bow before Him, and often seek His face.

THE INVALID'S SABBATH MORNING HYMN.

Father! Thy child is weary and faint,
Sinking in pain, bear with my complaint;
Hear me, oh, answer! send sweet relief,
Turning to gladness my trembling and grief.

Beam on me, Saviour, with Thy bright light,
Drive out the darkness and terror of night;
Let me feel in my heart Thy sweet presence with me,
And then just as nothing will all things else be.

Brood o'er me, sweet Spirit, come, fill my whole heart,
Dwell with me to-day, oh, do not depart;
My comforter be Thou in weakness and pain,
Make me think of my mercies, my prospects, my gain.

Make me feel and remember Thy Fatherhood, Lord,
Make me feel the dear sympathy, love, of "The Word,"
Make me feel Thy indwelling, Thou "Heavenly Dove";
Come, fill my whole heart with Thy *peace* from above!

Of John Colquhoun, author of "The Moor and the Loch," &c., who was born in 1805, and died in 1885, Mr Macleod, in his "Poets and Poetry of the Lennox,"

says—He was the husband and father of ladies of exquisite taste and refinement, who have made their mark in the domain of letters. The district of the Lennox and the family of Colquhoun have long been intimately associated The chief of the family owns almost the whole of the west side of Lochlomond, and a mile or two of the east side of its upper and a few acres of its lower eastern border own him as lord. In addition, all east Gaerloch-side and the whole of the east side of Loch Long are his. But the ladies referred to do not require to urge the claim of long descent and high connections to stand well in the estimation of the world, for they do not shine with a borrowed lustre other than that lent them by the Father of Lights. The poetry produced by the members of the Rossdhu family referred to is mostly of a highly moral and religious nature, breathing an atmosphere of holiness fragrant with everything beautiful and of good report. Mrs John Colquhoun, when F. Fuller Maitland, 15 years of age, composed the highly popular hymn, "Much in sorrow, oft in woe," save the first ten lines, which are Henry Kirke White's. The following are from Mrs John Colquhoun's "Rhymes and Chimes," published by Macmillan of London :—

A FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHIC GROUP.

They are all *together* here,
Though scattered far and wide
Is now that pleasant group so dear,
That once stood side by side.

What is that wedding-bell ?
A "*tolling*-bell," said I,
Of fondly cherished joys the knell,
And sweet young days gone by.

No ! though the chimes of earth
May fall upon the ear,
With more of sadness than of mirth
Another bell I hear.

At the great marriage feast
I see my parted band,
All from the first-born to the least,
Once more together stand.

Your dazzling robes put on,
Guest of the King of kings,
While for the bridal of His son,
Her peal Creation rings.

And since the ear of Faith
Hath caught that jubilee,
The drowsy, heavy bells of death
Are marriage bells to me.

THE TRUE MESSAGE.

I see the plain, the hill, the vale,
Spread with a flowret fair and pale,
And this its one, its ceaseless tale,
"Forget-me-not."

But, ah! my heart, who can it be
That speaks so loud, yet tenderly,
And cries at every turn to thee,
"Forget-me-not."

Is it some loved, long-parted friend,
Who here his footsteps may not bend,
Yet would to thee this message send,
"Forget-me-not."

Oh, no! though distant, far away,
My thoughts recall thee night and day,
Friend of my heart, *thou* needst not say,
"Forget-me-not."

Is it the hope of early years,
Cherish'd so long, but nurs'd in tears?
Say, does she whisper 'mid thy fears,
"Forget-me-not?"

Oh, no! fond hope, more blest were I,
To fix my early hope on high,
Hark, there are accents from the sky,
"Forget-me-not."

The God who makes Thy soul his care,
The God who form'd thee, flow'r so fair,
He bade its leaf this message bear,
"Forget-me-not."

Lord! be Thy words no longer vain,
And while these flow'rs bestrew the plain,
My heart shall echo back the strain,
"Forget-me-not."

Should joy to me so rare a flow'r
Entwine her wreaths around my bow'r,
Lord, in that bright but dangerous hour,
"Forget-me-not."

And, oh! should sorrows long and deep,
In their cold dews my bosom steep,
Then thou, who see'st Thy children weep,
"Forget-me-not."

The following, by Mrs Arthur Hastings Berger (Jessie St. Clair Colquhoun, wife of the Vicar of Cobham, Kent), appeared in *Life and Work*:—

WHICH IS BEST?

Is it best to sail on a tranquil sea,
With neither storm nor swell,
Or to feel the beat as the great waves meet,
And learn what the deep can tell?

Is it best, think ye, to hear from far
The sound of the cannon's roar,
Or to fire the gun till the field is won,
And fight till the day is o'er?

Is it best to sit in the cool, sweet shade
On the glorious autumn morn,
Or to rise and reap each waving heap,
And gather the golden corn?

Is it best to walk the vale below
In the sunshine warm and bright,
Or, with danger rife, to save a life,
On the angry mountain height

Is it best to stroll the world's highway
'Mid scenes all gay and fair,

Or to take our stand with a helping hand,
And lighten a brother's care.

Is it best to dry the mourner's tear
And ease the sick one's moan,
Or to ply our oar by a sunny shore,
And go to Heaven alone?

SING.

Sing—when the birds sing on each green spray,
Sing—when the sun makes the long bright day,
Sing—when the bees hum on each linden-bough,
Sing—in the spring-time; but, oh! not now.

Sing—when the flow'rs spring bright and gay,
Sing—when the butterflies dance on our way,
Sing—when the young leaves the larches show,
Sing—in the spring-time; but, oh! not now.

Sing—when the bright arch in Heav'n is seen,
Sing—when the little child plays on the green,
Sing—with the songsters, in grove and bough,
Sing—with the joyful; but, oh! not now.

Sing—when ye see I can smile through my tears,
Sing—when ye hear I have conquer'd my fears,
Sing—when to Heav'n all my grief I can throw,
Sing—when the heart sings; but, oh! not now.

LOVE SONG.

One brightest dream makes all the night less gloomy,
One sunny beam lights all the earth around;
And as a dream, a sunny ray from heaven,
Is that sweet love which I have sought and found.

One beauteous flower scents all the air with roses,
One joyous bird makes all the echoes ring;
And as a flower, a happy woodland songster,
Is thy sweet love, which forces me to sing.

One little stream brings gladness through the meadows,
One shady tree makes weariness depart;
And like the stream, the leafy bower of shelter
Does thy sweet love cheer up my thirsty heart.

One sparkling gem lights up the mine with brightness,
One rainbow arch throws glory o'er the sea;
And as the arch, the sparkling gem of beauty,
Does thy sweet love light all the world to me.

Of Mrs Macrae (Flora Maitland Colquhoun), the next of these gifted daughters, we have, as already stated, treated in our Eleventh Series. Mrs Walford, Carnbrooke Hall, Essex, another (Lucy Bethia) of John Colquhoun's daughters, is an authoress of note, her works enjoying a large circulation, not only in this country and America, but wherever the English language is spoken and its best literature read. Her works include "Pauline," "Cousins," "Troublesome Daughters," "The Baby's Grandmother," "A Stiff-Necked Generation," "History of a Week," "A Mere Child," and "Her Great Idea," from the latter of which we quote

ONE QUIET DAY.

My poor exhausted friend, you write,
The Season's ding-dong at its height,
You're nearly done for, if not quite;—
I'm here to say
Come down to us, and spend the night
And one long day.

Give up for once the early call,
The long, long dinner, late, late ball;
The "private view" and first night stall;
Park lounge and band;
State festival in courtly hall,
Gay four-in-hand.

The dress, dress, dress, from morn till night;
The talk, talk, talk, from dark till light;
The toil, the hurry, and the fright
(Most potent spur)
Of being absent from the sight
Where others were.

Put by for once St James's airs,
The eye-glass and the freezing stares,

The suit just fit for easy chairs,
Two fingers numb;
Be as you were in other years,
Old fellow, come. . . .

What? you have "long engagements made?
Notes to be written—visits paid?
Business that cannot be delayed"?
Not really? What?
Your "friends would miss you," you're afraid?—
Why should they not?

You say you'd like our quiet yews,
Our grassy meadows where the dews
So quickly melt, that you could snooze
All day i' the sun;
But as it is you "must refuse,"
"It can't be done."

You say you're weary of the fray,
Your ears are sickened of the bray
Of endless jubilee. Hooray!
Now do come down;
Oh, you "don't really see your way
To leaving town"?

Well, Charley, boy, I will not press;
It only bores you. I confess
I thought you'd leave that seething mess
For just *one* day.
I see it's hopeless. Well, God bless
You anyway.

And now we have pleasure in adding the following from the pen of the accomplished lady whose name introduces these details of a distinguished and gifted Scottish family. They evince the warm sympathy of her heart, and the depth and purity of her poetical aspirations.

THE BLOOD STAINED ROAD.

Tread we again the heavenly race
With swifter steps, oh, may it be;
But days of rest, and joyful days
Are not for thee, and not for me.

The road is rough, the way is steep,
And tracks of blood are on the way,
These burning eyes salt tears must weep,
Is *this* the road, Lord Jesus, say?

"These bleeding marks," the Saviour cries,
"Are where my feet before have pass'd;
They tell of conquered agonies,
And speak of rest which comes at last."

Then let us tread the blood-stained road,
Unflinching, towards Eternity,
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Depths of that joy for thee and me.

LOVE SONG.

My pillow, my pillow, oh, wet is my pillow;
My pillow is wet with salt tears for thee;
I have known thee in joy, and lov'd thee in sorrow—
Oh, hast thou salt tears and kind thoughts for me

I look to the sunset, I look to the west,
For I love thee, and watch for the boat that sails best;
Oh, my heart strings are breaking, are breaking for thee,
And is thy heart beating with true love for me?

We have plighted our faith by the rock at the fountain,
And my love is as deep and as sad as the sea;
My trust is as strong as the wild heather mountain,
Is thy love as true and as constant to me.

LAY HIM LOW.

Lay him low, our well-beloved,
Softly—gently—dust to dust,
While his spirit is remov'd,
Far to the heavenly coast.

Lay him low—like wind-swept pine—
Noblest of a noble race,
Best and bravest of his line,
Grand of form—of speaking face.

Lay him low in tartan plaid,
Cover'd with wild mountain flowers,
Where his dearest ones are laid—
Leave him wept by summer showers!

Lay him low, his race is o'er,
Celtic hero of the west,
Farewell! to meet for evermore
Amid the regions of the blest.

JOHN BROWN,

AUTHOR of "Wayside Songs," is a native of Glasgow, and followed in early life the profession of music, composing songs to his own words. The muses sought him in the bud of life; for when quite a boy he began the weaving of verses. Longfellow perhaps most influenced his youthful muse, but he drank at every fount, and so has attuned his ear to the harmony of rhyme and rhythm. This has helped him greatly in maintaining the musical flow of his later songs. Undoubtedly he is gifted with a lyrical capacity, which is considerably above the average. His great delight is in Nature, which, made manifest in the deep and abiding sense he has of the beautiful in the external world, enables him to feel—as Keats so profoundly felt—that

"The poetry of earth is never dead."

His verse seems to flow forth at a touch, and to move along as easily and melodiously as a brook. The dainty shortness of his pieces is one of their subtle charms. They are always tastefully written, and occasionally sparkle with gentle humour, but more often give evidence that the sweetest chords on the author's lyre are in the minor key. His first volume, felicitiously named "Song Drifts," published in 1874,

went through two editions—the second being issued by Messrs Wilson & M'Cormick, Glasgow. The *Scotsman*, in its review of the book, said—"Whoever the author of 'Song Drifts' may be, he has mastered some of the most vital secrets of the poetic art. He possesses a rare command of rhythm and of musical expression which would go a long way to commend his verse, even if it possessed no higher qualities. But in most of the tiny lyrics which make up this volume there is also discernible a rich imaginative power, while, just as the theme is grave or gay, the lines are alive with cheerfulness or full of true and tender pathos. We can cordially recommend 'Song Drifts' to all lovers of really good poetry." Thus encouraged, he issued, in 1887, his second work—"Wayside Songs," published by Messrs Fred. W. Wilson & Brother, Glasgow. This volume has also gone into a second edition. Many of the lyrics in that work are best known in their musical setting. "I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers," is the motto of the book, and in the prelude he finely sings—

> A lyric lies in every flower,
> And winds waft music as they blow,
> And singing loud and singing low,
> The streamlet in its dreamy flow
> Ripples away from hour to hour.
> The magic circle round us lies
> Of trees and skies,
> And stray notes flutter here and there,
> That wandering on we love to share,
> And weave into our Wayside Songs.

Many of Mr Brown's sweet lyrics have been wedded to appropriate music by himself, T. D. Drummond, and others. All his productions are characterised by graceful beauty, high aspirations, rich imaginative power, and deeply melodious harmony. In the poem

which closes the volume of "Wayside Songs" are some quiet touches of pathos :—

In memory of the quiet ways—
The quiet ways, the shining days
That drift to evening's calm,
The voices that once joined our own,
The hearts that echoed every tone,
Whose lives were as a psalm.

And in the thought of music passed
Into the silence strange and vast,
Into the quiet home.
And weary feet whose step no more
Shall meet us now at any door
However far we roam.

And for the few who still remain
With hearts attuned to join a strain
That to the past belongs,
In memory of the brighter days
We gather from the old sweet ways
Our scattered wayside songs.

THE RIPPLE O' THE BURNIE.

The ripple o' the burnie
Is rinnin' in my dreams,
The sun-licht o' thy beauty
Ower a' my mem'ry streams.
A blossom frae thy woodlands
A message brings to me,
And summer breathes aboot my heart
Because it thinks o' thee.
And lang, lang be thy summer,
And sweet the langest day,
Where sunbeams glint and shimmer
On the burnie and the brae.

The din and smoke o' cities,
The jostle o' the crowd,
The smirk an' sneer o' envy,
The flauntings o' the proud,
Can neither please nor tease me,
Awake nor silence glee,
For peace lies ever in the heart
That is possessed o' thee.

For mine's nae love to blossom
Then fade when cauld winds blaw,
Nae bird to seek thy summer bower
Then leave thee 'mid the snaw.
But heart to heart ance plighted,
Whatever may befa',
The love that brightened summer hours
Shall shield thee 'mid the snaw.
And lang, lang be thy summer,
And sweet the langest day,
Where sunbeams glint and shimmer
On the burnie and the brae.

LOVE TIRLED AT THE WINDOW.

Love tirled at the window,
Love tirled at the door,—
I said, "E'en let the loon depart,
He's cheated me afore."

He sang an old Scotch ballad
Upon a minor key,—
And aye the o'ercome seemed to wail,
"Oh, Jessie! ope tae me."

"Guid-sake," I cried, "thy music
Is unco oot o' tune;
Gae back the gate ye cam'—yer breath's
A cloud afore the mune."

The snaw has happed the garden,
The frost is on the lea—
But spring will first come tae yer sang
'Ere Jessie ope to thee."

I heard departing footsteps
Gang crisp across the snaw,
I heaped the fire—and murmured,
"'Tis weel Love's gane awa."

Yet aft, when years had withered
My young heart and its glee,
I sighed as sair for pairted Love
As e'er he sighed for me.

MARJORIE.

Not from the rose-hung lattice,
Not from the terraced slopes,

Love flung to me with witching smile
The ladder of my hopes.
But where an humble cottage
Stands by the sounding sea,
My heart was caught as in a net,
By lovely Marjorie.

Though lightly dance the ripples
That kiss the shining sand,
Though lightly blow the winds that waft
The fisher's boat to land,
Yet lightly, far more lightly,
Trips o'er the daisied lea,
My blue-eyed little darling,
My charming Marjorie.

This sea-shell that she gave me,
Fresh from its wave-washed home,
Is not more pure, keeps not more true
The music of the foam,
Than this fond heart will cherish,
Wherever it may be,
The truth and purity of love
To bonnie Marjorie.

TAKE ME HOME!

"Take me home, for I am weary,"
Said a little child to me,
Sitting 'mid her flowery treasures,
On the daisy-spangled lea.
"Weary, weary with my walking,
Weary, weary with my play,
Day is growing faint and fainter,
Take me home with you, I pray,"

"Take me home!" aye! we are children
In the busy walks of life,
Some are weary with their treasures,
Some are weary with the strife.
Haply for us if some kind one,
Wandering on the path we roam,
When the light of life is fading,
Leads our weary footsteps home.

MYSIE MAY.

Oh! Mysie May cam' ower the lea
And sweetly was she singing,
Wi' simmer glintin' in her e'e,

And wild flowers roun' her springing ;
And as she sang o' Yarrow braes,
The bonny braes o' Yarrow,
I sighed how sweet would be its ways
Wi' sic a winsome marrow.

There's naething like a Scottish sang
To set the young heart dancing ;
There's naething like a bonny lass
To set the heart romancing ;
And aye she sang the sweet refrain
Aboot the braes o' Yarrow,
And aye I echoed back the strain
Aboot a winsome marrow.

Ah!! sweetly fleets the glowing hour
When love is ower us winging,
When hope beneath the birchen bower
Joins in the tender singing.
I never saw sweet Yarrow braes,
The bonny braes o' Yarrow.
But I hae won sweet Mysie May
To be my winsome marrow.

REST.

Rest, rest, Oh ! heart—for all things sleep,
Save hearts that mourn, and eyes that weep ;
Though care may linger at thy door,
And sorrow cast its shadow o'er ;
Ah, rest, rest, heart of mine.

Let fancy weave for thee her flowers,
And memory in the twilight hours
Sing soft and low, the song that brings
Sweet thoughts ; and as she sweetly sings,
Dream, dream, Oh ! heart of mine.

Rest, rest ! the burden of the day
Is hard to bear—the weary way
Is long to travel—but there lies
A sense of peace neath darkening skies,
Then rest, oh ! heart of mine.

DANIEL MACMILLAN.

THE story of Mr Macmillan's life opens at the end of 1846, in Campbeltown, Argyleshire. At the age of seven he was sent to a lady's seminary, where he received his rudimentary lessons. Three years afterwards he was transferred to a Free Church school for boys, where he completed, when fourteen, an education which, he tells us, he has ever regretted as being so defective. In the years between eleven and fourteen his summers were passed in the solitude of lonely hills, where he acted as "herd laddie," returning to school on the approach of each winter. He was a very diligent, plodding scholar, and made rapid progress during the later period of his educational career. The only cause of trouble between him and his teacher was his immoderate attachment to song books and old ballads, which he habitually carried about with him. If the teacher found a group, of which our poet formed one, idling, he would request the subject of our sketch to hand over *the* song book, which he placed in the tail pocket of his coat, and returned when the school was "skailin'." Perhaps the teacher's sympathies, though seemingly in conflict, were more in harmony with young Daniel's tastes than he then could realise. When fourteen years of age he was finally taken from school and apprenticed to an ironmonger in Campbeltown. On the completion of his "time," he removed to Glasgow, which continues to be his home. For the first few years he filled several situations in his original calling—as warehouseman and traveller; but in 1870 he started the manufacturing business, in partnership with his brother, who, however, retired after six years. Mr Macmillan finds the demands of business too engrossing to permit him to indulge his literary

tastes to the extent that he would desire; consequently, he has written comparatively little for some time. His earlier productions, under the nom-de-plume of "Dalintober," appeared in the *People's Friend* and other monthly magazines and newspapers. As he grows older he becomes a more severe critic of his poems and songs. From the specimens we have before us, however, we find that all of them bear the impress of a sensitive and loving heart, as well as the observant eye and the thoughtful and poetic mind. He is invariably simple, manly, and natural, and while his poems are ennobling and suggestive, his songs are models of musical conception—expressive, earnest, and brief.

AYE KEEP LOOKIN' UP.

The darkest cloud that veils the lift,
When winter revels keen,
Has aye within its faulds a rift
That shows the stars between;
The dim, dooncasten e'e o' wae
The cheerin' ray may slip,
Sae haud erect the hingin' head,
And aye keep lookin' up.

The loss o' frien's we a' maun dree,
The lack o' warl's gear
May bring the saut tear tae the e'e,
And fill the heart wi' fear;
But, though the loss and cross be sair,
Love mingles in the cup,
Sae haud erect the hingin' head,
And aye keep lookin' up.

Should time and change assign to thee
The put o' Fortune's wheel,
Still turn aloft the hope-filled e'e
And be prepared to speil;
Ae day they bask in Fortune's smiles,
And o' her bounty sup,
Wha haud erect the hingin' head,
And aye keep lookin' up.

THE DYING SAINT TO HIS BIBLE.

The path of life lies far behind,
In vista dark and long,
Beset with many a secret snare
To lead the pilgrim wrong ;
Yet, free from every veiled device,
On life's lone shore I stand,
With Thee, the light that led my feet,
Clasped in my palsied hand.

Dear treasure from a God of love,
Sent to the sons of men,
To guide the guilty and forlorn
Back to the fold again ;
To stay the heedless steps of youth,
When warring passions rage,
And whisper of eternal joys
To cheer the gloom of age.

The haughty scoffer may deride
Thy precepts wise and sage,
The slave of mammon may forget
Thy God-illumined page ;
But lowly hearts, by wisdom led,
Shall to the refuge fly,
And taste in Thee unmingled sweets
From wells that never dry.

Impell'd by wisdom from above,
I early learned to prize
Thy records of a God of love
That make the simple wise.
To flee from self, and cling to Him
With an unswerving faith,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death.

The day is done, the twilight fades,
The conflict now is o'er ;
The pride of life, the sins of sense,
Shall haunt my path no more.
Long ere yon night-enveloped hills
Shall hail the blessed sun
The silver cord will be unbound,
And Heaven at length begun.

Go on, immortal "Word," go on,
Maintain the conquering sway,

Till all who sit in moral night
  Shall hail a glorious day,
Where sinless saint and seraph sing
  In bowers of endless light,
I with the unfallen throng shall hail
  The triumph of thy might.

THE MORAL HERO.

He may be rich, he may be great,
  He may be poor and low ;
Or high renown in church and state,
  Or all unhonoured go ;
Yet what his station, where his place,
He is an honour to his race.

No partial part in church or state
  He for himself doth claim ;
A deed unjust to perpetrate
  He deems an open shame ;
For what he claims his will bequeaths
To every human thing that breathes.

The love of truth, a fountain deep,
  Disposes heart and will,
Alike when stormy tempests sweep,
  As when the winds are still ;
Tho' interest prompt, temptation try,
He will not make nor act a lie.

Within his heart a fervent love,
  Such as a god might claim,
Burns like a sunray from above—
  A pure and holy flame ;
And folds beneath its ample wings
The God and all created things.

Hail, mercy, hail ! benignant shade,
  Sweet friend of the oppressed,
Thou like a holy dove hast made
  Thy home within his breast ;
And where thou claim'st a covert meet,
To bear and to forbear is sweet.

Where pinching want with anxious eye,
  Hath singled out her prey,
He of his bounty doth supply,
  And drives the wolf away ;

And sees a deed the gods might share,
Provoke the smile of dull despair.

Where sickness, prelude of decay,
Hath fixed the barbed dart;
Where death had reft the loved away,
From friendship's wounded heart,
He soothes the soul by sorrows riven,
And points the eye of faith to Heaven.

He sows the seed while sluggards sleep,
O'er earth's unkindly sward;
Secure in Heaven at last to reap
His guerdon and reward;
From youth to age his path hath been
The footprints of the Nazarene.

Rejoice, oh man, that such there be,
Thy right of kindred claim;
Rejoice and labour such as he
With high and holy aim;
Then wreathe the laurel round thy brow,
The man, the moral hero thou.

TO A THRUSH.

Sweet bird! in homely garb arrayed,
That from the flowering hawthorn's shade
The dewy hush dost serenade
With lusty cheer,
As if some wandered seraph made
Its dwelling here.

All hail, sweet bird! I fondly dote
On every clear and rounded note
That o'er thy palpitating throat
Flows full and free;
Sweet minstrel of the mottled coat,
All hail to thee.

Here, in thine unfrequented bower,
While slowly falls the fresh'ning shower,
Through all the tranquil evening hour,
Thy voice is heard
Exulting in thy vocal power,
Imperial bird.

The waters wimpling to the sea,
The sighing wind's soft lullaby,

Thy warblin' kin, by brake and lea,
Are minstrels tried;
But thou, sweet bird, art harmony
Personified.

Regardless that the biting blast
Of hoary winter scarce is past,
Unmindful of thy lengthen'd fast—
Its woes and pains,
Thy cares thou to the wind doth cast
When summer reigns.

No memory from its dim recess
Evokes the shades of past distress,
To make the hours of transport less
That light on thee;
No vain regrets, such as oppress
Humanity.

Fain would I flee the crowded street
And share with thee the calm retreat,
Where, while the posting seasons fleet,
Thou sitt'st apart
Unmov'd, save by the measured beat
Of Nature's heart.

But fates malign my steps restrain
Where Commerce wheels her rumbling wain,
And love of place and lust of gain
Inflame the throng.
Adieu! amid the strife and strain
I'll prize thy song.

JOHN B. YOUNG

WAS born at Murthly, Perthshire, in 1865. He was "brought up" in Airntully, an "auld-warl' clachan" not far from the beautifully-wooded banks of the Tay, and within sight of Robert Nicoll's birthplace. This village, where his parents still live,

is a decaying hamlet, and answers well to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." It is situated about the middle of Strathmore, with hills visible *all round*—a very peculiar feature of landscape. His father, who was a weaver to trade, was, in many ways, a remarkable man, who had read widely, and was possessed of strong intellectual tastes. His knowledge of history was very extensive, and besides being a splendid arithmetician, he was also an excellent musician, both in theory and practice. In his written compositions he afforded evidence of a thorough command of the English language. The subject of our sketch was educated at Murthly and Airntully schools, and he was a pupil teacher in Perth Central School from 1879 to 1883. He, after attending the Free Church Training College, Edinburgh, became assistant in Callander Free Church School, and subsequently was senior assistant in Brechin High School, which office he resigned in order to complete his University curriculum. Mr Young graduated M.A. in 1890, and after being for a short time assistant in Dundee Morgan Academy, he was appointed headmaster of Lionel School, Lewis, his present charge being schoolmaster at Cawdor, Nairn.

Mr Young has written a number of very neatly expressed and comprehensive sonnets and thoughtful and suggestive poems. These, which have appeared in various newspapers and magazines, are also characterised by smoothness of versification, affluent fancy, remarkable perspicuity, and natural tenderness.

THE SEA.

I.

As sitting here, I list the angry strife
  Of wind and wave at war for evermore,
  The thought comes back to me as ne'er before,
How many weary days and nights are rife

With wakeful watchings,—children, mother, wife
In dread suspense, while list'ning to the roar
Of raging billows beating 'gainst the shore,
For kindred whom they hold more dear than life.

"O Sea! dost thou not know thyself the grave
Of many buried hopes, once fondly cherished
By loving hearts, but which long since have perished
Beneath thy restless, e'er insatiate wave?

Methinks at times thy wavelets lave the beach,
As if forgiveness thou wouldst fain beseech.

II.

"And yet thou art a cruel, remorseless Sea!
Thou reckest not the havoc thou hast made
Of hearts and homes by thee so lowly laid;
The sorrows thou hast caused are nought to thee."
Thus is it now; erelong a day shall be
On which thou shalt be made give up thy dead,
On whom in blindest fury thou hast preyed,—
They all shall from thy depths come forth, set free

From thy cold grasp—God hath it so ordained.
Then friends by thee long severed gladly meet,
And fathers children, wives their husbands greet,
And peace holds sway where warring storms erst reigned.

Then shall thy waters cease to ebb and flow*
And all things earthly catch a heavenly glow.

*Rev. 21, 1.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

The worlds that are by day concealed
In hours of darkness are revealed,
So when in noontide of success,
We rest content with world's caress,

Our eyes are blind to things above—
The outstretched hand of Heavenly Love—
Unseen the pearl of greatest price;
Do *worldly* riches not suffice?

Then God in mercy hides His face;
He makes us walk in darkened ways;

Anon He strips us of our wealth,
Or lays us low in shattered health.

And thus our erstwhile dazzled eyes
New vision gain ; a glad surprise
Awaits our raptured sight—blest joys
Unfading, Love that never cloys.

STORM AND CALM.

The storm has spent its rage, and now the sigh
Of wearied winds is wafted to and fro ;
All else is still. The lone dark mountains throw
Their giant forms athwart the ev'ning sky,
And bring to me a sense of mystery.
But soon their hoary summits' golden glow
The coming of the full-orbed moon foreshow,
And lying, meanwhile, in expectancy
The lower landscape, over which the stars,
So soon to pale before the greater light,
Keep silent watch ; and no disquiet mars
Exhausted Nature's restfulness to-night.

'Tis thus, mid storm and calm, our days are spent,
And in each life are light and darkness blent.

SONNET.

The snows of two and seventy winters rest
On thy hoar head, to thee assuredly
A crown of glory, for, unfalt'ringly,
Thou'st trod the path of right ; thy constant quest
The ever higher Good ; thy goal, The Best.
With Faith thy shield, and Truth thy panoply,
Thou'st conquered foes which else had conquered thee,
And thy whole life with glory didst invest.

In midst of struggles for our daily bread,
Thou oft didst draw delicious draughts from springs
The sweetness of whose waters never fled,—
No purer pleasures are enjoyed by kings.

In such a life what is there of "success?"
Thy children even now rise up and bless.

SYLVESTER MACNAMARA

WAS born of Irish parents, in the parish of Carstairs, in 1863. His father is a scion of the ancient Munster sept of Macnamara, the chiefs of which powerful clan were hereditary marshals of Thomond (the ancient name of Clare) up to the close of the Williamite wars), and his mother is a native of Athboy, Co. Meath. Sylvester received his early education at the village school, and afterwards at St Mary's School, Lanark. In his fifteenth year he went to Liverpool, where he became a pupil teacher. On the termination of his apprenticeship, in 1882, he was appointed assistant master of a school in Birkenhead, which position he retained until the autumn of the following year. About this period he became connected with a number of literary and debating societies, both in Liverpool and Birkenhead. A lecture on the famous poet of the "Young Ireland" school, Clarence Mangan, which he delivered in the summer of 1883 before an Irish literary society in the latter town, attracted the attention of Sir John Pope Hennessy, M.P. (then Governor of Mauritius) who favourably noticed it shortly afterwards in an article which he contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*. At the Queen's Scholarship examination at Hammersmith, he was successful in obtaining that coveted honour, but when the time came for him to enter the Training College, Mr Macnamara was reluctantly compelled to abandon the idea of doing so, owing to the impaired condition of his health, which had begun to show signs of giving way. From Birkenhead he went to fill the position of assistant master at St Mary's School, Stockton-on-Tees, where he remained until 1884, when his health completely broke down. Resigning

his position, he returned to his birthplace, the picturesque little village of Carstairs, where he has resided ever since.

Mr Macnamara has a wide and extensive knowledge of English literature, especially in the departments of history and poetry. While in his teens he contributed essays, verses, and sketches to various Liverpool papers, and on his removal to Stockton-on-Tees he became a contributor to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, a connection which he still keeps up. He has written largely to various newspapers and periodicals, notably *The People's Friend*, *Tit-Bits*, *Scraps*, *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*, *Detroit Free Press*, &c. His verse has for the most part appeared in local papers, such as the *Hamilton Herald* and *Hamilton Advertiser*, over various pen-names, but he has also contributed poems to the *People's Journal*, *Dundee Weekly News*, and *Glasgow Weekly Mail*, &c.

Much of Mr Macnamara's work has appeared over the *nom-de-plume* "Dalcassian." Although writing is often painful to him, he has a genuine love for literary work, and his essays in literary composition have beguiled the tedium of many a weary hour during a long period of very weak health. His poetry is ever cheerful, however, and shows that he has a heart alive to the sympathies and affections of friendship. His songs are smooth and graceful, and possess a fine lyrical flow, while his poems evince on the part of the writer an intellect stored with poetic fancy and scholarly lore.

LULLABY.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

Sleep, baby, sleep!
For the night draweth nigh,
The little stars peep
From their home in the sky.

From the old ruined keep
I can hear the owls cry ;
Then sleep, baby, sleep !
Lullaby ! Lullaby !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Nor fretfully cry,
O'er the bleak mountain steep
The chill night winds sigh.
Then closer, babe, creep,
And quietly lie ;
Oh, sleep, baby, sleep !
Lullaby ! Lullaby !

THE BLUE-EYED SPEEDWELL.

Oh, blue, blue een o' summer-time,
Wee modest wayside flow'r,
That blinks frae ilka bleak roadside,
Like gem amang the stoure ;
There's not a bonnie flower that blooms
In garden, dell, or lea,
That's half sae pleasin' to my sicht
As thy wee azure e'e.

The sicht o' thee reca's to mind
Auld times sae dear to me,
When I, a thochtless bairnie, pu'd
Thy blooms in childish glee,
Wi' buttercups an' daisies bricht
They made a nosegay fair ;
But, ah, thae happy days o' youth
Are fled for evermair.

Oh, bonnie blue-eyed speedwell,
The weary traveller's eye
Is gladdened by thy cheery blink
As he gangs hirplin' by :
A sign o' cheerin' hope art thou
To tired hearts and sad,
Meek, humble, roadside flow'ret,
Thy sicht makes wae hearts glad.

DON'T FRET ABOUT IT.

Brother, when trouble comes
Don't fret about it !
Tho' it your heart benumbs,

Don't fret about it !
Bear manly with the load,
Though rough may be the road :
Prick not against the goad,
Don't fret about it !

Though friends may take their flight—
Don't fret about it !
Let your heart be always light—
Don't fret about it !
When in the trough of woe,
Under misfortune's blow,
Bravely confront the foe,
Don't fret about it !

Never give way to grief,
Don't fret about it !
Fretting 'ill give no relief—
Don't fret about it !
Trouble, though black as night,
If you your heart keep right,
Quickly will take its flight—
Don't fret about it !

M. BUCHANAN WHITE,

A YOUNG and richly-gifted writer of poetry and prose, is a daughter of Dr Buchanan White, F.L.S., Perth. She is a native of Edinburgh. During her childhood the family were in the habit of spending the summer months in the Highlands, Braemar and Rannoch being among her earliest recollections of places. Ultimately the family settled down in Perth. The love of Nature, which the magnificent scenery inspired in her then never left her, and this fact she has amply proved by her early and later writings. She also attributes much of her love of the beautiful

and the true to the teaching and influence of her mother.

It was not until she reached her eighteenth year that Miss Buchanan White showed much taste for poetry, or manifested any desire to read the productions of even the master minds. It was then that she began to scribble herself, and to appreciate other people's verse as well. Her first efforts were inserted in the *Scottish People*—a weekly literary miscellany, now defunct. She still entertains very grateful recollections of the kindness and encouragement she received from its editor, Mr Willock, who is one of our poetic "bairns." Since then our poetess has been a frequent and valued contributor to the columns of numerous magazines and newspapers, including the *Scotsman*, *Evening Telegraph*, &c. In 1890 she gained the first prize in the competition which the latter newspaper held for a poem of welcome to Stanley on the occasion of his visit to Dundee. For several years she has held the office of poet-laureate to the "Perthshire Mountain Club," which is a branch of the "Perthshire Society of Natural Science," of which her father is the president, and for which Society she has written beautiful poems. Several of her brightly-conceived short stories and sketches have appeared in the pages of a number of literary journals and miscellanies, and we learn that while we write she is engaged on a more ambitious tale than she has ever before attempted, which will see the light in the form of a one-volume novel.

From the following specimens of Miss Buchanan-White's muse, it will at once be seen that she possesses genuine talent. Tender poetic feeling and high moral purpose characterise all the work of this versatile writer. She always seems able to discover in her subjects, however familiar, some aspects which hitherto appear to have been untouched, but which

she demonstrates to be of special interest and beauty. Ever natural, and often graphic and sweetly touching in her more pathetic moods, she, in her descriptive pieces, shows that she is affluent in fancy as well as strong in intellect—her sentiment and imagery being generally above the level of ordinary productions.

IN THE GLOAMING.

The sun has sunk, and soft and grey
The shadows fall of closing day
Across the snow-clad lawn,
And far o'erhead, 'mid deepest blue,
Emblems of love stedfast and true,
The stars begin to dawn.

Now flickering lights of fireshine fall
Across the room, while from each wall
Old pictured faces smile
That once have lived and loved like we,
And found the world as fair to be
In their brief "little while."

The shadows fall, and to and fro
The flickering firelights come and go,
While I sit here alone ;
Yet quiet footsteps cross the floor,
And voices that I loved of yore
Once more in softest tone

Whisper to me they love me yet,
Not they who pass the veil forget
The loved they leave behind ;
And we who part with them in pain
Can know that when we meet again
Shall still them faithful find.

Oh ! dearest hour in all the day,
When work is done, and put away
All thoughts of care awhile ;
When resting in my easy chair,
While ruddy firelights gleam and flare,
And all my dreams beguile.

Outside the storms of life may beat,
Inside there is a rest most sweet,
Nor weary heart and brain ;

Then oftentimes I read anew
Old words of love, as dear and true
As if they lived again.

Old letters writ by those lay dead,
Remembered speech by them once said,
Before we had to part.
What though the light's too dim and low
The faded writing plain to show?—
I know them all by heart.

And sometimes musing thus I see
The time that soon must dawn for me,
When my life's day is done.
Ah! then the gates will open wide
That are beyond death's awful tide,
Where shines for aye the sun.

When all earth's cares and pains are past
The rest eternal won at last
For which I weary here,
Then I shall meet to part no more
With those that once on earth's dark shore
Were unto me most dear.

If then I may remember aught
Of all that on the earth was wrought,
It shall be this dear hour,
When flickering firelights come and go,
And win me with their quiet glow
From sorrow's cruel pow'r.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

I in the sunshine, you in the shadow,
I in my manhood, facing all life,
With resolute will, undaunted belief
In a good that shall come through my strife,
In a work that my hands and none other
Can do for my God and my brother.

You in your darkened sick room, weary, and
Spending long days alone and in pain,
Hands idle, feet still, small thought for outside
Your four-walled room, where sunshine and rain
Are away from your life altogether,
Save as pain's affected by weather.

. . . . .

You in the sunshine, I in the shadow,
I with a grave aye silent and still,
In a world of failures lonely, weary,
Scarce caring to work out what I will—
Striving half-blindly to toil to the end,
Reach a good I but half comprehend.

You with new interests, freedom from pain,
Eyes opèn'd, faith crown'd, new life in your veins,
Work glorious to do, all praise and no prayer
(Save thinking of me), washed from all stain
Of earth soiling, placed me far above
In a setting of sunshine and love.

. . . . .

Amen! I can wait, and waiting can work,
Set my teeth, conquer self, in the strength
Of the God of us both win to the end.
Better me suffer than her. At length,
When I hold her once more, not land, not sea,
Not life, death, time, or eternity,
Not God Himself, can take her from me.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

"Nor other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid."

We all build us castles of this sort,
Somewhere or other,
Old and young of us, women and men,
The crowned king, as he sits on his throne,
The tinker by his hedge in the glen,
Conning the songs of a hundred years;
Some of us build them with smiles, some tears,
Some build on in silence alone,
Some build together.

Some who are voted foolish and young
Build with sun-rise light;
Love fashions the stories white and fair,
And sets a king in the heart of all.
Zeal will have nothing weakly there,
Cobwebs and dust are brushed aside,
Swept and garnished it aye shall abide,
So they think, though kingdoms rise and fall
Day aye follows night.

Some build with the noon-day's dazzling glare—
No colouring here;

These castles are square-built, deep, and strong,
No breezes move—there's nothing to move,
No roses, no ivy, not a song
From sweet bird here—there's a sound of feet
Ceaselessly treading the busy street,
Boxes for money, rooms for self-love,
Ah ! castles are fair.

Then others build with sunset clouds—
Ah ! speak soft and low.
Of the castles they build we see but half,
They're dim, and about them long green grass
Moves in the wind, with a strange low laugh
Like one hears whiles when the corn is high ;
The other halves are built in the sky,
Maybe some day by the sea of glass
We will see them glow.

Frail castles they all—clouds, sun-soaked air,
Foredoomed to fade ;
Yet those built in faith, with love and prayer,
Methinks will stand when the worlds are not,
And relight in Heaven in colouring rare.
If so be in gold they're builded here
The builders have little cause for fear—
For the castles each one must take thought,
The foundation's laid.

A DAY IN FEBRUARY.

Jasmine, primroses, snowdrops, daisies,
All should be flow'ring to-day one feels,
Birds are singing in leafless mazes
Of brown-bent twigs ; blue sky amazes
The snow-tired eyes, and a fresh life steals
Into the heart from the woods and fields.

Oh ! to be far from the town to-day,
From the ceaseless tread of busy men—
To follow the silver burnie's way,
Watch the yellow sunbeams dance and play,
Where the grass is springing up the glen,
And trace the hare to his tunnelled den.

To feel the wind blowing through your hair,
To be gloveless, hatless, free from all
Orthodoxies of town, sordid care,
All that takes rank and precedence there—

What matters a rent, stumble, or fall,
Such seasons as this come not at call.

No classes or creeds here bind our soul,
God's love, so large, is writ all about,
It seemeth a thing past man's control,
To bind, imprison, give as a dole—
Nor are His ways past finding out
When the whole spring-tide with praisings shout.

There's life and strength in such days as these,
Hope enough to last the whole year through;
The man must be very hard to please
That finds no beauty in fields and trees—
For hearts beat young when skies are blue,
And that's love enough for me and you.

JAMES MAUCHLINE,

A VETERAN soldier-poet, was born at Gifford Park, Edinburgh, in 1817. His son, Mr Robert Mauchline, has a place in an early volume of this work. Our poet entered the army as boy-piper at the age of fifteen—in the 78th Highlanders, in which he served ten years—part of that period as a bandsman. On leaving the army he joined the postal service, in which he was engaged in various capacities for twenty-eight years, and from which he retired with a pension. Mr Mauchline is an accomplished musician, and plays with great skill most wind instruments. He was at one time a member of the famous Mozart Band, and was organiser and tutor of the "Scottish Piper's Society," Edinburgh. Although over seventy-four years of age, he is a hale and hearty old gentleman, and is still able to give private tuition to a wide circle,

as well as to act as musical tutor to the boys at Merchiston Castle. He has long worshipped the Muse, and many of his effusions have appeared in magazines and newspapers extending over a period of nearly fifty years. He, even now, occasionally "lilts a canty sang," showing considerable strength and lyrical fluency. When he touches the patriotic strain the old martial spirit awakens within him, and his feelings find vent in stirring fervour. The subject of the following piece is Ewan Cameron, piper to Cameron of Lochiel—Ewan, who related the incident to Mauchline, having been his teacher when he was a boy in the 78th Highlanders.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE '45.

Fareweel, my ruined hame and hills,
And a' that's dear to me;
You'll some day yet get owre your ills,
Tho' I may ne'er it see.

I'll hie me doon to yonder bog,
And lift my auld claymore,
I'll don my kilt, my dirk, my plaid,
And see my Prince once more.

Tho' Charlie's fled across the sea,
There's wi' him gaen Lochiel,
And many brave and gallant chiefs—
For they a' lo'ed him weel.

I fain would play a grand auld tune—
Lochiel's awa' to France;
But I maun watch the Sassenach loon,
Least I ne'er see my Prince.

Foul fa' the wylie Southern loon,
Their guns, their lines, and squares;
Had a' the clans wi' us fell on,
Culloden wasna theirs.

It's oh hone! its oh hone!
What's this I've lived to see,

That brave auld Scotland's Prince and King
Should flee across the sea.

But noo my heart has got relief,
The tears doon my cheeks steal;
I yet may see my weel-loed chief—
Brave Cameron o' Lochiel.

MY BRAW, BRAW HIELAND LADDIE, O!

My heart is sair, frae me he's gane,
My braw, braw Hieland laddie, O,
To foreign lands, across the main,
To fecht the blandit savage, O.

But see him in his belted plaid,
Wi' kilt and hose sae bonnie, O,
The sword belt ower his shouther blade,
And sporan belt, sae gaudy, O.

Now see him in the tulzie ring,
His limbs and arms sae brawny, O,
He swaggers like a Stuart King,
And throws them doon sae cannie, O.

But when he souns the piob-mhor,
Hills, rocks, and caves re-echo, O,
His brogued feet plaits ower and ower,
He bends the head sae gracefu', O.

His bonnet's cocked upon his head,
Wi' 'Gorm brooch sae glinty, O,
An eagle's wing o' Hieland breed
Waves here an' there sae grandly, O.

Sometimes he gied the maids a nod,
That made my heart dunt sairly, O,
Belyve, he smiled, drew aff the cluds
Which made me proud an' gratefu', O.

CHRISTIAN MACDONALD

WAS born at Callander, Perthshire, in 1868, and was educated at the Public School there. She was left an orphan while quite a girl, and shortly afterwards removed to Glasgow, where she could more easily obtain suitable employment than near her old home. It was after this that the longing for the lovely scenes amidst which her early days had been spent, and her delight in the beauties of Nature, first induced her to express herself in verse, or at least to give her verses to the public. Since then she has published many poems of varying but steadily improving quality. There is much to admire in her poems—much genuine feeling, considerable felicity of expression, and an elevating healthy tone. Considering her scant education, and the few opportunities she has had of improving it; left an orphan at a tender age, and now working as a machinist in a Glasgow warehouse—not a very congenial occupation—her verses do her much credit. They are ever instinct with poetic sensibility, spontaneity, and a graceful fancy.

THREE PICTURES.

She sat beside a river,
In the sunlight bright and fair,
Weaving a wreath of daisies
To deck her wavy hair.

She built up airy castles
While she gazed into the stream,
And the golden hours were passing
Like a long enchanting dream.

Her life had known no sorrow,
No clouds had crossed her sky,
Red roses bloomed upon her cheeks,
Joy sparkled in her eye.

Oh ! happy child, dream on awhile,
Thy fresh young spirits keep ;
Soon enough the storms will come,
Those dark eyes yet may weep.

. . . .

The years pass on ; the river flows
As gently as of old,
The western sunbeams tinge its waves
With floods of gleaming gold.

And see ! across the meadows
The child, a maiden grown,
Treads lightly o'er the daisied turf,
But this time not alone.

The dreams which pleased her fancy
In childhood's happy day,
Like the pleasures of the daisy wreath
Have long since passed away.

Ah ! now her young heart flutters,
Like a timid, trembling dove,
For he who walks beside her
Is whispering words of love.

O rest thee, gentle maiden,
By the softly flowing stream,
And grasp the fleeting moments—
The dawn of love's young dream.

. . . .

The years pass on ; the river flows
Still gently as of old,
And still the western sunbeams shine,
Tinging its waves with gold.

And there, upon its flowery banks,
A lonely woman strays,
Hearing not the gentle murmurs,
Heeding not the golden rays.

For now the gloomy storm-clouds
Have burst above her head,
The light has left her laughing eye,
Her roses, too, have fled.

"Alone, alone," she murmurs,
"But my heart cannot forget ;

They say he's false and faithless,
But oh ! I love him yet."

But hark ! she hears his footstep,
It pauses at her side,
He whispers, " Darling, I have come
To claim you as my bride."

Again the dark eyes beam with joy ;
Her waiting was not vain ;
She has learned love's true, best happiness,
Through hours of keenest pain.

A TREASURED TOY.

Though tarnished and soiled by childish hands
In my heart it holds a place,
A worn-out relic of other days—
A doll with a battered face.

Dressed as it was in that olden time
E'er I left off childish play,
I drew it forth from its hiding-place
In an old, old chest one day.

I pondered whether I'd keep it hid
As all those years I'd done,
Or if I'd give it away to please
Another little one.

I pondered—then placed the faded toy
In Bella's baby arms,
She clasped it close. Ah ! then I knew
The old doll still had charms.

" Baby," the little one murmured,
As she proudly turned away ;
I knew I had given her pleasure,
And I was not sad that day.

SLEEP.

Sleep, peaceful sleep, why wilt thou not come
To soothe my sad spirit to-night ?
Fain would I glide into Lethean streams,
And revel 'mid dreams of delight.
Sleep, gentle sleep, I am longing for thee,
Why wilt thou not breathe o'er my bed ?

I am weary in body, and weary in mind,
But sleep, gentle sleep, thou hast fled.

Sleep, peaceful sleep, O, come to me now,
In thy dear, loving arms let me rest;
Encircle me round with thy soft embrace,
Like a bird in its cosy nest.
Sleep, gentle sleep, I am watching for thee,
Whither away art thou gone?
My eyelids are heavy, yet thou art not here,
O, sleep, gentle sleep, thou hast flown.

Sleep, gentle sleep, why comest thou not?
Why wilt thou longer delay?
Bear me away on thy dreamy wings,
Till the dawn of another day.
Sleep, gentle sleep, I am waiting for thee
To fan my weary brow,
To waft me away to the land of dreams,
So come, gentle sleep, come now.

HUGH M'KEAN,

THE youngest member of a family of thirteen, was born in the village of Boquhan, near Killearn, Stirlingshire, in 1869. His father was a baker to trade, and having been born and reared in Ayrshire, he not only knew most of Burns' songs, but there was hardly an old Scotch ballad the history of which he could not recount. Our youthful poet delighted to roam alone through "Campsie's bonnie glen," and by the Glasert's banks, until, when he was eleven years of age, the family removed to Greenock. On leaving school, he went to learn the trade of a joiner, which occupation he still follows. During the past ten years many of his songs, for the most of which he has composed

music, have appeared in the *Glasgow Mail*, *Dundee Weekly News*, *Greenock Telegraph*, and other newspapers. He uses the Doric with happy effect in his lyrics, while his poems show sympathetic tenderness.

THE PRIDE O' THE MILL.

The sun was shining 'neath a golden lining,
The wild birds sang sweetly amid the green trees ;
As through a lovely glade pensively I strayed,
Fanned by the breath of the calm summer breeze.
There I met a maiden with beauty laden,
She was gathering flowers by a rippling rill ;
I gazed on her enraptured, my heart was captured
By sweet Susan, the Pride o' the Mill.

She is a lovely creature, a rare gem of nature,
And she has cast o'er me a wondrous charm ;
Her form's neat and slender, an' she's aye leal and tender,
Naught but a cruel heart could wish her harm.
Her sweet smiling face, and her modest grace
Has oft caused the heart in my bosom to thrill,
For none can be dearer, nor love be sincerer.
Than mine for sweet Susan, the Pride o' the Mill.

Her ways so bewitching and pure matchless beauty
Have woven around me their sweet winning spell ;
To her sweet will I bow, 'tis my heart's duty,
With true love it will fervently swell.
With a love truly divine, I will make her mine,
And then together we'll climb life's steep hill ;
Though of sorrow and care we may have a share,
My heart will aye cling to Susan, the Pride o' the Mill.

OOR AIN GREEN GLENS.

Fu' joyfu' dawns the morning, wi' mony a rosy hue,
While lichtly frae their heids the gowans shake the dew,
And, oh ! the gush o' sang that echoes frae the dens,
There ne'er can be a sin in oor ain green glens.

Sae cheery—ay, an' sweet—the wee bit lintie sings,
While blythely frae the brake the laverock, liltin', springs ;
And saftly croons yon burnie, as bonnily it wen's,
Wi' mony a jouk and turn, through oor ain green glens.

Oh ! it nae ferlie is that mony a lane he'rt langs
To see the bonnie flooers an' hear the birdie's sangs ;
For, oh ! my weary he'rt nae sweeter pleasure kens
Than to roam wi' ane I lo'e in oor ain green glens.

It's no' in ither lands, tho' cloudless be the skies,
It's no' in ither lands, whaur green groves an' myrtles rise,
That we can ken sic peace as blissfu' nature sen's
To fill an' cheer the he'rt in oor ain green glens.

O ! were it summer aye, an' the glens aye sae braw,
I never frae their charms wad wish to be awa' ;
But aye I'd win content whaur yon wee burnie wens,
Wi' everlasting sang, thro' oor ain green glens.

MY SAILOR LADDIE.

Sair's my he'rt and sad's my thocht
Sin' Jamie gaed oot owre the main,
Hear ye my prayer, ye win' an' waves,
An' bring him safely back again.

Three short weeks hae scarce bygane
Sin' I was made his joyfu' bride,
But Duty's ca' taen him awa'
Far, far upon the ocean wide.

Wi' wark lyin' on my knee at e'en
I sit abune the lanely shore,
And oh ! it turns my he'rt to wae
When clouds descend an' billows roar.

For should my darlin' come nae mair,
Then what to me were a' the lave—
Yes, what were a' the warl' beside,
Were he aneath the angry wave.

Sure, He wha's care extends to a',
Wha stilled of yore the angry main,
The ship shall guide thro' storm an' tide,
And bring my laddie hame again.

MARY WRIGHT HOWIE.

WE have failed to get particulars to furnish anything that can be called a sketch of the life of Miss Howie. Her career was uneventful, secluded, and short. Her father died during her childhood, and she was brought up under the care of a devoted mother in a village on the coast of Ayrshire. In disposition she was amiable and sensitive, her manners were retiring and unobtrusive in a remarkable degree, and her chief delight lay in her gift of poetry. She died near the age of twenty about the year 1858. Her mother selected and published a small volume of her poems shortly after her death, entitled "Memorials of a Beloved Daughter" (Edinburgh: J. B. Paterson). Several of her best-sustained and most vigorous poems, such as "The Soldier's Tale," "The King's Burial," and others are too lengthy for quoting complete. She was evidently a writer with eye and ear alike awake to all that is beautiful and true. She wrote with much taste and heart, and her shorter poems abound in pretty touches.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

"Thou art fair and thou art playful!" sang the fisher to the sea,
When the weary southern breezes seem'd expiring on the lea,
And the little waves around him join'd to chant their mournful hymn,
While moonlight pierc'd above his head through clouds of evening dim.
His little boat was by the marge, with sail and cordage free;
His nets were gather'd in the hold, all ready for the sea;
His fire was lit upon the deck, his oar was in his hand,
And steadily he sailed away far from the sleeping land.

"Thou art rich and thou art gen'rous!" sang the fisher to the sea,
As he cast his net across the bark into the glist'ning lee,

For there the phosphorescent wave appear'd a field of gold ;
The moon's soft rays a silken scarf around its borders roll'd ;
The silv'ry clouds of ev'ning sail'd up in the azure sky,
As sails a fleet invincible before a victory.
And, loudly as the fisher sang, the sea-mews joined the strain—
"Thou givest with a lib'ral hand, thou darkly-rolling main."

"Thou art strong and thou art silent!" sang the fisher to the sea,
As the pirate's dark flotilla skimm'd across the distant lee ;
As he heard its inmates' hostile sounds, as he saw them slacken sail ;
As he saw them crowd the maindecks, with savage faces pale ;
He heard their cannons firing, he saw their daggers bare,
And pitied the poor merchant-ship that strove against them there.
Far, far away from off their track, still singing, did he flee—
"Thou couldst many secret stories tell, thou deep and silent sea!"

"Thou are mighty in thine anger," sang the fisher to the sea,
As loom'd the morning's ruddy clouds above the distant lee,
As hoarsely from their hidden caves he heard the billows sing
In murmurs 'gainst the stormy sprite for their awakening.
Oh, darkly came the noontide hour, without the noontide sun !
Oh, loud proclaimed the bursting clouds a tempest had begun !
Oh, swift the lightning struck the mast, and, burning brilliantly,
The ship danced like a marsh-light on the black waste of the sea !

"Thou art cruel in thy vengeance," sang the widow to the sea,
As she saw the wreck'd boat drifting, charr'd and broken, to the lee ;
As she saw across its bulwarks, all unharm'd by fire, there lay
The net her hands had mended ere that fatal fishing-day.
"Thou hast won me bread, O ocean ! now thou'lt win me bread no more ;
I have watch'd thy midnight calms with joy, and trembled at thy roar :
Now my hope, my love is taken, and the world's a blank to me :
Thou art rich, but thou art cruel. Oh, farewell, deceiving sea!"

THE WELCOME.

(FROM "THE SOLDIER'S TALE.")

He's come ! he's come ! the father cried ; now all our griefs are past ;
He's come ! the aged mother sigh'd, as her warrior son she clasp'd ;
Altho' his cheek be pale and wan, Life's strength may scarce remain—
Ten thousand welcomes to our cot—our pray'rs have not been vain.

Now, let our finest linen cloth be on the table spread ;
Bring forth a flask of elder wine, a loaf of wheaten bread ;
And pile more coals upon the fire to make it briskly burn,
And call the neighbours round the board to hail our son's return.

"Oh, tell me of the glorious war," his brave young brother cried,
"Of foreign climes and foreign men in Honour's cause allied ;
And tell me how the Russian hosts in dire confusion ran,
When Britain's victor squadrons charg'd at rear, and flank, and van.

"They say it is a splendid thing when armies meet to fight,
To see their silken standards wave above their armour bright ;
To hear the martial music tell what made our fathers free,
And watch the foeman's lines advance like billows on the sea.

"They say it is a noble thing a soldier's hope to feel,
As, rushing on the foe, he bears his stalwart blade of steel ;
Or when, to shouts of victory, he strains his dying ear,
As nightfall ends the battle, and his comrades round him cheer.

"For I will be a soldier, too, when this weak arm grows strong,
And I'll maintain the cause that's right against the cause that's wrong ;
Aye foremost in the charging ranks, if sword in hand I fall,
My prayer will be 'Britain'—then, dear brother, tell me all."

"Oh, tell me of this cruel strife," his gentle sister said,
"Of legions eager to pursue where'er your banners led ;
And how you saved the wounded men, and gave the weary rest,
How oft the trembling prisoner your clemency has blest.

"Say, is it not a bitter thing, when stemming war's red tide,
To see your comrades one by one sink helpless at your side ?
And wept not you, as I would weep, when once the fight was o'er,
To view both friend and foeman strewn like wrecks upon a shore ?

"Oft have I dreamt of you by night, and waked at morn in tears,
Yet aye a whisp'ring inward voice would chase my anxious fears;
It told me that your hero arm was strengthened in the fight,
And that your heart was calm and glad, as glad as ours to-night."

HOPE.

Bright are the robes that this angel wears ;
His crown is of garlands new :

And summer flowers in his hand he bears,
That heaven's bright gardens grew.

Not alone to the mighty he gives his wreaths,
Not alone to the toil-oppress'd;
He has myrtles fresh for the soul that grieves,
And a rose for the joying breast.

He speeds o'er the plain where the seed is sown,
He speeds o'er the autumn field—
Soon from the furrows the blades are grown;
Rich is the harvest they yield.

He sails o'er the sea with his cloud-white wings,
When the hurricane revels on high,
And rest to each rocking bark he brings,
And stars to the frowning sky.

And e'en he peers thro' the cottager's door,
Ere the daily task be done,
He smiles on the roof, and he smiles on the floor,
And he lightens the labour begun.

He hovers o'er the brave when the battle is fierce,
And he holds up an amaranth high;
Keen, keen be the lance that his soul can pierce,
Tho' over the ranks he fly.

The fair white flowers in the marriage train,
That gleam from the bridal head,
And the sable cypress upon the plain,
That grows o'er the sainted dead,—

He plants them all with a friendly mirth,
For the toil-worn and the gay;
But of all the garlands he flings on earth,
The willows the last decay.

. . . . .

'Tis the angel of Hope that speeds o'er the land,
And unweariedly wand'reth he,
And he gives rich gifts with a heavenly hand,
Tho' oftimes rejected he be.

Not alone o'er the rich, not alone o'er the gay,
Do his wings of mercy flee;
For on the marge of the happy way
He has cast a flower for thee,

Cull it, oh! cull it with grateful hand,
While its odour cheers the earth;
For 'tis not a flower of this thorny land—
'Tis a germ of nobler birth.

GEORGE MACKENZIE,

AUTHOR of "Highland Day Dreams: Poems and Sonnets" (*Northern Chronicle* Office, Inverness, 1887), was born at Inverness in 1859. Mr Mackenzie comes of pure Highland ancestry, and his father was an enthusiastic Celtic scholar. He was educated at Farraline Park School, the rector, Rev. J. S. Forsyth, being a famous classical teacher. At an early age he evinced a decided taste for composition, and while only in his ninth year he was awarded first prize for that subject. On leaving school he entered the postal telegraph service, and now holds an appointment on the superintending staff. In his sixteenth year he began to contribute poetical pieces to several Scottish newspapers. Since then he has occasionally written both prose and verse for various magazines and periodicals, though official duties, in some measure, restrict opportunities for indulging in much literary work.

For some time Mr Mackenzie was president of the Inverness Literary Society, and when he takes part in its "parliamentary debates" he proves himself an incisive but good-natured debater. In 1891 he was selected by the Clan Mackenzie Society to write the inaugural ode for the Socicety's first annual gathering. The song, "Sons of Clann Choinnich" (Gaelic

equivalent for the Mackenzies) was wedded to appropriate music by another clansman. His "Highland Day Dreams" were mostly composed at Seaforth Lodge, a cosy-looking house covered with ivy and roses, close to the picturesque banks of the River Ness, about a mile from the capital of the Highlands. The work was favourably reviewed by the press, was warmly received by the public, and we might add that the famous elocutionist, Dr Moxey (Leo Ross) said of the author that his poems proved his possession of the dramatic as well as the lyrical gift. The literary finish of his writings is noteworthy, the rhythm is smooth and perfect, and he is ever natural, whether depicting the emotions of the human breast or describing the varied aspects of his native land. Love, patriotism, and the domestic virtues inspire his pen. In the words of one of his reviewers—the *Northern Ensign*, to the columns of which he has been a frequent contributor—"his favourite themes are the same as are summed up in the Spanish proverbial saying, that 'women, birds, and flowers are Heaven's dearest gifts,' adding children and the stars to complete the list."

IN THE WOODLAND.

Above, tall fir-trees rear their heads,
  Beneath, ferns and wild violets twine;
The bees rest 'mid the gorse and grass,
  Or woo the perfumed eglantine.

Perched on a bough, a little bird
  Is chirping ceaseless notes of woe,
All careless of the joyant scene
  That bounteous nature spreads below.

It lists not to the merry songs
  Of feathered minstrels flitting by,
It looks not on the garish flowers,
  Nor views the cloudless noonday sky.

It rests upon the branch where stood
The tiny nest it built in spring;
But robbed is now that cherished home—
Moss, feathers, wool, and everything.

The callow birds that erstwhile peeped,
From that soft couch whereon they lay,
Then wondered at the lofty trees,
And nestled closer, are away.

Poor, fluttering, feeble, down-clad things,
A cruel hand has wrought this wrong;
'Twere little, sure, to leave them there,
They yet might fill the woods with song.

The flowers are closing with the night,
The bees have folded up their wings;
But still those melancholy notes
Upon that bough the wee bird sings.

MAIDEN MINE.

Lovely is the blush of morn
(When the golden sun is born),
Or the parting glance of day;
Sweet the violet in the vale,
And the wild flowers of the dale,
Yet thou art more fair than they,
Maiden mine.

When the stars peep forth at night,
Clad in robes of sparkling white,
Making earth and sky divine,
As I watch their silver gleam,
Of thy radiant face I dream,
And those beaming eyes of thine,
Maiden mine.

Oft amid the woods in spring
I have heard the warblers sing,
And loved well their varied song;
It reminded me of thee—
Of thy voice's melody,
And I listened to it long,
Maiden mine.

When the summer day is done,
Gorgeous is the smiling sun
Gently sinking to its rest!

Yes, this world of ours is fair,
And I love its beauties rare ;
But I love thee still the best,
Maiden mine.

WHAT IS WAR?

What is war ? exclaims the monarch,
'Tis a game we rulers play ;
'Tis a pleasant recreation,
Nation battling against nation,
Striving who will gain the day.

What is war ? the source of glory
And of fame, the soldier cries ;
Where the tyrant's host we shatter,
And our country's foes we scatter,
Where the hero proudly dies.

What is war ? sobs out the widow,
But a hateful, fearful thing ;
There men strike down one another—
As if man were not man's brother—
All to satisfy a king.

What is war ? they ask a maiden,
Thus she mournfully replies—
There the lover, whom I cherished,
Bravely fought, and, fighting, perished,
No fond hand to close his eyes.

What is war ? A thirsting Moloch,
Nursed on blood, and sobs, and tears ;
Archetype of desolation,
Sovereign af tribulation,
Throned on human woes and fears.

SONS OF CLANN CHOINNICH.

Gallant sons of great Clann Choinnich,
Join your hands o'er land and sea,
In the bond of common kinship,
Pride of race and chivalry.
Come, Mackenzies of the islands,
Men of Seaforth ahd Kintail,
As your sires were wont to gather
In the battle to prevail.

Chorus—

Rouse ye and gather, heirs to all their fame,
Join hearts and hands, men of Coinneach's name,
"Cuidich 'n Righ," proved in war and peace,
Still be the motto of your gallant race.

When the Bruce, the liberator,
'Gainst the Saxon tyrant rose
In the holy cause of freedom,
Harried by relentless foes,
Sought Mackenzie's friendly shelter—
Loyalty that ne'er did fail—
Refuge found in Eileandonain's
Rocky stronghold in Kintail.

Then our warlike Scottish monarch
For dear freedom made a stand,
Broke the power of Edward's legions,
Snapped the chains that bound our land.
Bannockburn, the grandest triumph,
Ever earned by brave men's blood,
Where beneath Mackenzie's banner
Twice three hundred clansmen stood.

For the sceptre of the Stuarts
Seaforth fought at Sheriffmuir,
Faithful, though the cause was hopeless,
Reft of lands, but honour pure.
In the hour of righteous struggle
Race that never recked the cost,
Bonnie tartan, oh! so gory
When Culloden's day was lost.

Constant aye when duty beckoned,
When the fiery cross went round,
Bravest mid a race of heroes,
For their faithfulness renowned.
Scattered wide in busy cities,
Far from Highland hill and glen,
Muse upon Clann Choinnich's glories,
And be brave and noble men.

Rouse ye and gather, &c.

GEORGE S. ARNOLD,

A YOUNG student, full of rich promise, was born at Gowan's Glen, Dalserf, Lanarkshire, in 1851. His father, a linen bleacher, was son of a Presbyterian minister in County Monaghan. In 1858 George's parents removed to Bridge-of-Allan. He early manifested talent, and left school at fourteen with three first prizes and a second to his credit. Arnold was then sent to business, but he soon began to have other thoughts. At the age of nineteen he entered Glasgow University, and had a brilliant career, taking prizes in all his classes, and securing the highest place in English literature—the gold medal given by the English Text Society. He then proceeded to the Divinity Hall in connection with the United Presbyterian Church, where he also distinguished himself.

While he was thus brilliant and indefatigable as a student, he rejoiced in all out-door amusements. The views of nature that he gained in fishing were more to him than a full basket. "As a contrast to his eager pursuit of knowledge," says Mr Yellowlees in a "Memoir" of our poet.(Edinburgh : Andrew Douglas), "we might have told of his keen enjoyment of recreation. Memories of a night spent at sea with the Newhaven fishermen, of swimming exploits in the Forth and its firth, and of ramble by hill and dale, crowd upon us. Arnold was remarkable for his love of adventure, and his keen sympathy with men and things. He never ceased to be a boy in becoming a man, and he never ceased to be a man in becoming a minister." Mr Arnold threw himself with energy into everything he did. Excessive ardour, however, soon sapped his strength, and when he left the Hall he

started, with his biographer (the Rev. John Yellowlees) on a trip to the Mediterranean. The travellers visited Gibraltar, Genoa, Athens, and Venice, and returned home overland by Linz, Munich, and Brussels. He enjoyed his travel to the full, and seemed to have recovered, but ill-health again set in. Our poet took license as a preacher, but his experience of the "life of a Scotch probationer" was not of long duration. He was placed on the list of probationers in the beginning of 1878; his last sermon was preached on the first Sabbath of May in the same year, and four months thereafter, in his 27th year, within the sound of the murmuring Allan, along the banks of which he had so often played as a boy, his spirit passed away from earth to engage in the higher ministry of heaven.

Arnold's individuality was marked and impressive, as the selections from his letters given by Mr Yellowlees, and the introduction by Principal Cairns to the "Memorials" (one of the warmest and most affectionate ever written by a professor about a student) sufficiently show. Professor Nichol, of the English Literature Class, spoke of him as the most distinguished student of his year, and Principal Cairns said of him that he would ever cherish his memory, and look back lovingly on his bright career, "with so much speculative faculty and classical accomplishment; so much fine enthusiasm and literary power; and so pure a devotion to the Gospel of Christ." We have referred to his child-like faith and his humble yet self-reliant spirit. Writing to a friend from Bath, where he spent some time as a tutor, he says—"So profoundly wise, oftentimes is feeling that it *will* go through the turnpike gates of the intellect, and won't even consent to pay taxes. It is rather melancholy to think, however, that such writers as Tennyson, Mrs Browning, and George Eliot can only *mourn* God's universe into order and beauty. I should like to

think it, but, if I may not, I hope that I shall not be sorry to be no wiser than a child."

Many a time did Arnold wander the wooded heights and hollows that adorn the background of the Bridge-of-Allan; and indeed no better nursery could have been found for a poetic child than that belt of woodland, forming as it does an agreeable mean between the extreme fertility of the Carse of Stirling, and the extreme sterility of Sheriffmuir. Here, in fellowship with nature, Arnold learned to think and sing; "and we do not wonder," says his biographer, "that the flowers and the trees, the hills and the dales, have been asked to mourn for him—for him who loved them so well, and who spent among them his brief, yet happy years."

We select the following verses from the "Memorials," which also contains prose selections from Mr Arnold's pen, such as papers on "The Influence of the Classics on English Literature," "Classic and Tuetonic Standards of Art," and other subjects, several sermons, "In Memoriam" poems by friends, &c.

THE WISH OF MY LIFE.

Like the odour of flowers,
In Spring's blue hours,
When the life of the year is young,
And through fleecy bowers,
The scent of showers
Down to the earth is flung;

Like the tint of the skies
When the darkness dies,
And dominion to day is given;
Like the soft breeze that hies
To the daisy that sighs,
To waft up its tribute to heaven;

Like a bird that sings
Of all beautiful things,
Of lawn and river and lea;

Like gurgling springs,
In a glade that rings
With their miniature voice of the sea;

Like the starry sheen
Which the dewdrops glean
From the field of the firmament;
Like the kiss unseen
Of a joy that has been
To the tear which the world has sent;

Like the grain that burns
In golden urns,
When the round of the reaper is nigh;
Like the eagle that spurns
Old earth and its "turns,"
To find out the ether and die;

Like the morning flush
And the rainbow blush,
Like whatever is lovely and free;
Like the torrent rush,
Like a true heart-gush,
The wish of my life would be.

THE SONG OF SPRING.

I am here, I am here,
At the dawn of the year,
I am come on a mission below,
To send the blue hours
In search of the flowers
That loved me a year ago.

I shall visit the bed,
Where the bud lies dead
To the vision of mortal eyes;
With the finger of God,
I shall touch the sod,
And say "Thou dead one, arise."

I shall say to the rain,
"Be thou on the plain,
Where the daisies lie in wait
For the gentle power
Of a sunny shower,
To raise them from low estate."

I shall say to the rose,
"The soft wind blows
O'er upland and lawn and lea;
Ere the daylight fades
From the sunlit glades,
O come, we are waiting for thee."

I shall touch the streams
With bright day-dreams
Of a glory vouchsafed to the woods;
I shall speak to the breeze,
As it sweeps through the trees,
And calm it to pleasanter moods.

I shall walk through the land,
With uplifted hand,
In prayer that the beautiful hours
Will gather round May,
While I haste far away
To wander through Northern bowers.

O the crown I shall win!
When the Spring days begin,
That bloom through the winterless years,
When the days never know
The chillness of snow,
Neither sorrow, nor sighing, nor tears.

A FRIEND.

I asked the day, with its sunny ray,
To dwell within my breast;
But the day with its ray soon sped away
To its evening home in the west.

I plucked a flower, in a summer hour,
And placed it within my heart;
And the summer flower loved its bosom-bower,
But 'twas slain by the sunbeam's dart.

I looked to the hills, in my heavy ills,
And I said, "O abide with me;"
But the everlasting hills had no human thrills
In their voice of majesty.

I summoned the light that once sheathed in white
The fields of long ago;
But that holy light had faded quite
In the day-spring's after-glow.

I cried to the years, in my falling tears,
That I was all forlorn ;
But the cruel years were preparing biers
For the joys that Time had born.

I remembered a friend, and I said, " O spend
A little love on me : "
O thou pale-faced friend, thou has made an end
Of my life's mystery.

CATHERINE FERGUSON HONEYMAN

WAS born in 1809 in the hamlet of Goshen, near Carron Iron Works. On her father's death, which happened while she was in early childhood, her mother and she removed to Cuthilton, near Denny, the farm of her grandmother. In 1821 her friends went to reside on another farm near, attached to which was a mill on the river Carron. Naturally sensitive to the beauty of hill and dale, the historic associations of the river took strong hold of her fancy, with all the deeper effect that they were united with beauty. On the banks of the Carron it was, tradition says, that Bruce, the father of the victor of Bannockburn, met Wallace, and held the conversation with him that led him to withdraw from the English army. On the banks of the Carron is laid the scene of the romantic ballad of "Gil Morris." In 1831 the little family removed to Thornbank, a house in the neighbourhood of Falkirk. This house is situated in the field of the battle of Falkirk, and near the gate to its garden stood the yew tree that marked the place where John de Graham fell. This tree occasioned the

earliest effusion of our poetess that was given to the public. "Graham's Yew" was the point of many a local pilgrimage, and every pilgrim took a piece of the tree. Seeing it thus standing, hashed and gashed, she imagined it complaining against the folk of Falkirk. A friend got hold of the poem, and sent it to the *Stirling Journal*, then the only newspaper in the county of Stirling. The children for some years afterwards shrunk from going down the road where it grew, saying—"There's the tree that speaks to fouk." After a short but very happy married life, spent in Glasgow, her husband, Mr Ebenezer Thomson, died. In course of time she returned to the neighbourhood of Denny, and ultimately settled down at Stirling, where she now lives with her son, the Rev. J. E. H. Thomson, noticed in the fourth volume of this work.

Ill-health, which has pursued her throughout her long life, made Mrs Thomson's schooling somewhat irregular, but her mind has retained its activity undiminished. Throughout all that period she has been indefatigably writing, and interesting herself in literature and politics; and as a proof of her mental vigour it might be mentioned that when she was seventy-five she thought she would like to try oil painting, and covered several large canvases with her work.

Mrs Thomson's verses are full of poetic feeling, though sometimes there is a lack of effectiveness of form—a result due to rapidity of composition.

THE AULD FARM HOOSE.

I visit again the scenes of my childhood--
The wimpling burn and the blaeberry wildwood;
I miss the auld thorn and the rowan tree too,
Where nightly the hoolet wailed out his "too-hoo."
I miss the auld biggin', weel theekit wi' strae,
That braved the cauld blasts on the breist o' the brae;
Tho' rough were its wa's it was cosy an' bien,

An' blythe were the faces that in it were seen ;
Tho' plain was their fare and rough their attire,
O ! happy they were as they sat roun' the fire.
Aft neebours drapt in then, wi' story an' sang,
The cauld winter nicht was never thocht lang ;
For e'en the auld beggar, wi' ragged meal poke,
Sat snug by the ingle an' crackit his joke,
An' telt a' the wonders he heard or had seen
Since last in that biggin' a lodger he'd been.
Tho' a' were sae happy an' canty an' croose,
No ane was idle in the auld farm-house—
Some knitted at stockings, some birr'd at the wheel,
While ane gaed preparin' the plain evening meal.

But whaur are my frien's noo, an' whaur the auld hame ?
Alas ! o' that group death has only left ane ;
O' the auld grey wa's not a stane's to be found,
But a' roun' the place docks an' nettles abound.
An' here, as I stan' by the auld knockin' stane,
My heart's sair to think that I stan' here alane ;
There's nae word o' welcome to fa' on my ear,
I maun turn me awa' as I drap the sad tear.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A CIST FOUND NEAR STIRLING.

Ye mouldering relics, tell what once you were
When last the earth resounded to your tread,
What battles did you fight, what conflicts stir,
Ere you were numbered with your kindred dead.

They're gone, all gone, that were your bold compeers,
The painted warrior and the skin-clad chief,
That marched beside you 'mid the shouldered spears,
And shared with you the course of glory brief.

For your long limbs bespeak a warrior's might
That oft hath seen the flag of war unfurled,
'Mid Celtic heroes, burning for the fight,
Perchance against the conquerors of the world.

Or were your battles fought in that old time
When men had not yet forged the glowing steel,
Nor taught the bronze to flow in this cold clime,
But flinty hammer-blows were wont to deal.

The records all are mute as that grey stone
That has for ages lain above your head ;

All weaponless men left you there alone,
Unfollowed to the kingdom of the dead.

We leave you now in your new place of rest
To slumber peaceful 'mong the recent dead;
May earth lie light upon your mouldering breast
Till heaven and earth and sea alike are fled.

WALLACE BRUCE,

WHOSE name is suggestive of a strong union of Scottish patriotism and poetry, is the gifted and much-esteemed United States Consul at Edinburgh. He was born in 1844 at Hillside, New York —one of the most beautiful and romantic towns in the Hudson River Valley—and descended from true Scottish "forebears." In his proem to a volume—"In Clover and Heather"—a loving combination of Scottish and American poems, published in 1890 by Messrs Blackwood & Sons, he says—

There are greetings the wide world over,
And blossoms wherever we roam,
But none like the heather and clover
To welcome the wanderer home.

Warm-hearted with kindred devotion,
Twin sisters in sympathy true,
They whisper across the wide ocean,
Love-laden with memory's dew.

In purple tints woven together
The Hudson shakes hands with the Tweed,
Commingling with Abbotsford's heather
The clover of Sunnyside's mead.

A token of friendship immortal
With Washington Irving returns—

Scott's ivy entwined o'er his portal
By the Blue-eyed Lassie of Burns.

Their names by heather-bells wedded
With fondness Columbia retains;
In freedom's foundation imbedded
The lay of the minstrel remains.

Ay, this their commission and glory,
In redolent bloom to prolong
Love, liberty, legend, and story,
That blossom in ballad and song.

So here's to the clover and heather
Of river-side, mountain, and glen,
As I stand wi' doffed bonnet and feather
At the yetts of my forebears again!

Our poet's paternal ancestors—the Bruces—went from Scotland to Massachusetts in 1640, while his maternal ancestors—the MacAlpines—left this country about the middle of the eighteenth century. His great-great-uncle was Wm. MacAlpine, the Greenock publisher, and his great-grandmother, Mary Adams, was descended from John Alden, of the "Mayflower." We are told that it was a Scotsman who laid the foundation of the American Constitution—namely, Alexander Hamilton; another Scotsman, Washington Irving, laid the foundation of American literature; and the ancestors of Wallace Bruce were men of weight in their day, and did not a little for the good of America. From a very early age our poet evinced a great love for Scottish history and poetry. He graduated at Yale University with high honours in literature and classics in 1867, and afterwards studied law, and was admitted to practice in New York in 1869. In the following year he made a trip on foot through Scotland and England, was in Paris during the stormy season of the Franco-Prussian war, and on his return to New York he entered the Lyceum and Lecture field, taking for his subjects Burns, Scott, and Shakes-

peare. His lectures were popular in every city, and resulted in helping forward the great Chautauqua literary movement in America. Both in Scotland and in America his lectures are spoken of in the highest terms. They are patriotic and poetic, and abound with gems of his own production—his subjects giving him full scope for his fine imaginative and descriptive powers. His classic diction, beautiful gems of thought and recitation, and splendid oratory, as has been said by a great authority, "fire the hearts of his hearers, as he speaks with the fervour of a minstrel chanting the deeds of gods and heroes." Another critic of standing says that he has made his way to the "very front of the lecture platform without sensation, and has earned his position by his qualifications as an orator and a genial man of letters," and, further, that his "poetry and oratory are both full of the sunshine and enthusiasm of his nature."

Mr Wallace Bruce's works include "A Hand-Book of the Hudson," which has already reached a circulation of 150,000 copies. His "Old Homestead Poems," published by Harper & Brothers, New York, contain many patriotic and occasional poems characterised by that delicacy of fancy, sincerity of expression, and depth of feeling which give fitting utterance to the sanctity with which we hallow the past. As was said by "The Magazine of Poetry," "no American poet, not even Whittier, has set to sweeter music, the tender memories of home." His "Clover and Heather" we have already named as an affectionate combination of Scotch and American poems, possessing the same truthfulness of motive which is characteristic of all his verse, even when his abounding humour ripples into song. This nobility of purpose and excellence of execution are the qualities that make those familiar with his poetry warm admirers.

While a student he was elected editor of the "Yale

Literary Magazine." The first poem which gave him national prominence was "Parson Allen's Ride," delivered at the Bennington Centennial in 1875, and three years afterwards he published "The Land of Burns," which was followed by "The Yosemite," "The Long Drama," &c.

In 1889 the subject of our sketch was appointed United States Consul in Edinburgh—an appointment that gave very marked satisfaction to a wide circle. It only remains to be further noted that the fervid patriotism which pulsates through his poems has caused his being selected as a poet to celebrate many distinguished occasions. Perhaps amongst the happiest of these efforts was his masterly productions in 1880 of "Scott's Greeting to Burns in Central Park, New York," at the dedication of the Burns Statue; and more recently—on 8th July, 1891—he had the well-merited honour of being selected to write the poem for the unveiling of the statue of Burns at Ayr, the charm of the verses exciting the admiration of all who heard them. Altogether Mr Bruce's productions evince the true poetical spirit, and the clear and cultured mind. His views of duty and of life are broad, liberal, and enlightened. His descriptive sketches of nature are beautiful, while those of individual character are racy, vigorous, and life-like—animated, and sparkling with quiet, pawky humour and touches of a tender pathos that reaches the heart. The following, from the *Glasgow Herald*, is high praise, but not too strong—"Mr Bruce's verse thrills with fine, free-flowing, vigorous spirit, which imparts to it that feeling of reality and freshness that gives to the poetry of Burns its permanent attraction."

ONE WORD.

"Write me an epic," the warrior said—
"Victory, valour, and glory wed."

"Prithee, a ballad," exclaimed the knight—
"Prowess, adventure, and faith unite."

"An ode to freedom," the patriot cried—
"Liberty won and wrong defied."

"Give me a drama," the scholar asked—
"The inner world in the outer masked."

"Frame me a sonnet," the artist prayed—
"Power and passion in harmony played."

"Sing me a lyric," the maiden sighed—
"A lark-note waking the morning wide."

"Nay, all too long," said the busy age,
"Write me a line instead of a page."

The swift years spoke, the poet heard,
"Your poem write in a single word."

He looked in the maiden's glowing eyes,
A moment glanced at the starlit skies;

From the lights below to the lights above,
And wrote the one-word poem—Love.

TO MY WIFE.

I have in life but wishes three:
The first is realised in thee;

The second you can surely guess—
Sweet presents sent from Heaven to bless;

The third some sweet and quiet nook,
To read the leaves of Nature's book.

I could not make my wishes four—
Love, children, home—Earth has no more.

"INASMUCH."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

You say that you want a Meetin'-house for the boys in the gulch up there,

And a Sunday-school with pictur'-books? Well, put me down
for a share.
I believe in little children ; its as nice to hear 'em read
As to wander round the ranch at noon and see the cattle feed.
And I believe in preachin' too—by men for preachin' born,
Who let alone the husks of creed and measure out the corn.
The pulpit's but a manger where the pews are Gospel-fed ;
And they say 'twas to a manger that the Star of Glory led.
So I'll subscribe a dollar toward the manger and the stalls ;
I always give the best I've got whenever my partner calls.
And, stranger, let me tell you : I'm beginning to suspect
That all the world are partners, whatever their creed or sect ;
That life is a kind of pilgrimage—a sort of Jericho road,
And kindness to one's fellows the sweetest law in the code.
No matter about the 'nitials—from a farmer, you understand,
Who's generally had to play it alone from rather an or'nary hand.
I've never struck it rich, for farming, you see, is slow ;
And whenever the crops are fairly good the prices are always
low.
A dollar isn't very much, but it helps to count the same ;
The lowest trump supports the ace, and sometimes wins the
game.
It assists a fellow's praying when he's down upon his knees—
"Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these."
I know the verses, stranger, so you needn't stop to quote ;
Its a different thing to know them or to say them off by rote.
I'll tell you where I learned them, if you'll step in from the rain :
'Twas down in 'Frisco, years ago—had been there hauling grain ;
It was just across the ferry, on the Sacramento pike,
Where stores and sheds are rather mixed, and shanties scatterin'
like
Not the likeliest place to be in. I remember the saloon,
With grocery, market, baker-shop, and bar-room all in one.
And this made up the picture—my hair was not then grey,
But everything still seems as real as if 'twere yesterday.
A little girl with haggard face stood at the counter there—
Not more than ten or twelve at most, but worn with grief and
care ;
And her voice was kind of raspy, like a sort of chronic cold—
Just the tone you find in children who are prematurely old.
She said : "Two bits for bread and tea, ma hasn't much to eat ;
She hopes next week to work again, and buy us all some meat.
We've been half-starved all winter, but spring will soon be here,
And she tells us, 'Keep up courage, for God is always near.'"
Just then a dozen men came in ; the boy was called away
To shake the spotted cubes for drinks, as Fortyniners say.
I never heard from human lips such oaths and curses loud
As rose above the glasses of that crazed and reckless crowd.
But the poor tired girl sat waiting, lost at last to revels deep,
On a keg beside a barrel in the corner, fast asleep.

Well, I stood there, sort of waiting, until some one at the bar
Said, "Hello! I say, stranger, what have you over thar?"
The boy then told her story; and that crew, so fierce and wild,
Grew intent and seemed to listen to the breathing of the child.
The glasses all were lowered. Said the leader: "Boys, see here;
All day we've been pouring whisky, drinking deep our Christmas cheer
Here's two dollars. I've got feelings, which are not entirely dead,
For this little girl and mother suffering for the want of bread."
"Here's a dollar." "Here's another;" and they all chipped in their share,
And they planked the ringing metal down upon the counter there.
Then the spokesman took a golden double-eagle from his belt,
Softly stepped from bar to counter, and beside the sleeper knelt;
Took the "two bits" from her fingers, changed her silver piece for gold.
"See there, boys! the girl is dreaming." Down her cheeks the tear-drops rolled.
One by one the swarthy miners passed in silence to the street.
Gently we awoke the sleeper, but she started to her feet
With a dazed and strange expression, saying: "Oh, I thought 'twas true!
Ma was well, and we were happy; round our doorstone roses grew.
We had everything we wanted, food enough, and clothes to wear;
And my hand burns where an angel touched it soft with fingers fair."
As she looked and saw the money in her fingers glistening bright—
"Well, now, ma has long been praying, but she won't believe me quite,
How you've sent 'way up to heaven, where the golden treasures are,
And have also got an angel clerking at your grocery bar."
That's a Christmas story, stranger, which I thought you'd like to hear;
True to fact and human nature, pointing out one's duty clear.
Hence, to matters of subscription you will see that I'm alive—
Just mark off that dollar, stranger; I think I'll make it five.

LIFE'S PAUSES.

A curious stranger environed in doubt,
An interrogation-point toddling about,
A bundle of questions,—nothing more,—
Cooing and creeping upon the floor.

A comma of sunshine, a playtime to see
The flower, the bird, the brook, and the tree :
A vision of childhood,—count one for the pause,—
A ripple of laughter, a golden clause.

A stile in the pathway, a summer day,
A bissful moment too sweet to stay ;
Swift semicolon of youth divine,—
Count two in tracing the raptured line.

An exclamation—" You ! O You ! "
The same old story, forever new,
An arrow's flight to a soul new-found.
A volume of love in a vowel-sound.

A song, a prayer, a marriage vow,
A compound word in a chapter now,
Only a hyphen, but angels wait
And hush their anthem in heaven's gate.

A gleam of light in the gliding years,
A colon of joy in the font appears,
A point of hope in the fleeting text :—
Our line continued in the next.

The sentence finished, a gentle mound
By waving grass encircled round ;
A period here, but not complete,
Merely a rest for weary feet

A rest for the night till the morning wakes,
Till the purpling east in glory breaks :
Faith writes a dash for the great To-Be—
Beyond Time's bracket—Eternity.

THE AULD BRIG'S WELCOME.

The Auld Brig hails wi' hearty cheer,—
Uncover, lads, for Burns is here ;
The Bard who links us all to fame,
And blends his own with Scotia's name.

Old Coila's had her share of fame,
Her bead-roll treasures many a name ;
She's had her heroes great and sma',
But Robin stands aboon them a'.

Ah, Burns ! who dares to call thee poor !

Each sky-lark nest on yonder moor,
Each daisy-bloom on flowery mead,
The lambs that on the meadows feed,—

Each field and brae by burn or stream
Where wandering lovers come to dream
Are all thine own. As vassals all
We gather here from princely hall,—

From lowly cot, from hills afar,
From southern clime, from western star,
To bring our love,—all hearts are thine
By title time can never tyne.

The crowning meed of praise belongs
To him who writes a people's songs,
Who strikes one note—the common good,
One chord—a wider brotherhood ;

Who drops a word of cheer to bliss
His fellow-mortal in distress,
And lightens on life's dusty road
Some weary traveller of his load ;

Who finds the Mousie's trembling heart
Of God's great universe a part ;
And in the Daisy's crimson tips
Discerns a soul with human lips.

That raptured hour, that sacred vow,
Are love's eternal treasures now ;
Montgomery's towers may fall away,
But Highland Mary lives for aye.

And sweeter still the swelling song
Of loyal love repairing wrong ;
Like mavis notes that gently fa' :—
"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw."

Brave bonnie Jean ! We love to tell
The story from thy lips that fell ;
The lengthened life which Heaven gave
Casts radiant twilight on his grave.

A noble woman, strong to shield ;
Her tender heart his trusty bield ;
The critic from her doorway turns
With faith renewed and love for Burns.

She knew as no one else could know
The heavy burden of his woe;
The carking care, the wasting pain,—
Each welded link of misery's chain.

Oh, Robert Burns! by tempest tossed,
Storm-swept, by cruel whirlwinds crossed;
Thy prayers, like David's psalms of old,
Make all our plaints and wailings cold.

And who dare thrust his idle word
Where God's own equities are heard;
"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone"—
Let him that's guiltless cast the stone.

We know but this: his living song
Protects the weak and tramples wrong;
Refracting radiance of delight
His prismed genius, clear and bright

Illumes all Scotland far and wide,
And Caledonia throbs with pride
To hear her grand old Doric swell
From highland crag to lowland dell;

To find, where'er her children stray,
Her "Auld Lang Syne," her "Scots Wha Hae,"
And words of hope which proudly span
The centuries vast—"A man's a man."

THE STRANGER.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

An aged man came late to Abraham's tent.
The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare.
He asked for bread; his strength was wellnigh spent,
His haggard look implored the tenderest care.
The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes,
But spake no grace, nor bowed he towards the east.
Safe sheltered here from dark and angry skies,
The bounteous table seemed a royal feast.
But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare,
The Patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod—
"Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer?
Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship God?"
He answered, "Nay." The Patriarch sadly said:
"Thou hast my pity. Go! eat not my bread."

Another came that wild and fearful night.
The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky;
But all the tent was filled with wondrous light,
And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh.
"Where is that aged man?" the Presence said,
"That asked for shelter from the driving blast?
Who made thee master of thy Master's bread?
What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to cast?"
"Forgive me, Lord," the Patriarch answer made,
With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee.
"Ah me! the stranger might with me have stayed,
But, O my God, he would not worship Thee."
"I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait;
Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?"

GEORGE WALLACE.

MR D. WALKER BROWN, the gifted and versatile author of "Clydeside Literateurs," and numerous other instructive and amusing essays and sketches, in forwarding to us particulars of this writer, says:—The "Spring Poet," who enters the editor's sanctum with "a little thing" that he has just thrown off in a spare moment, is usually considered legitimate chaff by the gentlemen of the Fourth Estate. Like most standing jokes, there is more than a grain of truth in the picture, for many writers of verse, whose compositions figure in the "Poet's Corner," seem to have spent as little time on their work as they would on a hurried letter written to a friend. Facility of rhyme is by no means the sole qualification required by one who would be termed a "writer of verse," not to mention the word "poet."

Mr George Wallace, the writer of the following

verses, would have a good hearty laugh at anyone who would seriously dub him a poet. He "loves at times to thread his thoughts on cords of measured lines," but he must have something to write about—some subject that is worthy of thought and study. He is a deep student of men and of things. Very often it is the weaknesses and follies of frail humanity that appeal to his thought and fancy when pen and ink is requisitioned to give expression to the mood of the hour, and it is only after the thoughts have been expressed in severely burnished form that they are allowed to appear in "guid black prent."

Our poet is a native of Glasgow, where he saw the light some forty-six years ago. He was apprenticed to the cooperage trade, and served as a journeyman in Glasgow and in Burton-on-Trent. A number of years ago, however, he relinquished that trade, and joined his brother in the manufacture of soft goods in his native city.

He has contributed to the *Glasgow Weekly Mail*, *The Bailie*, and *Quiz*. His verses are very suitable for social entertainments, and at such they are often read and sung, and received with warm applause. They possess almost perfect melody, and rich yet quiet humour, with an occasional vein of satire when he has for his subject the idiosyncrasies of humanity. His poetry is entirely free from obscurities, affectations, and eccentricities, and he is ever successful in marrying good sound common-sense to good sound poetry.

"CHEEK."

Aiblins your knacky haun's are willin,
Your clever brain crammed fu' o' schulin',
And technic's laws o' ilka kind
Weel stored within your ready mind;
But gin ye this ae giftie lack,
The jaud Success will turn her back,

And smilin' keek
On blusterin' cheek.

The gowden pocket canna fecht
Against presumption's favoured wicht,
Or e'en the foremost in wealth's race
But to the "Birkie" maun gie place.
The siller-lord's a craven carle
Before this hero o' the warl',
And bows fu' meek
To conquerin' cheek.

The lovely maid, the happy swain,
Wrap round about them Cupid's chain—
He, through fondness, bashfu' grows,
She mistakes love's silent vows
For doufness; then Sir Wordly Wise
Gangs in an' carries aff the prize.
Love's arts are weak
'Fore heartless cheek.

Then, learn to wear a front o' brass
Ye wha would through life's battle pass;
It's no' by "kennin'" that ye'll win—
That's whiles a black an' deidly sin;
Fu' mony a time the ram-stam fule
Staps o'er the heid o' caution's skill.
Aye fortune seek
Wi' brazen cheek.

TEUCH!

I sometimes yaumer at my fate
When cash is stint to pay what's awin',
An' kenna whaur there's deil a haet
To keep care's saw frae workin' thrawin'.
Black envy then comes nudgin' near
Wi' puirtith's frichtsome keekin'-glass;
But, teuch! through sic a shade to peer
Is naething than a stupid guess.

I sometimes girn because I feel
My prospect no' improved a bit;
Come nicht, come ninepence, whilst the wheel
O' life grows stiff wi' sweat an' grit,
And harder every day to ca',
And pechin' sair for want o' grease;
But, teuch! the faucht dings thocht awa',
And helps to keep ane's mind at ease.

I sometimes think the fickle jaud
  Aye keeps hersel' aloof frae me;
Or, if o' her I've had the haud,
  My grip's been slack, and she got free.
Maybe I should hae ta'en to theivin',
  In lawfu' manner, frae the puir;
But, teuch! my wages keep me leevin',
  Can princely walth dae ony mair?

THE RULING PASSION.

Oot yont a bit east o' the toun
  There stood (in days noo lang gane by)
A wee theek't biggin', dark an' roun',
  An' only juist ae storey high.
It's door was laigh, an' no' owre wide,
  Its window juist a rabbit-hole;
Still, it was potent—for inside
  There leev'd the man wha kept the toll.

Auld John, folks ca'd him, carefu' carle,
  Had been a pikeman mony a year.
An' barrow, coach, or cart-wheel birl
  Wis aye sweet music to his ear.
A' crackin' cronies gled to see,
  And welcomed when they cam' his airt,
Wi' "Hoo's a' the day? Whist a wee!
  I hear the rumble o' a cairt."

It wasna tax-collectin' greed
  That hankered in the body's thocht,
But that a' drivers had a dreed
  O' payin' gif they werna socht.
His wish to serve his patrons weel
  Kept him aye waukrife an' alert,
An' juist as gleg's the vera deil
  To hear the rumble o' a cairt.

As maist o' similies that's made
  To grace oor stories or oor sangs
Hae some connection wi' the trade
  To whilk the author o't belangs,
Sae whae'er listened to John's crack,
  Be't meant to frichten or divert,
Some found the pith o't had a smack
  O' likeness to a rumblin' cairt.

Some philosophic callants say
  That hobby a' men's actions lead,

An' in the nicht as weel's the day
It still keeps rinnin' through the heid.
Whene'er the tollman's sleep was fashed
Wi' pleasin' dream or nichtmare stairt,
Richt through them baith a speerit flashed—
The weel-kenned rumble o' a cairt.

But Death, fell fallow! cam' ae nicht
His gruesome turnpike dues to get;
John's freen's, forewarned at his plicht,
Had sorrowin' roun' his sick bed met.
The minister, wha engaged in prayer,
Hoped John in Heaven wad hae a pairt;
"Whisht! whist!" cried John, "I'm a'maist sure
I hear the rumble o' a cairt."

NELLIE CARTER BALFOUR.

MRS BALFOUR, a thoughtful descriptive writer, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Ethel," was born at Aberdeen in the year 1865. Immediately after her father's death—which occurred when she was only a few months old—her mother removed from Aberdeen to Edinburgh, where she again married when the subject of our sketch was about thirteen years of age, her second husband being Mr T. Savill Carter, eldest son of the late Canon Carter, and grandson of the late Mr Onley Savill Onley of Braintree, Essex. Our poetess shortly after travelled on the Continent with her parents for a period of two years, visiting *en route* all the principal Continental cities and towns. Returning to Britain, they lived in London for a time, where her step-father died. Her mother, sisters, and she then returned to Edinburgh, where they resided until her marriage, in 1888, to Mr Balfour, of the *Montrose Standard* newspaper.

Mrs Balfour first began to write verses and short stories about the year 1887. Several of her poems were published in the *North British Advertiser*, the *Strathearn Herald*, and other journals, but most of her verse, tales, and descriptive sketches have appeared in her husband's newspaper. Her prose is characterised by purity and force, and shows cultivated imagination; while a delicate gentleness, a loving spirit, and expansive sympathies pervade her verse.

WILL YOU REMEMBER?

Ah! tell me, darling, if in the distant years,
When old we've grown, and when our eyes are dim,
You will remember how all doubts and fears
Were banished from our thoughts—and when
I feel most sad will you, as now, kiss all my tears away
Or will the love, which now so brightly burns,
No longer in your bosom hold its sway?

Will you remember how you held my hand
Whene'er I weary felt, or how you soothed my brow?
Or how, when grieved, you clasped me to your heart,
And when in doubt repeated oft your vow?
Will you remember how the long days passed,
So swift we scarce could tell that time slipped on!
Or will remembrance from your heart be cast,
And in it calm indifference reign alone?

DREAMS.

Oft in my dreams I think of thee,
And oft in dreams I stray beside
The brook—so clear, so cool, so free—
That ripples by the mountain-side.
Sweet thoughts do oft my bosom fill,
Sweet thoughts arise of that short year
We spent beside yon trickling rill,
Which aye in mem'ry will be dear.

I thought I loved—I love thee still,
Sweet feeling born of hope and fear,
That stirs my soul, my pulses thrill,
And links old mem'ries year by year,
I saw thy form on yonder height,

And thought I heard thy low sweet voice ;
It made my weary eyes beam bright,
And bade my aching heart rejoice.

In thought I climbed the mountain steep,
In thought I gathered fragrant flowers,
And felt the soft breeze on my cheek,
As in those happy, short, sweet hours.
I dreamt you held my hand in thine,
I heard you whisper in my ear,
And felt such happiness sublime
Was really mine, and thou wert near.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Once, long ago, I heard a voice—
A voice that thrilled my soul with gladness—
It woke sweet echoes in my heart,
Beguiled me from all gloom and sadness,
It filled my life with joy and love,
It made the love-light brightly gleam—
As if reflected from above—
Made darkest days less darksome seem.

Oft mem'ry steals to that glad time
When first we met beside the river,
Where birds their love-songs told, and heard,
'Twas there we vowed to love for ever.
But fate, stern fate, decreed that we
Should parted be through life's rough weather;
But though I may be far from thee,
I'll think of thee—forget thee never.

ANNA KNOX,

AUTHORESS of "Effusions from a Sick Bed," and other poetical works, was born in Leith Walk, Edinburgh, in 1823. Her father's occupation (gardening) necessitated numerous changes of abode, and when Anna was between six and seven years of age the family went to reside near the village of Polmont, Stirlingshire, where she attended school with her sisters. At this place Mr Knox lived for nearly twenty years. Early in the year 1835, the subject of our notice, who had been up to this time a healthy young girl, slipped on the ice one frosty morning, and fell heavily to the hard ground. By this accident she sustained serious injuries, which, however, were taken little notice of at the time. In August of the same year she took to bed, where she was confined for twenty-five years—sometimes unable to bear being lifted from bed for months. In the meantime the family had removed to Greenock, where her health seemed to improve, and to the surprise of all who knew her, she got up and was able to move about a little. In this condition she has continued up till the time we write, always weak and suffering, but generally capable of going out and in, although in a somewhat restricted way. In 1862 Miss Knox accompanied her sister and her brother-in-law to New Zealand, where her father, who had preceded them to that colony, then lived. Owing to untoward circumstances, which need not be here specified, she became possessed of an intense desire to return to Scotland, which she accordingly did, having suffered very much on the homeward voyage.

Miss Knox first began to write verses when she was about fifteen years old. Her father encouraged her in this pursuit, and she used to show him her produc-

tions and repeat them to him. Her earliest pieces were published in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, to which, as well as to other newspapers, she still continues to contribute. The Rev.. Dr Johnson, parish minister of Cambuslang, having been shown some of her manuscript, suggested that they should be published by subscription. The work came out in 1860 under the title of "Effusions from a Sick Bed; or Israel in Sorrow, Israel in Joy, and other Poems" (Glasgow: M. Ogle & Son). She received many letters in commendation of the book—from Dr Hately Waddell, Dr Wm. Lindsay Alexander, and other ministers, all of whom spoke very highly of it. In the end of the same year she published a small work in paper covers, entitled "Leonard, a Poem; also, Legend of the Earl of March's Daughter." The chief solace of our poetess, when confined to bed is "think out" a subject, and then to commit it to paper when she is able to get up. Considering her limited education and other adverse circumstances, the poetical writings of Miss Knox are of a high order of merit. Her most ambitious poems—"Israel in Sorrow" and "Israel in Joy"—are powerful and well-sustained, written in a lucid style, and pervaded by a fine Christian spirit, and are rich with gospel truth. In her shorter poems the author's feelings and imagination are also subjected to the guidance and direction of true religion, while many lessons of truth and moral beauty are inculcated in language at once chaste and full of rich melody.

THE COVENANTER'S CLOVER.*

Are these indeed the stains of blood,
The blood of our forefathers,
Around whose memory the love
Of all broad Scotland gathers.

* The Covenanters' Clover has a dark spot on each of its three leaves, which, when the sun shines upon it looks exactly like a blood stain.

Did the green leaves drink in some drops,
When, shot down, bleeding, dying,
The Covenanter's life flowed out
Upon the clover lying?

Mere fancy, say you? Be it so.
The dear name sets us thinking
Of a dark period, when this land
A bitter cup was drinking.

When Scotland's bravest would not yield
To will and rule unholy,
And faced the bullet, sword, and rope
Of tyranny and folly.

Stern were they? Yes, the times were stern,
The heel of persecution
Was crushed down on their holiest rights
With sternest resolution.

Who can their wrongs recall unmoved,
Or wond'ring admiration
Withhold from patience so sublime?
Such faith! such resignation!

Harried and hunted, tortured, slain;
Rebels and traitors branded;
Their holy lives, their saintly deaths,
Their righteous cause commended.

From caves (alas, poor sleeping rooms!)
Lone hills and moorland dreary,
(Cold, cheerless habitations for
Heads shelterless and weary.)

From plundered homes, from distant shores,
Whence banished ones look yearning;
From dens and dungeons where they lay,
The task of "waiting" learning.

From drowning waves, 'neath gibbet grim,
For Zion prayer ascended;
Nor sought they vengeance on their foes,
But grace to them extended.

The solitudes they walked among,
Their wand'ring footsteps hallowed;
The mention of their name shall aye
With honour due be followed.

The seed they sowed for long has borne
The fruits of peace and gladness ;
And we, with wonderment, look back
On their oppressors' madness.

And so these leaves, reminders dear,
With rev'rent lips I cover ;
And place within the sacred page
The Covenanter's clover.

RESIGNATION.

Ye daisied downs, ye hazel dells,
Ye flow'ry meads, ye fertile fells,
Ye mossy banks, ye rippling rills,
Ye gurgling brooks, ye broom-clad hills,

Ye woodland heights, ye moorland fens,
Ye tow'ring cliffs, ye rocky glens,
Where dwell the fern and eglantine,
The primrose sweet and jessamine—

Fair scenes of earth, and sea, and sky,
Ye raise your hymn to God on high,
Ye lift your voice, ye swell the theme,
Proclaiming God, a God Supreme.

To tread again the turfy lea,
Where once I roam'd in childhood's glee,
To skip, as erewhile o'er the plain,
In health and happiness again.

Blest privilege! I would thee prize,
To hail thee gladly would I rise ;
But heaven forbids—sweet scenes adieu—
Another path I must pursue.

A prisoner on a lonely bed,
The flowery fields I may not tread,
Afflictions try me : sorrow pains ;
And dire disease triumphant reigns.

Was this poor heart so prone to ill ?
Sin, didst thou so my bosom fill,
That all in love, my Father—God—
Hath smote me with his chast'ning rod.

What though the captive free had stray'd
The vessel prosperous gales obeyed

The bud unclos'd to summer rays,
And all betoken'd length of days?

If in the calm which reign'd around,
My God had weigh'd and wanting found:
And in my sad experience, I
Had prov'd that "All is vanity."

Then welcome suff'ring, if thou bring
This heart to God, to Christ, my King:
The cup I'll take, the rod I'll hail,
If vict'ry close the mournful tale.

In flowerless paths, a Rose still blows;
In starless nights, a Sun still glows?
The victor's palm I'll bear in mind,
And to my God I bow resign'd.

THE OLD CHEST.

Here, in this corner, stands a little chest,
Which people ever pass and notice not;
Its look is plain, and 'tis of nought possess'd,
To draw the eye unto its resting spot;
An humble thing it is, and it has got
Some wrong from time and usage, as appears;
All it contains might with small wealth be bought;
But stop, and hear the history of its years—
'Tis sacred, this old chest—hallowed by love and tears.

A sea-boy own'd it; all his store it held;
And in the proud ship, borne above the foam,
Here sat that sea-boy dreaming dreams unquell'd
By stern reality, of days to come,
When his should be a name no longer dumb,
But eloquently tongued as great men's are;
Sounding, like billows, on all shores—at home—
Abroad emblazon'd—a refulgent star—
For high deeds unsurpass'd, achieved in peace and war.

Within its nooks how joyously were laid
The curious gifts obtained in foreign lands,—
Around his cottage home to be array'd,
By a fond mother's, or a sister's hands.
The vessel is in port—his soul expands—
His treasures with him, to the beach he hies—
Now on the threshold, where peace sits, he stands—

His merry voice rings in the ear—and flies
To clasp and kiss her son, a mother with bright eyes.

Upon a day—that day with storm was wild—
The sea-boy came not, but his chest *it* came.
Where sleeps the dolphin lay that mother's child ;
Her love no more for him a fear might frame,
When roar'd the tempest, with sublime acclaim,
And dash'd the white waves on the thund'ring shore—
But love survives the grave—and his soft name
Hung ever round her heart, a wreath, which bore
Bitter and pleasant fruit, with fresh leaves evermore.

Thence, on this relic, for her lost one's sake,
What love was cherished ! What wet woe hath gush'd
While bending o'er this lifeless thing, which spake
Awak'ning memories which crowding rush'd
O'er her meek spirit, wounded, broken, crush'd !
How shook her hand when first the lid she rais'd,
And look'd within with feelings aw'd and hush'd,
And, as upon a Raphael's glory, gazed
Where the blithe sailor boy a mimic ship had traced.

With all she parted—yea, with all beside ;
Table, nor chair, nor aught of household gear
Retained she in her cabin, when the tide
Of age and poverty, with surge severe,
Swept all away, and left her bare and drear.
But this old chest she rescued from the wreck,
And rated still as priceless, sacred, dear,—
Till death stretched out his icy hand, to break
From every earthly tie—new sympathies to wake.

Then kindly, gently, on this relic look,
Hallowed by love—kept with a mother's care.
What part it yet may play, how fill a nook,
What change of place or fortune it may share,
Who now can guess ? What augury declare ?
But ne'er with reverence, as in days gone by,
Shall weeping memory on the coffer stare,
When to behold it was to wake a sigh,
And hear the rolling main, where hopes and wishes lie.

GEORGE E. MACLENNAN,

BOOKSELLER, was born in the Parish of Abernethy, Strathspey, in 1866. Some years after, his parents settled down at Grantown, where they resided for twenty-three years. George attended a female school, and afterwards the Grantown Grammar School till he was about fifteen years of age, ere which time he had already given way to his rhyming propensities. On leaving school he became message boy at the local post-office, where books and stationery were also sold. Here, during his leisure hours, he was able to gratify his taste for reading and composition. The first work he read with intense delight was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and so great a hold did the thirst for reading take upon him at this time that work was too frequently neglected. At night, too, when in a rhyming humour, he would be awake for hours composing verse; and when a pleasing idea struck him, he would get up, and grope in the dark for pencil and paper, and write out the lines—generally finding them scarcely legible in the morning. After serving four years in the post office, he became a rural postman, but this calling was not congenial, and two years subsequently he acquired a bookseller's business in Dufftown, which he still carries on very successfully. Mr Maclennan takes a lively interest in local political, municipal, and ecclesiastical matters. He also writes both prose and verse to the district newspapers—his early contributions being under the *nom-de-plume* of "Celt." During the past two years he has contributed at frequent intervals to *Aberdeen Weekly Free Press* and *People's Journal*. In the latter he was well-known through his letters on Social and Political subjects, signed "Dufftown Democrat." He also takes a lively interest in the organisation of farm

servants, and addresses meetings in the district with good effect. While thus proving himself an active and intelligent worker, it will readily be believed that his poetry is characterised by warm enthusiasm and patriotic fervour. His harp is one of many strings, and he is equally melodious, hearty, and convincing in the humourous, satirical, and pathetic order of poetry.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF SONG.

The world is full of song, my dear,
If we only knew how to sing it;
There's the song of the lark when the skies are blue,
There's the song of the linnet, sweet sounds so true,
There's the hum of the bee as it merrily flies,
There's a song of much sweetness in bright sunny skies.

CHORUS—There's always a song that will cheer us along,
Be the skies above dark or fair;
There is always a song that will gladness prolong,
There is ever a song somewhere.

The world is full of song, my dear,
If we only knew how to feel it;
There's the joyful song that the blue-birds sing,
There's the twitter of swallows, swift on the wing,
There's the robin's trill when the skies are bright,
There's the cricket's chirrup throughout the whole night.

The world is full of song, my dear,
If we only knew how to catch it,
There's the song of the stream, as it ripples and flows,
There's the song of the tree as it rustles and blows,
There's the song of the river which lulls to sleep,
There's the song of the sea with its tones so deep.

The world is full of song, my dear,
If we only knew how to find it;
There's a song in the sweet and beautiful flowers,
There's a song in the gladness of fresh summer showers,
There's a song for our work, and a song for play,
So when song's in our hearts there sweet joys shall stay.

TIRED.

I am tired. Heart and hand.
Of loss and gain, pride and sin,
I am tired. Rest is sweet—
Heaven's crown I seek to win.

I am tired. There are clouds
In a bright and sunny sky,
When they break I'll have rest
In the beauty land on high.

I am tired. Hope is bliss;
With the even comes my rest;
In the storm, in the calm,
God is nigh, with peace so blest.

I am tired. I shall rest,
And from troubles gain release.
I trust God. Home is best—
Heaven is full of hallowed peace.

I am tired. Blessed rest!
Soul's desire my hopes abide.
God is near, and He says—
"Loved one, lay thy cares aside."

I am tired, I seek rest,
And shall sleep without a fear.
Rest is balm—sweetest joy;
Let me die without one tear.

HOME.

Home, what is home?
A place of beauty so supremely blest,
Where'er we roam
We feel its power and long for its sweet rest,
We know no other spot or summer clime
Where we can rest and spend a happier time.

Home, place of bliss!
Resort of peace, of love, and ev'ry joy,
Where mother's kiss
And father's blessing—love without alloy—
Is ours, with all its rapture so divine;
For this home-love our hearts do oft repine.

Home is the place
To make us glad and drive away dull care;
Gives strength to face
Cold ups and downs of this life ev'rywhere;
While softest light of halcyon days long past
Give hallowed joy and peace unto the last.

Home, loved and dear!
Place of the purest pleasure I have known;
Place of good cheer,
Where every good has in my heart been sown,
Thy picture on my heart it is so bright
That time can only flood it with new light.

GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

GORDON STABLES is popularly known throughout the world as one of the most attractive, amusing, and instructive writers of tales for the young, as well as a very earnest and winning advocate of kindness to animals. He is an enthusiastic Scot, age about fifty-two, and during fifteen years he has written a volume for every year of his life, besides a large amount of magazine and journalistic work. From an extract from the *London Figaro*, given, with other interesting details, in a neat little "Souvenir of the 'Wanderer' Caravan," we learn that our remarkable and singularly versatile poet was born at the pretty village of Aberchirder, in Banffshire, in 1838. In this little work the Doctor himself gives "a twig or two from my family tree, to be taken with a few grains of salt." In this humorous *jeu d'esprit*, written in response to a request by the editor, he gives several particulars of

the life and times of his forebears. "One was burned for a witch. Nearly all the males were hanged; they wore no garments worth mentioning, even in the eighteenth century, and their marriage ceremony was excessively Scotch and easy—consisting in jumping backwards over a broomstick, with a bottle of whisky in one hand and a 'bannock o' barley meal' in the other. . . . There was old John MacGregor, of Reelock Glen; 'Honest John' he was called in the district. He never wanted whisky in his house, nor sheepie's hams in his larder. Probably he made the whiskey, but he couldn't have made the hams. He met his death in a singular kind of way. In their passage up the stream, the salmon had to get over a fall fifteen feet high. They just took their tails in their mouths, then let go, and up they went like so many bits of whalebone. But they didn't all succeed, and those that didn't fell back into a big creel placed beneath the fall for the purpose. There was a ricketty kind of bridge over the fall, and honest John, my ancestor, used to go there at daybreak and fish up the unfortunates with a long pole and hook. One day, alas! he missed his footing, and over he went head first into the creel. He was found there dead, and the verdict was, 'Let him take it.' But John hadn't lost anything by the job after all, for years before he had given a *post obit* to a famous surgeon—in other words, he had sold his body for dissection, and duly drunk the money. . . . I am unable to say which side my ancestors took during the rebellion. One thing is certain—one of them, a long-legged, half-naked Highlander, was captured on the field of Culloden the day *after* the battle. When asked to tell at once what king he was for—George or Charles—he gave vent to the following utterance, which is highly characteristic of the 'gay Gordons'—'Och! she is neither for King Sheorge nor for Shairlie; she is just for

King Spoolie.' . . . Some of my people must have been great wanderers in their own country. There was Supple Eppie, for instance, well known to every jailer in Aberdeenshire. She was in the tinware line, as a rule. She was never seen without a string of ragged children hanging about her skirts, an immense bundle of glittering tin utensils over her shoulder, and a bag of meal in front to balance it. But there used to be many queer little odds and ends and unconsidered trifles in that bag as well as meal. Eggs, a chicken or two, or a shirt, for at harrying a hen-house, or clearing a clothes-line, there wasn't Supple Eppie's equal in all the country round. The Buckie archives mention the trades and professions some of my illustrious forbears seem to have followed. One was a furrier—speciality: rabbit skins; another was a celebrated distiller—private; another a medical man, inventor and vendor among the Highland clans of a celebrated ointment, composed of butter and brimstone; the third must have belonged to the Romish Church. He was a monk; this is proved by the frequent allusions to 'a night in the cells' that follow his name. 'The Black Calendar' throws some light on the peculiarities of a few of my bold ancestors, who, like the knights of old departed this life with their shoes on."

The writer of "Notes" in *Aberdeen Free Press* says:—"*Apropos* of a funny remark made at the recent Librarians' Conference at Nottingham, to the effect that a would-be "reader," asking for one of Dr Gordon Stables' books, had gravely sought it as a work on stable management, Dr Stables has written a letter to the "Pall Mall Gazette," in which he says—"I often receive letters from strangers addressed thus:—Dr Gordon, R.N., The Stables, &c., &c. Once I had a letter addressed 'To the Manager of Gordon Stables.' My reply was that, ably assisted by the unflagging

energy of a devoted wife, and by a constant display of firmness on my own part, I had hitherto succeeded in managing the gentleman myself, but that if, &c., &c." In the latter part of the epistle, after stating that his Christian name is William, and "Gordon his clan name," Dr Stables becomes genealogical thus:—"We are of the old Knockespock Gordon family, and the celebrated Jock and Tam Gordon; and on the mother's side the Struan Robertsons and Frasers of Lovat. The old Lord of Lovat, whose scalp was raised after Culloden—his head being in it—was a cousin of my great grandfather. We were loyal all to the House of Stuart—or nearly all; we fought and we suffered. But how does the "Stables" come in? This is easily explained. For reasons that need not be here gone into—though they were political—an ancestor of mine took the name of a French family, 'St'Able.' The dropping of the apostrophe was natural enough."

When Dr Stables was three years old his father, having purchased some property in Aberdeenshire, quitted Aberchirder, and there being no school in the neighbourhood, he got others to join him and founded one. It was good enough for children, but when Gordon was nine he was flogged until he was half dead for some childish antic. He was then taken away and sent to the parish school. Here he commenced his classical education, it being intended by his parents that he should eventually "wag his pow" in a pulpit. The distance to the school was "three miles and a bittock" over a rough country. He took his time on the road, but carrying a burden of books, including a Latin and a Greek lexicon, through summer's sun and winter's snow, was, for a boy of ten, a tough job. However, he bore it without flinching, and although a love of nature was probably born in him, there is no doubt that in these journeys to and fro he found ample scope for its development. He was a more

practical naturalist at twelve than many men of forty, and though he knew no classification, he was familiar with the habits of every creature of the wilds that crept or crawled, or swam or flew. But when he was thirteen his country life ended, and he was sent to study at the grammar school of Aberdeen. He subsequently entered the University, and after three years' classical education, donned the scarlet toga. He refused, however, to be elevated to the pulpit. He was afraid to face its responsibilities. Gordon Stables wished to be a soldier. and had the offer of a cadetship at the time the Crimean war was raging. But his mother objected, and, like a dutiful son, he gave way. He abandoned the lance and adopted the lancet. Even as a medical student his love for a roving life impelled him to visit the Artic regions on two occasions. Having finished his medical education he took to sea in earnest, and in ten years obtained a fair insight into naval life in many lands. When he was thirty-three he went on half-pay, and getting married two years later, settled down—as far as there is any settle in an incorrigible rover. Finding young children rise up around him, and that his half-pay barely supported him, Dr Stables began to consider how he could supplement his income. In a happy moment for the public, and for himself, he decided to try his hand at literature. When he arrived at this determination he had written a book called "Medical Life in the Navy," but his knowledge of the conditions of literary success were strictly limited. He supplies a striking proof in support of the contention that previous training is not invariably neeessary for authorship. He had scarcely any of the disappointments beginners usually suffer. At the outset his copy was accepted. *Chambers's Journal* was his literary father, then Cassell took him up, and since a great many others. In his "Aileen Aroon" Dr Stables gave free play to the talents which

have secured him the suffrages of a large circle of boys and girls of varying ages. This delightful book consists of a memoir and other tales of faithful friends and favourites sketched from life, which no one could possibly peruse without being satisfied of the author's passionate love for children and animals.

Dr Stables attributes what he modestly calls "his little success in the literary world to his love of nature and the quiet country, and to hard work; and he may be right so far as he goes. But he also owes a great deal to the conviction that he writes as he feels—that he will always stick up for children, and fight the battles of the canine race against the tyrannical and selfish members of the human species. Dr Gordon Stables has, however, scored most as a boys' naval novelist. He does not fail to be instructive. In "Stanley Grahame," for instance, he combines a modicum of geography with a maximum of romance. The experiences of the hero are highly sensational, but they cannot be read without gaining a stock of information about the Dark Continent. It is one of the great merits of his works that they are as healthy in tone as they are full of fun and animation. No one can be the worse for enjoying the excitement; some may be all the better, if, while appreciating the startling episode, they imbibe the spirit of the author. The pet subjects of Dr Stables, as we have hinted, are natural history, popular medicine, and tales of humour, but there is not apparently a single topic which he has touched and failed to invest with interest. He is an ardent cyclist, and his "Roamer" tricycle accompanies "The Wanderer" caravan. His armoury consists of "Hurricane Bob," his champion Newfoundland, his revolver, his navy sword, and a civil tongue. His luggage includes the "Gordon" medicine chest, invented by himself. The "Wanderer" is replete with every luxury and convenience that the heart of a

gentleman-gipsy could desire. Dr Stables has made his mark in the medical profession, he has won laurels as an author, he has distinguished himself as a specialist, and he seems destined to be the pioneer of a most charming mode of travelling.

His ten years' experience of life at sea in various quarters of the globe, and his adventures at home—on the road and in his caravan as a "gentleman gipsy"—had furnished him with abundance of material in the way of incident and scenery, which his own fertile fancy enabled him to work up effectively into the kind of stirring and adventurous narrative in which the youthful mind revels. The selection we give from Dr Stables' poetry proves that he has a firm grasp of the couthie Doric, and can use it with good effect. His muse is happy, and shows fine perception of the ridiculous and a lively sense of incongruity. His humour is always fresh and rich, and his satire is keen without bitterness. Indeed, in the midst of many and varied gifts, we ever find the presence of touching tenderness and pathos combined with a cheery and transparent nature.

In his work, "The Mystery of Dream Life: A Study," Dr Stables refers to an extraordinary gift he possesses—that of literary composition in dreams. He says:—"The keynote of many a short story, afterwards printed has been vouchsafed to me in sleep . . . and nonsense verses, too, are often part of my dream-work." Out of several samples, showing a mixture of absurdity and commonsense, we give "The Fate o' M'Phee," a poem with a moral attached to it, only slightly altered from the dream edition.

THE FATE O' M'PHEE.

The terrible tale o' Duncan M'Phee,
An auld-fashioned laird o' the last centurie,

Wi' an awfu' broad bonnet, and a nose like a neep,
It took a sma' fortune, I tell ye, to keep;
He biggit a hoose on the tap o' a tree,
Fifty feet up, on the tap o' a tree,
No' very big, just a but and a ben,
(For Duncan M'Phee wasna proud, ye maun ken)
Filled ae room wi' whuskey and the ither wi' snuff.
"In this world," said Duncan, "folks maun hae enough;
Noo, wi' pipe and good sneeshin' she'll sit at her door,
She'll drinkit a much, but she'll smokit a more,
And end her auld days in peace and *galore*."
While he stuck to his word, none so happy as he,
In his cosy bit bield at the tap o' the tree;
The winds softly sang and rocked him to sleep,
And the sun's parting rays glinted red on his neep;
But wae is my sang—och! dool on the day
Twas the drinkin' o' Duncan that saddened my lay:
Ye canna but own 'tis a sorrowfu' sicht
To see an auld man drunk mornin' and nicht.
'Twas that way wi' Duncan, he got *fearfully* fuddled;
Ne'er a puff could he smoke, so sore was he muddled;
When he lichted a match, though he stared like an owl,
Nought else could he do but warm the bowl.
Then he drappit his snuff-box and swore at the flies,
And banned the auld sun, 'cause it dazzled his eyes;
E'en the craws crooded roun', but they didna respeck him,
And glowered as if, for twa straws, they'd peck him;
And the very bit squirrels, as they perched in the tree,
Cockit their tailies, an' lauched at M'Phee.
Such a sad state o' matters couldna lang last—
Ne'er smokin' at all, an' drinkin' sae fast!
One room getting lighter, the house 'gan to reel,
But Duncan continued to drink like a feel;
He swigged it in pints, he swigged it in gallons,
Till one windy night—ugh! the house lost its ballance,
And down it cam' tumbling wi' a sound like the sea,
And lay all in ruins at the foot of the tree.
Oh, that was the end o' poor Duncan M'Phee!
Was it no' awfu' sudden, the fate o' M'Phee?

LEELY'S E'E.

There is beauty in the blue bell
  Sae modest sweet and wee,
That blossoms in yon wood and dell,
  An' blooms on yonder lea.
There is beauty in the blue bell,
  But far mair to me
In the wistfu' look o' tender love
  In Leely's blue e'e.

There is beauty in the dew drop,
When nicht's dark shadows flee,
That glitters on the blue bell,
Like star beams on the sea ;
There is beauty in the dew drop,
But Oh ! mair dear to me,
When love lichts up her bonnie face,
Is the tear in Leely's e'e.

AN OLD MAN TO HIS PIPE.

My pipe, my pipe, my guid clay pipe,
What though you're short and black ?
Thy soothing fumes can sorrow kill,
And gladness bring me back,
For I am auld, my blood rins cauld,
My days are wearin' through,
Nae joy is left me now in life,
My luntin' pipe, but you.

But mem'ry, in those cloulds o' blue,
Can former times restore,
My mither's cot, the rowan tree
That grew beside the door,
The heather bloom, the gowden broom
That blossomed on the lea,
And wild wood green, and rippling stream,
Ilk scene comes back to me.

See yonder stands the wee bit kirk,
Wi' steeple white and high,
That points the way, like angel hand,
To realms beyond the sky ;
My Mary, though you ve left me here,
Thy sweet face still I see—
It's painted in the wreathin' smoke,
My luntin' pipe, by thee.

Dear solace o' my early years
And life in every stage,
Thy fragrant breath a halo throws
Around the brow of age.
Though fickle fortune on me frown
Till death has closed my e'e,
The fate I'll bliss that leaves me *this*,
My luntin' pipe, wi' thee.

TO A MOOSIE DROONED IN MILK.

Puir drabbl't, droukit, drunken wunner,
I doot me sair ye've got a skunner,
And paid the fiddler for your dinner
O' milk and cream;
Far better, sure, ye footless sinner,
Ye'd still been teem.

I think a moose micht be content
Wi' routh o' crumbs, by Goodness sent,
And pick the bits that hae been tint
Upon the fleer;
I'm sure o' them there is nae stint,
Tho' things be dear.

Ye'll never see your bairnies mair,
Your wifie, tee, will miss you sair,
Her wee bit heart will brak wi' care,
Ye stupid vratchie;
She loe'd ye, though she couldna share
Your last low thratchie.

Ah, moosie! lyin' there sae quate,
Let's tak' a lesson fae thy fate,
To be content, whate'er our state,
And wave ambition
That aften leads the doonwart gate
To fell perdition.

THE GHOST OF THE COCHIN-SHANGHAI.

'Tis a tale of the Greenland ocean,
A tale of the Northern seas,
Of a ship that sailed from her native land
On the wings of a favouring breeze;
Her skipper as brave a seaman
As ever set sail before,
Her crew all told as true and bold
As ever yet left the shore.

And never a ship was better "found,"
She couldn't be better, I know,
With beef in the rigging and porkers to kill,
And tanks filled with water below;
And turkeys to fatten, and ducklings and geese,
And the best Spanish pullets to lay;
But the pride of the ship, and the pet of the mess,
Was a Brahma cock, Cochin-Shanghai.
And every day when the watches were called

This cock crew so cheery O!
With a shrill cock-a-lee, and a hoarse cock-a-lo,
And a long cock-a-leerie O!
But still as the grave was the brave bird at night,
For well did he know what was best;
Yes, well the cock knew that most of the crew
Were weary and wanted their rest.
But one awful night he awoke in a fright,
Then wasn't it dreary O!
To hear him crow, with a hoarse cock-a-lo,
And a shrill cock-a-leerie O!
Oh!

Then out of bed scrambled the men in a mass,
"We cannot get sleep," they all cried;
"May we never reach dock till we silence that cock,
We'll never have peace till the villain is fried."
All dressed as they were in the garments of night,
Though the decks were deep covered with snow,
They chased the cock round, with wild yell and bound,
But they never got near him—no.
And wherever he flew, still the bold Cochin crew,
With a shrill cock-a-lee, and a hoarse cock-a-lo,
And a long cock-a-leerie O!

Now far up aloft defiant he stands,
Like an eagle in eerie O!
Till a sea-boot at last knocked him down from the mast,
And he sunk in the ocean below.
But the saddest part of the story is this—
He hadn't quite finished his crow,
He'd got just as far as the hoarse cock-a-lo
But failed at the leerie O!
Oh-h!

And that ship is still sailing, they say, on the sea,
Though 'tis hundreds of years ago;
Till they silence that cock they'll ne'er reach a dock,
Nor lay down their burden of woe;
For out on the boom, till the crack of doom,
The ghost of the Cochin will crow,
With his shrill cock-a-lee, and his hoarse cock-a-lo,
But *never* the leerie O!
No!

They tell me at times that the ship may be seen
Struggling on o'er the billows o' blue,
That the hardest of hearts would melt like the snow
To witness the grief of that crew,

As they eye the cold waves, and long for their graves,
Looking *so weary O!*
Will he *never* have done with that weird cock-a-lo,
As get to the leerie O?
Oh-h!

PATRICK MACPHERSON,

WHO, although for many years a worthy and esteemed citizen of New York, is still an enthusiastic Scot, was born at the Dam of Dulsie, Nairnshire, in 1829. He is the youngest son, by his third wife, of Pryse Macpherson, a well-known farmer in the Valley of the Findhorn. In 1836 his mother, then a widow, removed to Forres, Morayshire. Then our Highland boy knew only Gaelic, and for the amusement of his playmates he frequently had to repeat the Lord's Prayer in that ancient language. After a year at school, however, he knew as much "Forres English" as the other boys, and ultimately took first prize for English reading. About 1841 he entered the service of a bookseller as a shop-boy, and, as his employer was formerly a schoolmaster, he taught the lad Latin and other higher branches of learning. Here he also gained a knowledge of bookbinding and land-surveying. After three years, his master died, and the business was disposed of. Thus was closed our young Highlander's career as a bookbinder, but the teaching of the old bookseller, and contact with his books and the learned but eccentric people who frequented his shop, became prime factors in determining Macpherson's character and tastes. Our hero was next apprenticed to a shoemaker, singing in the church choir

on Sundays, and in his leisure moments in the evenings receiving musical lessons from an old soldier, and ultimately becoming clarionet player in the local instrument band. He also attended evening schools for singing, dancing, elocution, &c., and was precentor in Rafford Church for three years previous to 1851, when he went to Edinburgh, and followed his calling in one of the leading bootshops in that city, from thence to London, and to New York in 1870, where he conducts an extensive and very successful sewing-machine and musical instrument business.

While in London, Mr Macpherson was one of the first to join the science classes in the new Royal Polytechnic Institution, where he studied mathematics, chemistry, and practical mechanics, and he afterwards passed with distinction in an examination held by the Society of Arts. "It may be urged," he says, "that such abstract studies could be productive of no pecuniary benefit to a journeyman shoemaker. Accumulating wealth is not the sole object of human existence. Such studies have a salutary effect in clearing and strengthening the intellectual faculties. Many well-meaning friends advised the abandonment of manual labour for a more ethereal occupation. But this specimen of the (alleged lazy) Highlanders kept at work; knew neither poverty nor riches, was never sick, and found bootmaking, on the best class of work, to yield as good an income as any calling within reach. It also afforded absolute freedom of action—was just the business for an erratic, rough-hewn essayist and versifier, who in the press mercilessly attacked abuses in church and state, who asked no favour, and knew no fear."

Since his eighteenth year Mr Macpherson has been almost continuously writing articles, verses, &c. He is still stalwart in body, vigorous in mind, ever progressive. Intensely Scotch, he has been over twenty years a member of the New York Caledonian Club, the

younger members of which look up to him as a typical Scot, and none the less a good American citizen though his love is so strong for the land of hills and glens. An "interviewer" in one of the New York papers says —"In some respects he is a remarkable man, and after an hour's conversation with him one wonders how he ever came to deal in such prosaic articles as sewing machines. He is a scholar of no mean attainments, a fine musician, playing upon several different instruments, including the violin, flute, and, of course, the bagpipes of his native Highlands. He has written songs and set them to music; he does not hesitate occasionally to harness his muse into the shafts of business; and, if I am not mistaken, some of his work has found a place in the Moody & Sankey collection of sacred songs. So it will be seen that he has been blessed with a touch of the divine afflatus."

As a poet and prose writer the subject of this sketch traverses many interesting fields, and teaches many important truths with considerable descriptive power, and in clear and forcible language. His patriotic songs are characterised by stirring sentiment, and show that, while leal to the land of his adoption, his heart keeps "warm to the tartan"—the sentiment of deep loyalty and admiration for the heather hills that nourished his infancy and inspired his earliest imagination. He is a representative of those worthy men and true spoken of by William Black in one of his novels, who are "good Canadian or American citizens, but cut their hearts open, and you will find *Scotland* written in every fibre." It is through no ingratitude to their adopted country that a spray of heather, a few blue-bells, a gowan or two, anything sent across the seas to them to remind them of the land of their birth, will bring hot tears to their eyes.

HIGHLAND HUNTING SONG.

To the moors, let's away,
Now the sun ushers day,
And nature smiles so gay
On the bright autumn morn;
The heather-scented gale
From the braes of Kintail,
Sweeps the mist from the vale,
And the dew from the corn."

"We will range the fairy dell,
We will seek the haunted well,
We will brave the wicked spell
Of the evil eye;
We will tread where men of might
Made a stand for manhood's right,
The scene of many a fight
In the days gone by."

"The power sent us here,
The God we revere
Gave the roe and the deer
To us for our food;
The fish in the sea,
The bird in the tree,
The gift to us free
For our use and our food."

"We will scale the lofty crags,
We will stalk the lordly stags,
The grouse will fill our bags
With the roe and the hare;
The songs of love we'll sing,
The pipers play a spring,
We'll dance the highland fling,
And be free as the air."

WHERE HAS SCOTLAND FOUND HER FAME.

Where has Scotland found her fame—
Sparkling with effulgent glory—
Whence the reverence to her name,
Her lofty place in song and story?

Home of music! Home of song!
Of beauteous maidens—love exciting;

The graces all to them belong,
Their ruby lips the kiss inviting.

Land of heroes !—great in name—
Where tempests sweep o'er cliff and corrie ;
There has Scotland found her fame—
There has Scotland found her glory !

Dear to me each honoured name—
Burns in song and Scott in story ;
There has Scotland found her fame—
There has Scotland found her glory ?

SCOTLAND.

There's a land in the sea, by the Orient shore,
Its aspect is rugged, stupendous, and hoar ;
Its fauna, the red deer, the roe, and the hare,
For flora, the bluebell and daisy are there ;
Its mountains are draped with the birch and the pine,
On its wave-battered rocks marine algæ entwine ;
There shadow and sunshine abound in full form,
The soft lulling Zephyr, and the blast of the storm.

Ossian and Homer tuned the lyre to relate
The patriot's devotion in times out of date ;
Of heroes and glory sang loud and sang long,
With the fancy of bards, in the dreamland of song
No fiction is needed the laurel to twine,
On brows, bonnie Scotland, of heroes like thine ;
With valour undaunted they fought and were free,
Your Wallace, your Bruce, Montrose, and Dundee.

The pibroch, the quickstep, the reel, the strathspey,
Can weep with the mourner, can laugh with the gay,
Make the young and the old joyful, gladsome, and hale,
As they flow, like a stream, from the pipes of the Gael.
To whom but to thee does the title belong—
"The home of the Muses, the fountain of song ;"
They may talk of Parnassus as much as they will,
Land of Scott, Ramsay, Hogg, Campbell, Burns, Tannahill.

Let ours be the aim to be worthy of thee,
Our stern, loving mother, unconquered and free ;

With hearts light and stalwart, seek fortune and fame :
Aye loyal and true to the dear Scottish name.
Then, home of our sires, though oceans us sever
Till death's chilly hand stills the heart's heaving swell,
The wreath of old Scotland for ever and ever !
The thistle, the heather, and the bonnie blue-bell.

THE MYSTICAL FLUID.

Those mystical ancients, the Druids,
Did many queer things, we are told ;
They invented some mystical fluids,
To ward off diseases and cold.
Until by some weird incantation
The mirk and the mist cleared away,
Some say, by Divine inspiration,
The spirit arose, usquebagh.

Then hurra ! hurra ! for the whisky,
There's nothing can with it compare,
Magnetic, galvanic, electric,
The "Elixir vitae" is there.

If you feel any symptoms of ague,
A strong whisky punch will you cure ;
If rheumatics or asthma e'er plague you,
The remedy's whisky, I'm sure.
If your heart is distracted with sadness,
Of sorrow you have a full share,
A good bumper brings comfort and gladness,
Care vanishes thinner than air.

Then hurra ! &c.

If you kneel for the smiles of some fair one,
Who smiles on another—not you—
Straighten up, let her feel that you care none,
Take a *smile* of the real mountain dew.
If you meet with disaster, and languish,
As you drift on life's turbulent stream,
It will lessen the danger and anguish,
And waft you across in a dream.

Then hurra ! &c.

It sustains when you're sickly and ailing,
Warms you up—like the sun—when you're cold ;

When the "flamma vitalis" is failing,
'Tis a staff to the feeble and old.
It enhances each joy that can please us,
And lulls into slumber each pain,
And if they awaken and tease us,
We'll drown them again and again.

Then hurra! for the mystical Druid,
Keep his memory green, I pray,
Who bequeathed us this mystical fluid,
To scare all our troubles away.

DAVID BURNS

IS the author of a volume of poems entitled "Scottish Echoes from New Zealand" (Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, 1883) regarding whose career we are unable to give any details, although we have made careful and diligent enquiry for several years. The volume, however, is one of more than average merit, and is of much interest, coming as it does from "that brighter Britain" to whose shores so many of our countrymen have wandered. From the volume we can gather that in that far-off land he follows, or had followed, the calling of a joiner, and although we can find no reference to the date or place of his birth, we gather from the prefatory lines that ere he had reached his teens his boyish heart expressed itself in song, and he goes on to say—

The author of this little work may say
That few of all the offspring of his lyre—
And they were plentiful as number ran—
Were ever born for public eye to scan,
And when brought forth then cooled ambition's fire,
And their young eyes ne'er opened to the day.

Some few were saved, and here transcribed, and laid
Before the gentle reader, as a true
Though frail memorial of the author's life—
And likewise of his late belovéd wife—
A keepsake, and an heirloom to the few
He leaves behind when he himself shall fade.

Our readers will thank us for including the following selection from the volume. The songs flow sweetly and melodiously ; they enshrine beautiful thought, and will find a tender response in many a heart.

BONNIE MAY.

We'll meet across the glen,
Bonnie May, bonnie May ;
Within the bracken den,
Bonnie May.
Beside the trysting tree,
When morning opes her e'e,
I'll wait and welcome thee,
Bonnie May, bonnie May ;
For dear art thou to me!
Bonnie May.

We'll roam the valley through,
Bonnie May, bonnie May ;
And gather early dew,
Bonnie May.
What joy it is to me
Thy bonnie face to see,
And wander there wi' thee,
Bonnie May, bonnie May ;
Love sparkling in thine e'e,
Bonnie May.

Sweet Summer comes at morn,
Bonnie May, bonnie May,
In light and beauty born,
Bonnie May.
And flowerets fresh and sweet,
Bathed in the balmy weet,
With bloom around our feet,
Bonnie May, bonnie May ;
As golden moments fleet,
Bonnie May.

But summer brings no gem,
Bonnie May, bonnie May,
In all her diadem,
Bonnie May,
Sae lovely, pure, and rare,
That can wi' thee compare;
Ah! thou art passing fair,
Bonnie May, bonnie May;
With beauty's richest share,
Bonnie May.

Come tripping o'er the lawn,
Bonnie May, bonnie May;
And meet me in the dawn,
Bonnie May;
With birds in woodland bowers,
And incense-breathing flowers,
We'll spend the golden hours!
Bonnie May, bonnie May;
As light around us showers,
Bonnie May.

I KENNA HOW SOME MAIDS MAY FEN'.

I kenna how some maids may fen',
But I hae lovers nine or ten,
That woo me but and woo me ben,
Ev'n youthful as I am.
And some are bonnie, blithe, and braw,
And weel micht grace a lordly ha';
But there is nane amang them a'
I like sae weel as Tam.

When gentle Spring, sae fresh and sweet,
Spreads gowan'd carpets to our feet,
We wander forth, her joys to greet,
Rejoicing in the calm.
And at the cheerful ingle blast,
Though wildly blaws the wintry blast,
Who meets me first, and leaves me last,
By night or day, but Tam?

He's young, and tall, and fair o' face,
And lion-brave, with swan-like grace,
And in the warmth o' love's embrace
He's gentle as a lamb.
He clasps me to his manly breast,
And whiles in earnest, whiles in jest,
Will ask—when a' his love's confest—
"If I could fancy Tam?"

He ca's my cheek "the blushing morn,"
My lips "twin rose-buds on the thorn";
And then my "breath," he says, "is born
Of odour-breathing balm";
That "winter's snowdrop's stainless crest
Exalts the beauty of my breast,
That all that's sweetest, all that's best,
Is like mysel'"—O Tam!

I envy not a queenly dower,
Nor rank, nor fame, nor pomp, nor power;
Gie me the heart-enraptured hour
Of Love's delicious dwam.
Hear, Fortune, hear my warmest prayer!
This dearest transport let me share;
Take aught beside, I ask nae mair
Than such an hour, and Tam.

I CANNA MAUNNA MARRY YET.

"Dear Jeanie, sit ye down by me,
And charm the heart that likes ye weel;
Sweet are the thoughts I think on thee,
And dear the transports that I feel.
Is care to one so sweet and young,
Still whispering to be wary yet?
Dear Jeanie, wake thy silver tongue,
And tell me if ye'll marry yet."

"Oh! Willie, spare me yet my hand,
Though love has wiled my heart away,
And o'er me keeps supreme command—
A willing thrawl, I own his sway;
But still, for a' the love we hae,
A year or twa we'll tarry yet,
And I'll be thine some other day—
I canna, maunna marry yet."

"Oh! year by year is lang to wait,
When ye are loved and waited on;
Yet life's last year wad ne'er be late,
When life's best prize was wooed and won.
Yes, I wad brave Fate's bitter blow,
And ill on ill wad parry yet,
To win my Jeanie's hand although
Ye canna, maunna marry yet!"

"'Tis not that those who lightly won
Are lightly prized when youth's away;
'Tis not that Life's sweet morning sun
Wakes not Life's passions into play;
That stays me now—here let me swear
By yonder sky so starry, yet
To yield some day to Love's sweet prayer,
But canna, maanna marry yet."

JOHN LIVINGSTONE,

AUTHOR of "Poems and Hymns" (Johnstone: Alex. Hood, 1879) and other works, was born in 1858 at Johnstone, Renfrewshire. After an ordinary elementary education, he, when little more than twelve years of age, entered the office of a paper staining company, by whom he was esteemed for his diligence and uprightness. After serving two years there, he passed into the drawing office of an eminent firm of engineers as an apprentice draughtsman, at which he remained above four years. During the time Mr Livingstone was thus engaged he was noted for a thirst after knowledge, and he assiduously attended evening classes throughout the summer as well as the winter months. He carried off several first prizes in connection with the Kensington Science and Art Department for mechanical and freehand drawing. He also produced a coloured design of an iron cutting machine while attending the Paisley Science and Art School, which obtained the highest prize.

When continuing to prosecute his private studies, he, about his seventeenth year, began to devote himself with much enthusiasm to Christian work. He

became a faithful member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and though of a shy and retiring disposition he was prevailed upon to address cottage and mission meetings in the town and villages around. In the midst of these youthful efforts he felt strongly called to prepare for the work of the ministry, but saw many obstacles ahead, and cared not to divulge his mind to any on the subject Quite ignorant of his personal leanings, several friends urged him to turn his attention in that direction After serious consideration he became a student of the Glasgow University in the session of 1875-76. Like many more of the young men who enter our Scottish colleges, Mr Livingstone had to face much self-denial.

At the close of his arts curriculum he was appointed to take charge of the newly-formed mission in the village of Camelon, near Falkirk, where he toiled for three years, meanwhile attending the Divinity Hall in Edinburgh. The painstaking efforts of Mr Livingstone were very successful, for now there is a flourishing church in the district, with a substantial edifice and an ordained minister. In succeeding summer vacations he passed on to Leven and Haddington, and at the close of his Divinity course, in 1885, he became assistant to the Rev. Alexander Reid, of the M'Cheyne Memorial, Dundee. Here he stayed for only a brief period, as he was unanimously elected on the same evening to Stevenston and to Maryton—a beautiful country district in the neighbourhood of Montrose. He accepted the hearty call to Stevenston, where he was ordained in 1885, and where his varied gifts and spiritual earnestness have evidently been highly appreciated and crowned with much success, as is shown by the vitality and activity of the congregation and its agencies. Mr Livingstone is well-known in the south-west of Scotland as a devoted evangelistic worker and an ardent temperance reformer. Though

pressed with hard work and numerous engagements, he still finds time to court the Muse. For a number of years he has contributed at intervals to the organ of the Young Men's Christian Associations and to other papers. He is also the author of a biographical volume entitled "Fervent in Spirit, or Memorials of Lewis S. Stuart." His verse suggests ease and fluency, and when he indulges in the meditative and contemplative veins, his thoughts are often strikingly beautiful, and show strength of feeling and imagination. But we like him best when he writes about children and humble life—and he does so largely. Then his verse is singularly tender and pathetic, abounding in pretty and picturesque touches, and showing, with much fervour and heart, the grace and dignity that true religion sheds over lowly life.

HEAR THE BAIRNIE SINGIN'.

Hear the bairnie singin,'
In the bud o' life,
Blythe is he wi' freedom
Frae dull care an' strife.
Is there ought sae bonnie?
No; there's nought can be,
Like the laughin' tottie,
Fu' o' weanly glee.

Hark to what he's singin',
Oh it gangs gae[queer,
Yet in it there's somethin'
Thrillin' a' wi' cheer;
Though we were the master
O' the speeches a',
Still at what he's rhymin'
Unknown we wid' ca'.

Little is he carin'
Hoo the notes are ta'en
Yet for a' there's music
In the happy strain.

He wi' cheeks sae rosy,
He wi' eyes sae bright,
In his time o' singin'
Fills us wi' delight.

Weel we lo'e the bairnie,
Joyfu' in his ways,
And we wish him truly
Peace in future days.
May the Lord's ain blessin'
Ever wi' him go,
May he lead him gently
Through this vale below.

THE AULD MAN CREEPS OWER ANE AN' A'.

The auld man creeps ower ane an' a',
The rich an' puir, the great an' sma';
He creeps ower them wha's blessed ata'
To reach that time,
When strength begins to wear awa',
An' bloom o' prime.

Where are the sires o' us noo in
Life's battles a' amidst its din?
An' where are a' wha did begin
Wi' us their strife,
To fight against the cont'ry win'
That blaws on life?

Some o' oor sires hae lang since gone
To join that bright an' holy throng,
Whose harps o' gold an' glorious song
Make joyful strains,
Which echo sweetly, loud an' long,
Through heaven's domains.

Wi' silv'ry locks an' modest sound,
Some near oor hearths yet linger round;
But ask them whereunto they're bound,
They'll quickly say—
We're makin' for eternal ground
Fast every day.

An' some again begin to feel,
That ower them hae begun to steal
The frailties which we ken fu' weel
Maun creep ower a'
Wha up the brae o' life dae speel,
Wi' cares no sma.'

For on their pows we noo can see
Hairs that are gettin' grey awee,
An' noo their limbs gae stiff they be;
For weel they min'
When swiftly they did rin wi' glee,
But gone's that time.

Ye workin' folks noo in yer prime,
Jist keep this thocht before yer min,'
If ye be spared there comes a time
When strength decays,
Then to yersels be a' sae kin'
As min' thae days.

GRANNIE'S SANG ABOOT THE BAIRN.

Wee Johnnie is a steerin' bairn,
He'll no behave at a',
He rins an' toddles through the hoose
Gettin' mony a fa'.
Frae morn to nicht his wee bit feet
Are never lang at rest,
Nae wunner that when evenin' comes,
He's ready for his nest.

Whenever mornin' licht breaks in,
He's up wi' lauchin' e'e,
Fresh again to start his fun,
Sae fou o' weanly glee.
He's no lang up until he looks
Aroun' the hoose to see
If I hae got his breakfast richt,
A' ready jist to pree.

Wi' oot-stretched arms he rins to get
His bowl o' milk an' spin,
An' if he disna get them quick
He mak's an unco din.
I'm sure that bairnie eats as much
As lots o' muckle folk,
I wunner whaur he pits it a',
The wee, fat sonsy "cock."

It nearly tak's me ha'f the day,
Wi' daen' little mair
But watchin' that wee steerin' thing,
Wha bothers me sae sair.

In a' the corners o' the hoose,
He'll rumple and he'll row ;
Sometimes he's covered ower wi' dirt
Frae sole to very pow.

A' through the hoose he pu's his chair,
Tumlin' 't up an' doon.
Mony a rug an' tug it gets,
When he is pullin' 't roon.
I often try to mak' him sit,
But that he'll no dae lang,
As sune's I turn my back again,
He sterts his noisy sang.

Roon a' the fire-en' he rins,
An' maks a fearfu' noise,
Wi' drummin' on pot lids an' pans,
That Johnnie thinks fine toys.
He pu's them a' aboot the flare,
Whene'er my back is turn't ;
I'm terrifit that unco bairn
Will get himsel' sair burnt.

My flytin' dis bit little guid,
An' skelpin's much the same,
Maist everything that I've tried yet
The wee thing canna tame.
Whiles in the chair I tie the chiel,
Bit there he kicks an' yowls ;
That's plain, I'm sure, dis faur less guid,
Than a' my skelps an' scouls.

Although the bairn is sic a faucht,
I aye maun like him weel ;
Wi' a' his rantum tantum tricks,
I'm vexed to thump the chiel.
I'm gled the Lord has gien the bairn,
Strong limbs to row aboot ;
I've prayed to Him that frae his heart
He may a' sin uproot.

HARRY SMITH.

THE REV. HARRY SMITH, M.A., was born at Aberdeen in 1865, and received his education at the well known Grammar School in Old Aberdeen. The Grammar School at that time had a high reputation, and Mr Smith had the privilege of being a pupil of Dr Dey, whose great repute rested no less on his accurate scholarship than on the zeal he inspired in his pupils in the cause of honest work and duty. At the Grammar School our poet was about the best man in his classes, while among his class-fellows he was extremely popular for his genial wit, general merriness, and natural abilities. On leaving school he entered King's College, Aberdeen University, in 1883, having gained an exhibition or bursary at the annual competition.

Immediately after taking his degree of Master of Arts, in 1887, Mr Smith, to gain more experience of life, went to the South of England as a resident master in a school there, and utilised his holidays by making visits to London and Paris. Returning to Aberdeen in 1888, he commenced the study of Divinity in the Hall of his Alma Mater. In the Divinity Classes his career was very distinguished, and he took a prominent part in several of the University Societies. In 1891 he was licensed by the Aberdeen Presbytery as a probationer of the Established Church, and is now assistant in the East Parish Church, Perth.

As a preacher Mr Smith gives rare promise. He possesses a musical and sympathetic voice, while his sermons are marked by their elegant composition no less than by their sound practical sense. His genial, bright nature, and, above all, his sterling uprightness have won Mr Smith a large circle of admiring friends, who have predicted for him an honourable and brilliant

career in the Church on account of his excellent qualities alike of head and heart.

Although always fond of reading, and having a taste for literature, it was not till about three years ago that Mr Smith began to write. Indeed, he had little leisure for such work in the midst of study. In Church work he was very active, and one of the most flourishing literary societies in connection with the Young Men's Guild in Aberdeen attributed its success in a great measure to his zeal and ability.

His first literary efforts were devoted to wooing the Muse, but latterly he has taken more to prose. He was greatly charmed with and influenced by the "Mechanical Verse" of Ballades, Rondeaus, &c.—a form of versification in which he has acquired much facility. His contributions have been made chiefly to *Scottish Nights*, (from which we, by permission, give "Our Meeting,") *Young Folks' Paper*, *Family Circle*, &c.; but as these contributions have been made mostly under a *nom de plume*, the majority of his friends will be surprised to find that he has a place amongst the poets of Scotland. His prose is lucid and vigorous, and evinces literary taste and finish in a high degree. His poems are chiefly of a playful and humorous character, but some of his verses show that he can touch deeper springs in our nature. These address themselves to lofty purposes, are instinct with a poetical and devout spirit, and are marked by independence of thought and a pathos which awakens a responsive glow and flows direct to the heart.

OUR MEETING.

How shall we meet?
As strangers greet
With cold reserve and careless glance?
Or with proud heart and look askance?
Not so, my sweet!
With all the past a sealèd book,

With close-clasped hands and loving look,
With kisses sweet—
Thus we shall meet!

When shall we meet?
While hearts still beat
With throbbing pulse of youth's desire?
Or when old age has quenched youth's fire?
I know not, sweet!
But when life's clouds have passed away,
When death proves dawn of endless day,
When time's complete—
Then we shall meet!

Where shall we meet?
In lane or street?
Among the surging crowds of men?
Or far removed from human ken?
I know not, sweet!
But where th' immortals dwell in peace,
Where all earth-griefs and partings cease,
In heaven's retreat—
There we shall meet!

RONDEAU—WHEN HEARTS ARE ONE.

When hearts are one in love's full beat
Their tuneful numbers discord cheat:
Though all around the world's dull drone
Makes tuneless music of its own,
Our lives with song shall be replete.

What matter though with weary feet
Men pace life's round, and taste no sweet?
We, gaily tripping, make no moan
When hearts are one!

Of summer breathes the chilly sleet—
A green lane seems the stony street—
The lowly cot becomes a throne
Where sceptred, crown'd, love reigns alone—
And lagging time is all too fleet,
When hearts are one!

RONDEAU.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO SUCKLING.)

"*Her feet beneath her petticoat, like little mice, stole in and out.*"

Her little feet were my delight—
They wandered in and out of sight

Like mice at play. They were so neat
I was afraid the stony street
Would bring them hurt, or cause some blight.

Her shoes with fairy bows were dight—
In sooth she was a winsome sprite;
And oft in fervid verse I'd greet
Her little feet.

I was her self-appointed knight,
And heedless, daring, sought to plight
My troth with her. Ah! blind conceit
That led me on to dire defeat!
She calls it now (I think she's right)
Her little feat!

EMMANUEL.

"*God with us.*"

Many-a-many years agone,
On a high and grassy wold,
Bethlehem shepherds, all alone,
Saw the midnight clouds back roll'd—
Saw angelic hosts unfold
Wings from which heaven's radiance shone—
And, sore trembling, heard the song
Of those hosts swell full and strong—
"Let fear give place to mirth,
Ye timorous sons of earth!
We hail the Saviour's birth
This day!
To God be highest praise—
On earth be peaceful days—
To men God-wishful ways
For aye!"

Full many-a-many years have gone
Since, by their flock-enclosing fold,
Judaean shepherds, all unknown,
Beheld those hosts of heavenly mould—
Beheld those tuneful harps of gold—
And heard the anthem played thereon;
Still echoes, sweet if faint, prolong
The deathless message of the song—
"Let wars give place to peace—
Let sin and sorrow cease—
Let Christian love increase
We pray!
To God then shall be praise—
On earth be holy days—
To men God-blessèd ways
For aye!"

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Edwards, David Herschell
Modern Scottish poets

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